This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07490810 8

THE

ENGLISH DRAMA

PURIFIED:

BEING A SPECIMEN OF

SELECT PLAYS,

IN WHICH

ALL THE PASSAGES THAT HAVE APPEARED TO THE EDITOR TO BE OBJECTIONABLE IN POINT OF

MORALITY,

ARE OMITTED OR ALTERED.

WITH

PREFACES AND NOTES.

BY JAMES PLUMPTRE, B. D.

FELLOW OF CLARE-HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

It is very possible, that Plays might be so framed, and governed by such rules, as not only to be innocently diverting, but instructing and useful, to put some vices and follies out of countenance, which cannot, perhaps, be so decently reproved, nor so effectually exposed and corrected any other way.

See Archbp. Tillotson's Sermon on The Evil of Corrupt Communication.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

THE GAMESTER. | GEORGE BARNWELL.
JANE SHORE. | DOUGLAS.
LADY JANE GRAY.

CAMBRIDGE, PRINTED BY F. HODSON:

And Sold by F. C. and J. RIVINGTON, No. 62, St. Paul's Church-Yard, and J. HATCHARD, No. 190, Piccadilly, London; and J. DEIGHTON, and J NICHOLSON AND SON, Cambridge.

1812.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
599419 A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1932 L

Dedication.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILLIAM FREDERICK,

Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, &c. &c.

AND

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

SIR,

IF I had not considered the following Work as being of great literary and moral importance, I should not have presumed to request for it the patronage of the highest Officer in one of the first Universities in the world. But so extensive and important is the influence of The Stage, that I conceive the due regulation of it to be an object worthy the attention of the most enlightened and the most religious. That your Royal Highness does in some degree consider it in this light,—though you may not as yet, *perhaps, have* contemplated it in its full extent, *and in all its* bearings,—is, I trust, the case from

the manner in which you were pleased to assent to my request, that your Royal Highness would become the Patron of it,—a manner which doubles obligation from the grace with which it was conferred. My pretensions to your Royal Highness's patronage I had founded upon the idea of being a Member of that Senate which is now graced by your presidency, and as being one of the senior members of that College, of which your Royal Highness is the Visitor: you were pleased to add that of your private regard to my excellent Father whom you had remembered as the President of Queen's College when you first came to reside in this Seminary of Learning.

The day upon which I am writing,—the twenty-sixth Day of March,—the anniversary of your Royal Highness's election to the Office of Chancellor,—naturally recalls to my mind the remembrance of that event, when our University, in a manner we trust as gratifying to your Royal Highness's feelings, as honourable to ourselves, chose for the Guardian of our Rights and Privileges, a Prince educated within our own walls, who had shewn his fitness to preside, by his willingness to obey when in a state of pupilage. To see a Prince and a Soldier desirous of such a situation is a circumstance equally redounding to the honour of the office and of him by whom it is accepted.

If expectation were excited in a very lively degree for a Chancellor of such pretensions and so elected, our hopes were more than realized when your Royal Highness came amongst us to be installed into your Office, and with that affable condescension, for which the House of Brunswick is so conspicuous, you "gained as many "hearts as you conversed with persons." The "remem- "brance" of the Installation of The Duke of Gloucester, "yet lives in men's eyes, and will to tongues and ears "be theme and hearing ever."

I must not pass over without notice one of the early acts of your Royal Highness after your Installation, the giving a THIRD GOLD MEDAL, in addition to those given by former Chancellors, "to be conferred upon the "Undergraduate, who shall compose the best Excercise "in English Poetry," an Exercise which I trust will tend to improve that branch of Literature by awakening the latent sparks of poetic genius, and directing the flame to proper purposes, and thus forwarding those designs for which my own imperfect labours have been exerted.

Nor can I close this Address without adverting to another occasion, when your Royal Highness shewed yourself to be no less a friend to the religious, than to the literary interests, not only of this University, and this Nation, but of THE WORLD AT LARGE. Humanity had before engaged your exertions for injured Africa,

and those who had neither an *Ear* to hear, nor a *Tongue* to speak, have yet been taught to "bless" and to "give witness to" your beneficence;—piety now warms your bosom in behalf of unenlightened minds wheresoever dispersed over the habitable globe, and it is with mixed emotions of veneration and delight that we behold the name of THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER as the PATRON of THE CAMBRIDGE AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY.

That your Royal Highness may live many *many* years in health and prosperity, the blessing of our University, of our Nation, and of the Nations of the Earth, is the ardent wish and prayer of

Your Royal Highness's most obliged

and obedient humble servant,

JAMES PLUMPTRE.

Clare-Hall,
March 26, 1812.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

TO THIS WORK.

His Royal Highness WILLIAM FREDERICK DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Chancellor of the University..6 copies.

A.

The Countess of Aboyne.

B.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Bristol, Master of Trinity College.

The Rev. E. S. Bayley, Huntingdon.
Miss Bayley, Little Stukeley, Huntingdonshire.
Philip Bennet, Esq. Bury St. Edmunds.
The Rev. H. K. Bonney, Rector of King's Cliffe, Northamptonshire.
The Rev. T. K. Bonney, Fellow of Clare-Hall, 2 copies.
Book-Club at the Black Bull, Cambridge.
The Rev. Thomas Bourdillon, Vicar of Fenstanton, Hunts.
Thomas Bowdler, Esq. Rhyddings, near Swansea.
Mrs. H. Bowdler, Bath.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

The Rev. Dr. Browne, Master of Christ College, and Vice-Chancellor of the University.
Mrs. Browne.
The Rev. Dr. Buchanan, Woodmanstern, near Croydon.
The Rev. R. P. Buddicom, Fellow of Queen's College.
The Rev. Wheeden Butler, Chelsea.

C.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Clarendon.
Sir Claude Champion De Crespigny, Bart.
Lady Champion De Crespigny.

The Rev. John Cartwright, Welnetham, near Bury.
Allen Chatfield, Esq.
C. Chatfield, Esq.....2 Copies.
The Rev. R. C. Chilton, Vicar of Mendlesham, Suffolk.
The Rev. Dr. E. D. Clarke, Professor of Mineralogy.
The Rev. John Clarke, Vicar of Duxford St. John, Cambridge.
Anthony Clarke, Esq.
Archibald Cochran, Esq.
The Rev. John Cook, Fellow of Clare-Hall.
Henry Cowper, Esq.
William Champion De Crespigny, Esq. Trinity Hall.
The Rev. Thomas Curteis, Fellow of Clare Hall.

D.

The Right Honourable Lord De Dunstanville.
The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of St. David's.

Mr. Deighton, Bookseller, Cambridge.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Digby, Hackney.
The Rev. John Doncaster, Fellow of Christ College, and Master of Oakham School.
The Rev. Dr. Douglas, Master of Bene't College, late Vice-Chancellor of the University.
The Rev. John Dudley, Vicar of Sileby, Leicestershire.
Mrs. Duppa, Hackney.

E.

Mrs. Evans, Lenton Grove, near Nottingham.

F.

Lady Fenn, East Dereham, Norfolk.

Mr. Fisher, Manager of a Theatrical Company in Norfolk and Suffolk.....2 copies.
Mr. Fisher, Jun.
Mr. C. Fisher.
Mrs. Mary Forster, Bath.
The Rev. Fairfax Francklin, Rector of Attleburgh, Norfolk.

G.

Lady Carr Glyn, Arlington Street.
The very Rev. The Dean of Gloucester.

Mr. William Gardiner, Leicester.
Augustus Gostling, Esq. LL.D. Fellow of Trinity Hall.

The Rev. T. B. Greaves, vicar of South Lynn.
The late Mrs. Green, Bath.
Henry Gunning, Esq. Christ College.

H.

Sir Busick Harwood, Knt. M.D. Professor of Anatomy, and Downing Professor of Medicine.
The very Rev. The Dean of Hereford.

John Haggerston, Esq. Manor House, Cambridge.
Mrs. Haggitt, Cambridge.
Mrs. John Haggitt, Ditton, near Cambridge.
Dr. Hague, Professor of Music.
Mrs. Hague.
Miss Harriot Hague.
Richard Haighton, Esq. Toft, Cambridgeshire.
The Rev. Dr. Heathcote, Hackney.
Mrs. Heathcote.
The Rev. Dr. Hey, Rector of Passenham, Northamptonshire.
The Miss Hills, Tadcaster.....2 copies.
Mr. Hindes, Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Norwich, ...2 copies.
Prince Hoare, Esq.
Mrs. Hodges, Hemsted, Benenden.
The Rev. Septimus Hodson, Bywell, Northumberland.
William Hodson Esq. Clare Hall.
Mr. Hodson, Cambridge.
Miss Hodson.
Miss S. Hodson.
Miss C. Hodson.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Rev. Thomas Howes, Morningthorpe, Norfolk.
Rev. Thomas Hurst, Fellow of Clare Hall.

I.

. Inchbald.

J.

Rev. E. C. James, Epsom.
Rev. Robert Jefferson, Fellow of Sidney College.
rice Jones, Esq. Emmanuel College.
Stephen Jones.
. Jones, Theatre Royal, Norwich.

K.

very Rev. The Dean of Kilfenora, Ireland.

Rev. William Killett, March, Isle of Ely.

L.

Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Landaff, Regius Professor of Divinity.

Rev. William Layng, Stibbington, Hunts.
Rev. Dr. Lettice, Vicar of Peasemarsh, Sussex.
n Coakley Lettsom, M. D.

M.

Rev. John Mansfield, Rector of Rowner, Hants.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

William Mason, Esq. Clare Hall.....3 copies.
George Mason, Esq. Clare Hall.
Mrs. Mason, Retford.
The Rev. Robert Mayow, Lathom, near Ormskirk.
George Milner, Esq. Comberton, Cambridgeshire.
The Rev. James Moore, Rector of Sutton, Yorkshire.
Mrs. Frederic Mortlock, Cambridge.
The Rev. Dr. Myddelton, Gwaynynog, Denbighshire.

N.

The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Norwich.

James Neild, Esq. Chelsea.
The Rev. Richard Newcome, Warden of Ruthin, Denbighshire.
The Miss Newcomes of Gresford, Denbighshire.
Mr. Alderman Newling, Cambridge.
Messrs. Nicholson and Son, Booksellers, Cambridge.

O.

The Rev. Holt Okes, Master of Linton School.
The Rev. Daniel Olivier, Clifton, Bedfordshire, 4 Copies.
William Ottley, Esq. Cambridge.

P.

The Right Hon. Spencer Perceval.....5 Copies.

Mrs. Park, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
The Rev. Samuel Partridge, Vicar of Boston.
The late Rev. Dr. Pearson, Master of Sidney College.
Mrs. Pearson.

The Rev. John Hayes Petit, Hilton Park, Staffordshire.
Louis Hayes Petit, Esq. Lincoln's Inn.
John Plumptre, Esq. Fredville, Kent.....2 Copies.
Mrs. R. Plumptre, Norwich.
Mrs. Anne Plumptre.
Mrs. Annabella Plumptre.
Robert Bathurst Plumptre, Esq. Pembroke Hall.

R.

The Rev. Dr. Ramsden, Deputy Regius Professor of Divinity.
The Rev. William Key. Reeve, Fellow of Clare Hall.
The late Jacob Reynardson, Esq. Holywell, near Stamford.
William Richardson, Esq. Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow.
Mr. Robertson, Manager of the Lincoln Company of Comedians.
John Round, jun. Esq. Colchester.

S.

Sir William Skeffington, Bart.

Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq.
I. H. Skrine, Esq. St. John's College.
Isaac Sparke, Esq. St. John's College.
Stephen Sulivan, Esq.
Mrs. Sulivan.
Laurence Sulivan, Esq. St. John's College.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

T.

Lady Twisden, Jennings, Hunton.

Mr. William Taylor, East Dereham, Norfolk.
Mrs. Thackeray, Chester.
The Rev. J. R. Thackeray, Rector of Downham, Nor
Frederic Thackeray, Esq. Cambridge.
Martin Thackeray, Esq. Fellow of King's College.
Joseph Thackeray, Esq. Do.
Mrs. Thomas, Abele Grove, Epsom.
Robert Trotman, Esq. Ipswich.

V.

Charles Veasey, Esq. Huntingdon.
Mr. Vining, Theatre Royal, Norwich.

W.

Lord Woodhouselee, Edinburgh.

The Rev. J. F. Walker.
David Pyke Watts, Esq. Portland Place.
The Rev. William Webb, Tutor of Clare Hall.
The Rev. John Welby, Emmanuel College.
The Rev. Shirley Western, Vicar of Hemmingston, Su
John Weyland, jun. Esq.....2 Copi
The Rev. C. A. Wheelwright, Trinity College.
The Rev. Walter Whiter, Rector of Hardingham, Nor
folk.....2 copi

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

William Wilkins, Esq. Cambridge.
Mrs. Wilkins.
Miss Emma Wilkins.
The Rev. J. H. W. Williams, Fellow of Clare Hall.
The Rev. C. H. Wollaston, Vicar of East Dereham, Norfolk.

Y.

Simon Yorke, Esq. Erthig, Denbighshire.
The Rev. Brownlow Yorke, Rector of Downham, in the Isle of Ely.

Add to the Letter E.
The Rev. John Evans, Fellow of Clare Hall.

Mrs. H. Bowdler, Bath, should have been set down for .....2 copies.

CONTENTS OF THE THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Page.

Dedication 3
List of Subscribers 7
General Preface i
The Gamester.—The Editor's Preface 3
The Author's Dedication, &c. 16
The Play 19
Jane Shore.—The Editor's Preface 85
The Author's Dedication, &c. 103
The Play 109
George Barnwell.—The Editor's Preface 167
The Author's Dedication, &c. 181
The Play 187
Douglas.—The Editor's Preface 245
The Author's Dedication 261
The Play 267
Lady Jane Gray.—The Editor's Preface 323
The Author's Dedication, &c. 351
The Play 361

VOL. II.

The Provok'd Husband.—The Editor's Preface .. 3
The Author's Dedication, &c. 23
The Play 31
The Conscious Lovers.—The Editor's Preface ... 135
The Author's Dedication, &c. 157
The Play 165
The Good-natur'd Man.—The Editor's Preface .. 243
The Author's Preface, &c. 259
The Play 263
A Word to the Wise.—The Editor's Preface 337
The Author's Preface, &c. 351
The Play 361
The Clandestine Marriage.—The Editor's Pref. 435
The Author's Advertisement, &c. 451
The Play 455

CONTENTS.

VOL. III.

Page

Lionel and Clarissa.—The Editor's Preface.... 3
The Author's Advertisement..... 13
The Opera..... 15
The Toy Shop.—The Editor's Preface..... 85
The Author's Epistle to a Friend.....107
The Piece.....111
The King and the Miller of Mansfield.—The Editor's Preface.....137
The Piece.....143
Sir John Cockle at Court.—The Editor's Pref..169
The Piece.....173
The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green.—The Editor's Preface.....199
The Piece.....205
Barataria.—The Editor's Preface.....223
The Author's Address to the Public.....225
The Farce.....231
Rosina.—The Editor's Preface.....267
The Author's Advertisement.....275
The Opera.....277

APPENDIX TO THE THREE VOLUMES.

Appendix to The Gamester.....311
———— George Barnwell.....311
———— Douglas:—Lady De Crespigny's Conclusion.....329
———— The Provok'd Husband.....333
———— Lionel and Clarissa.....337
———— The Toy Shop.....341
———— Poor Richard's Way to Wealth, by Dr. Franklin.....345

Table of the Texts of Scripture.....355
Index to the Three Volumes.....357
Errata.....401
List of Books Published by the Author.....401

THE

EDITOR's

GENERAL PREFACE

TO THE WORK.

COLLECTIONS of Plays have been frequently prefaced by a short History of The Stage, and particularly of the origin and progress of it in this kingdom. But, as it appears to me to be a subject which has not hitherto been viewed in its true light, and which requires a much more ample discussion than could be given to it within the short limits of this Preface, I shall wave the subject for the present; and, should I have leisure for the purpose, I hope to resume it at some future period. It is my intention to consider the Stage in connection with the civil and religious history of the principal nations where it has existed, shewing what it has been in itself, and what has been its influence upon morals and religion. Such a work I conceive might be rendered highly interesting and useful, and not foreign to the studies of a clergyman; especially when we consider that the stage was at one time in the hands of the clergy, when the church was the theatre, when Bishops were the dramatists, and the Clergy the performers. To witness a return of those days is by no means my wish; but I think it greatly to be lamented, that, when the stage was abandoned by the clergy, or taken out of their hands, it was given up to the low and dissolute. I wish, therefore, to refer the reader to my Discourses on The Stage, where he will find some short observations on the origin of the Drama, differing in some measure from the accounts usually given of it: and, as the Plays in these volumes are altered upon the principles laid down in those discourses, I shall employ the few pages allotted to a Preface in replying to *some* of the objections which have

been made to them, and in giving a short account of the origin and progress of this work. I cannot, however, forbear to express the satisfaction I have derived from the favourable reception with which that work has met from the readers of it in general, and especially from many theatrical persons; a reception which, as the work has not spared the abuses of the stage, gives me sanguine hopes, that these being seen and acknowledged by them, it will be their endeavour to remove or to reform them. While several have spoken in decided approbation of my work*, the open objectors have been but few. Indeed I am aware of only three, one of whom has written in too uncandid a manner to deserve notice. The other two are Mr. JOHN AUDLEY, of Cambridge, in an *Advertisement* prefixed to an Abridgement of Law's Tract on *The Absolute Unlawfulness of the Stage Entertainment*, published in September, 1809,—and a writer in *The Eclectic Review* for November, 1809, vol. V. p. 1031.

Law's work I have repeatedly quoted, and given my opinion of, in my Discourses, where I have said (p. 100.) that all his "objections, when duly weighed, strike "only at the abuses of the Stage."—"It is, however, "an admirable book for rousing the attention, and "calling it to the consideration of those abuses." I have also shewn the disingenuousness of Law, in quoting Archbishop Tillotson in support of his opinions against the Stage, and suppressing the conclusion of the passage, in which the Archbishop considers it possible to render

---

* See *The Literary Panorama* for April 1809. Vol. VI. p. 52. *The European Magazine*, for June 1809. Vol. LV. p. 421. For July, August, September, October, and December, ditto, Vol. LVI. p. 26, 93, 189, 253, 438, and for January 1810, Vol. LVII. p. 33.

The British Critic, for April 1811, Vol. XXXVII, p. 356.

The Argument to the Play of "*The Abdication of Ferdinand*," 3d Edn. 12mo. 1811.

The Artist, A Collection of Essays, Relative to Painting, Poetry, Sculpture, Architecture, The Drama, Discoveries of Science, and various other Subjects. Edited by Prince Hoare, Esq. in 2 Vols. 4to. 1807 and 1810. Vol. II. No. IX. and XX. and

The Biographia Dramatica, (Edn. 1812.) Vol. I. Introduction, *p. xi. Note*, and p. 786, 787.

the Stage subservient to the cause of morality. (See p. 22, Note ‡.) This passage I have adopted as my motto to the present work.

It is a most curious fact, that Law, after having given this mutilated quotation, to make Archbishop Tillotson's opinion appear contrary to what it really was, says: "I have appealed to this great name, for no other end, "but to prevent the charge of uncharitableness."!! Indeed I cannot altogether acquit him. He was either uncharitable, or prejudice had blunted his usual acumen.

Mr. Audley objects (p. 4.) to my having said, that I do not consider the Christian as "called upon wholly "to renounce the Stage," but to do all "in his power "to amend it." And he reminds me (p. 5.) that I am "a clergyman," who have "professed that 'laying "aside the study of the world and the flesh,"' ¶ I "would "labour as much as lay in" me, "to fashion" myself "according to the DOCTRINE of Christ, and be a whole-"some EXAMPLE to the flock of Christ."

To this I shall reply only by saying, that I conceive a Clergyman to be labouring in his calling, in endeavouring to remove impiety and immorality, wherever it may exist, and especially from a source of such extensive influence; that my endeavour has been to remove "the world and the flesh" from the Stage, and to "fashion" it "according to the DOCTRINE of Christ." My works are before the world; let Candour decide.

Much use has been made by Mr. Audley and other adversaries of the Stage, of the late conflagrations of the theatres of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane; and of the "vain and presumptuous boasts which were ut-"tered in the Epilogue, composed by Mr. Colman, and "spoken by Miss Farren (now the Countess of Derby) "on the night of opening the new theatre." p. 9.

The expressions alluded to in the Epilogue I certainly

"¶ Ordination Service of the established church."

think had better not have been used; but we must not attach more force to the lines,

> " The very ravages of fire we scout,
> " For we have wherewithal to put it out:"

than we do to these,

> " in ages yet unborn,
> " ' Our castle's strength shall laugh a siege to scorn.'"

Does Mr. A. really suppose that the writer, the speaker, the managers, &c. could mean that, if the theatre were *besieged* by an army, it could stand against it? The passage is a quotation from Macbeth, and must be considered as meaning only that the building was *strong*. So the providing a reservoir of water, and the iron curtain, were *useful precautions;* but I do not believe that the proprietors supposed, that, with these, it was impossible that the theatre should be burnt down. It is, however, a *useful lesson*, if *we* do not apply it *presumptuously* and *uncharitably*. If, as it seems to be intimated, the workmen were employed in building the theatre on a Sunday, and whatever abuses might exist in the theatre after it was built, let all persons concerned in it reflect upon the circumstances, and avoid them for the future. We must be careful how we *decide* upon such a visitation being *a judgment from God:* Let us reflect upon those " Galileans, whose blood Pilate had " mingled with their sacrifices," and the " eighteen, " upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them." (Luke xiii. 1—5.) When we consider the combustible nature of theatres, and how much they are exposed to accidents by fire, from the lamps, &c. the wonder is, perhaps, that we do not hear of more frequent accidents in them.* In these two cases how much cause is there for *thankfulness*, that the fires did not happen when the

* The Insurance Offices are so perfectly aware of the very hazardous nature of Theatres, that they now charge five guineas per cent. on the sum for which they are insured, in London, a sum more than twenty times the common rate of insurance. The principal Provincial Theatres, as Birmingham, Edinburgh, &c. pay three guineas per cent. and the lesser Theatres two guineas. The Theatre at Barnwell, near Cambridge, being used only for three weeks in the year, pays ten shillings and six pence per cent.

theatres were crouded with spectators. At Covent Garden it is said that more than thirty lives were lost. But these were firemen, volunteers, and others employed in the way of duty. Mr. Malone, in his Historical Account of the English Stage, (p. 50.) mentions an accident from "*the fall of* a room at a Catholic sermon *in the Black-*"*friers, London,*" whereby about fourscore persons were killed, Oct. 24, 1623. And the dreadful accident at Liverpool, Feb. 11, 1810, when the spire fell into the body of the church, and about fifteen lives were lost, chiefly children who had assembled for their catechetical duties, is still fresh in our remembrance. What can we say to these things, but "how unsearchable "are" God's "judgments, and his ways past finding "out"? Rom. xi. 33.

The Eclectic Review, after expressing surprize that a serious clergyman (as the writer of the article is pleased to consider me) should attempt to write *a formal defence of the Stage*, endeavours to explain the *phænomenon*, by a quotation from my Dedication to the work, (p. iv. and vi.) supposing, "that, in the preacher's youth, "the drama must have inspired a passion so deep, as to "become like one of the original principles of his "mind, which therefore the judgment could never era-"dicate, nor ever inspect without an involuntary bias "operating like a spell." (p. 1032.)

Were I inclined to cavil at phrases, I might ask the Reviewer, whether there are really such things as *spells*, and how they operate? The expression is, however, a popular one, and sufficiently intelligible. The supposition is neither impossible nor very improbable; and the reader, by referring to the Dedication, (p. xii.) will find it stated by myself, and answered. But, may it not be asked, on the other hand, whether an *aversion* to the Stage may not, from early prejudices and habits, have become *an original principle* in the minds of its adversaries? I believe it to be equally possible and probable; *and, that it is so*, is to me apparent from the *old arguments and objections* being repeated at a distance *of time, when the Drama* is become certainly very dif-

ferent to what it was when they were first urged; and from their objections being urged against the Drama *itself*, and not against the *abuses* of it. The Reviewer objects against me, that I have written "a formal de-"fence of the stage." (p. 1031.) But this is only of the stage "in itself," or "abstractedly considered." The Stage, as it *is*, I have censured without reserve, where I have judged it liable to blame. But I have endeavoured to be *just*, and not to censure it for those things which are innocent, or decidedly worthy of praise.

Were this view of the Stage solely my own, I ought certainly to entertain it with greater doubt; but, when I find persons of piety and learning equal to those who are so decidedly adverse to the stage, holding opinions similar, or nearly so, to mine, I confess that I contemplate my own with the greater boldness and satisfaction. The names of Tillotson, of Watts, of Hanway and of Porteus, as far as authority goes, would have equal, if not greater weight with me, than those of Law, of Witherspoon, and others, even if I did not see those glaring evidences of prejudice and a warped judgment in the circumstances beforementioned, (p. ii.) of Law, in quoting only partially Arch-bishop Tillotson, and in the very singular passage quoted from Witherspoon's Tract against the Stage in my Preface to Douglas, p. 246.

In addition to the numerous authorities I have brought forward in the Notes to my Discourses on the Stage, p. 103, &c. in support of my opinions, I could now produce many more; but I shall merely add two, as they are remarkable, and come from great sources: "Luther recommended the acting of comedies even in "schools, as he thought them capable of edifying "young persons. 'In comedies,' observed Luther, "'particularly in those of the Roman writers, the "'duties of the various situations of life are held out "'to view, and as it were reflected from a mirror. "'The office of parents, and the proper conduct of "'*children*, are faithfully delineated; and what to "'*young men* may be advantageous, the vices and cha-"'*racters of profligate* women are exhibited in their

" true colours. Excellent lessons are given to them " ' how they should conduct themselves towards vir- " ' tuous women in courtship. Strong exhortations " ' to matrimony are brought forward, without which " ' state no government can subsist: celibacy is the " ' plague of any nation.'" See the Biogr. Dram. (Edn. 1812.) Vol. I. p. 777.

Arch-bishop Secker, in his Sermon on 2 Tim. iii. 4.— "*Lovers of Pleasures, more than Lovers of God.*" (Vol. I. Serm. V.) says, " Another considerable Ingre- " dient in the favourite Amusements of the World, are " public Spectacles. And provided Regard be had to " Time and Cost, they might be allowably and bene- " ficially frequented, if they were preserved from Ten- " dencies dangerous to virtue. But Failings in that " Article totally alter the Nature of them; and gross " failings reflect not only on our Morals, but our " Taste. Indeed it is lamentable that, fond as we are " of adopting the Fashions and Qualities of our Neigh- " bours, often much for the worse, we should not " import what is praiseworthy in them, but suffer the " most dissolute of them to excell us in the Chastity of " their dramatical Representations: yet after all, were " they ever so innocent, in Proportion as they are " trifling and insignificant, they are contemptible and " unworthy of Regard."

This passage is quoted in *A Discourse on Stage Entertainments*, by the *Rev. David Simpson, M. A.* Printed at Birmingham, 8vo, 1788, p. 48. See Vol. III. of this work, p. 321.

Having mentioned " the Stage considered " *in itself*," it leads me to a second objection of the Eclectic Reviewer, who accuses me of " disingenuous and de- " ceptive language" (p. 1035) in considering the stage " ' in itself,' or abstractedly considered." A question which I, certainly, deem it of great importance to determine; for, if the Stage be " absolutely unlawful" *in itself, as some seem* to suppose, by attributing its *origin to the Devil,* undoubtedly, Christians are not to *have any thing to do with it.* But, if it be not unlawf

in itself, but only in the *abuses* of it; then it must be the *duty* of Christians to attempt to reform it. If this be not the meaning of Law, and other writers, in calling the Stage *absolutely unlawful* and ascribing the origin of it to the Devil, I do not know what they mean. But, if this be not a point of contention with the adversaries of the Stage, if they concede that there is nothing unlawful, abstractedly considered, in the *dramatic* form of writing, and of representing that composition, then I maintain, that the evils alleged against the Drama arise only from the *abuses* of it, and if you can do those away, Christians may lawfully attend dramatic representations; that it is the duty of Christians to assist in this work,—that we must not be more severe in our censures of this particular species of literature or amusement, than of others; nor must we expect absolute perfection, or near it, in an imperfect world,—and that we must not expect from the Drama and the Theatre, what we do not see attainable in Sermons and in the Church. An ideal perfection of the Stage may certainly be conceived to exist: let us form this idea to ourselves, and make it our aim, not in wrath and contention, but in a spirit of brotherly love and charity.

There is one point of great importance, which should ever be kept in mind in estimating the value of the opinions of writers upon the Stage. The observations of those who write against the stage, can be applicable at a different period, only so far as the stage then resembles what it was when their opinions were first delivered. They may be totally inapplicable. Whereas the opinions of those who write on the stage abstractedly considered, are as applicable at one time as at another.

An objection sometimes urged against the Stage is, that it is amongst "the pomps and vanities of the world" which we renounce in baptism. Witherspoon says (Select Works in 2 vols. 8vo. 1804. Vol. I. p. 284.) that "there is something of pomp and gaiety in it, on the "best possible supposition, that is inconsistent with the "character of a christian." As particulars are not specified, there may be some difficulty in fixing upon those

intended. But is all shew, is all gaiety unlawful? What was the marriage feast mentioned in the Gospel? (John ii. 1. See also Matt. xxii. 1—14.) What is the wedding garment? (Matt. xxii. 11. and Revelat. xix. 7—9.) What are the music and dancing on the return of the Prodigal? (Luke xv. 25.) What is the *gaiety* to which objection is made? Does it apply to the performance? Must it not depend upon the *kind* of composition? Is it applicable to *Tragedy?* Are the dresses, the scenery and the company the things censured? Is it worse to sit in a theatre and contemplate a well painted scene of an apartment, a noble building, or a beautiful view, than it is to sit in a well-furnished drawing-room, or to view a noble building in reality, or to admire an improved piece of natural scenery, or to possess a fine collection of paintings? yet these things many of the objectors will do without scruple; will themselves dress elegantly, nay, finely and expensively, and mingle in the crouded assembly. I have even known persons, who would not enter a theatre, take their family to Vauxhall,—a place at which I never was myself; but which, from the accounts I have heard of it, must have at least as many evils as the theatre, with not even the chance of producing any good effects upon the minds of the frequenters by moral scenes and exhibitions. All these things have undoubtedly their limits and their modifications; and the luxuries of the rich, their buildings, their dresses and their grounds, under certain restrictions, administer to the wants and the comforts of the Poor.

But the adversaries of the stage, as if unwilling to have it in any wise amended, take great pains to inculcate upon the minds of their readers, that, if the stage were to be purified from its corruptions, it would become so uninteresting and stupid to the generality of tastes, that a blameless stage could never exixt for want of encouragement. In support of this position, it has been stated, that Mr. Gambold's Tragedy of *The Martyrdom of Ignatius* was once performed at Hull, at the suggestion of the late Mr. Milner, but that it met with no *success. As this is a* remarkable incident in Stage

History, I have made some inquiries upon the subject and will state the result for the information of my readers. Mr. Milner, during the latter years of his life opposed the theatre with all his zeal; and usually preached against it at the time when it opened for the season, and used constantly to declare in his conversation, that no Christian could be seen at the play-house. He was, nevertheless, extremely fond of the Tragedy of Ignatius, and could repeat it by heart. He once in treating of the Stage from the pulpit, excepted this Tragedy from the general censure on the Drama, and intimated, that, if any piece could be tolerated on the stage, this might. The encomium on the piece was reported to the Manager, Tate Wilkinson, who said that he was happy to bow to such authority, and that Mr. M. and his congregation should be indulged. This was in the year 1781. In the Play-bill for Dec. 22 of that year the following advertisement appeared:

"The play of St. Ignatius being recommended publicly from that respectable authority, where truth, candour, judgment, taste, and virtue dwell: Mr. Wilkinson (upon the first hint,) had the Tragedy properly examined, curtailed, adapted to the stage, and presented to the Lord Chamberlain for his sanction; the Theatre-Royal at Hull, honoured with his Majesty's Patent and confirmed by Parliament, rendering such Permission necessary, the Tragedy is now in Rehearsal, and will be acted on Saturday December 29, 1781. "*Vivant Rex et Regina.*"

The Play was acted accordingly, with the Farce of *Tom Thumb*, and *A Hunting Song* was sung between the Play and the Farce. Of this incident Wilkinson himself gives the following account in *The Wandering Patentee; or, A History of the Yorkshire Theatres from* 1770 *to the Present Time.* (1795) In Four Volumes, 12mo. Vol. II, p. 121.

"As a chronologist I could not possibly avoid the mentioning the Rev. Mr. Milner's name; indeed the peculiarity of that gentleman's recommendation of "St.

"gnatius" as a capital play in 1781, and the only one orth the attent[illegible] of his congregation, makes it unoidable, witho[illegible] meaning the least offence to so ndoubtedly an inestimable good character, accom-
" panied with talents that would adorn any situation ;
" consequently he commands every respect from me,
" unaided by compliment or insincerity."

" Now this truly respectable character, Mr. Milner,
" of whom I speak with great esteem, as really a pious
" man, though at that time hurried into extremes, (and
" I beg I may be seriously so understood) yet that gen-
" tleman did aver in an anxious moment, that not one
" play was fit to be seen or heard by a Christian, ex-
" cept that divine piece of writing, a tragedy in five
" acts, called *Saint Ignatius.* The particulars of the
" said sermon being mentioned to me, and to prove my
" duty to the public, as manager, also of my ad-
" herence to good rules from the pulpit, I sent for the
" play, but feared on the perusal, I could not by any
" means prune it fit for the stage representation, as it
" startled me in many places, as bordering on bad, not
" good example; but as I yielded the matter to the su-
" perior judgment of the divine, I pruned it as well as
" my weak abilities would permit, in order to make it
" a stage entertainment, and fit to obtain the Lord
" Chamberlain's license.

" Mr. Stephen Kemble was at that time exceedingly
" ill, and did penance very severely, by undergoing the
" study of so long a part as St. Ignatius. It was acted
" on Saturday, December 29, 1781, to a very good
" house, and persons at the theatre, whom I believe
" had never seen a play before, and though so uncom-
" mon a production, it not only was attentively and
" well received, but on the whole rather approved than
" the contrary." p. 124, 125.

My private account states that " as Mr. M. did not
" attend the performance, it was not repeated."

In this transaction it appears to me, that, if Wilkinson was really in earnest in endeavouring to conciliate the opponents of the stage, he did not set about it in a

judicious manner. But, from the advertisement, the Play-bill, and his own account of the business, I cannot but think, that he was at least *half in jest*; and, therefore, it is no wonder if neither party were satisfied. Had he intended to have rendered the evening's entertainment acceptable to Mr. Milner and his congregation, he should have added more grave and respectable entertainments to the play, that, whether they staid them or not, the whole performance might have borne a more uniform and decorous aspect.

But, had Wilkinson been ever so much in earnest, it does not appear to me, that the piece is calculated for stage representation, or to interest a mixed audience. Were the piece well-performed, I could see it represented with great pleasure on account of the subject, and the tendency of much of the sentiment; but it is by no means well written. Yet I can conceive that Cowper, or Mrs. H. More, could have written a Drama upon the same subject, which should have interested persons in general. According to my own sentiments, even this piece is not altogether unexceptionable. The character of Ignatius is drawn as coveting and provoking martyrdom; not with that calm and resigned fortitude, willing either to live or to suffer according to the will of God, which was so conspicuous in the death of our Saviour, and which I conceive to be the true Christian Spirit.

There are at least eleven *prayers* in this play. At p. 88 of my Discourses, I have applied the answer of John the Baptist to the Soldiers, (Luke iii. 14.) who came to him, when he preached repentance, to know what they were to do, to the case of Players. A similar incident occurs in the first scene of the IVth Act of Ignatius, where the converted Soldier, Claudius, says to Philo the disciple of Ignatius:

"I'm wholly Christ's! But how can I be his,
"O tell me, in a soldier's rough profession?
"Must I kill men?
"PHILO.
"You mean, must not you love them?
"*Yet, you're a member of this world, whose process*
"*Involves e'en us in many things*,—But see,
"*The deputies are coming.*"

Here the present state of the world is urged in plea for even the best men [illegible]g many things which they may not altogether approve. A most difficult and important subject!

Were I to be called upon to alter this play, to render it conformable to what I conceive to be true Christianity, I have little doubt that I should have as much to do to it as I have done in some of the plays in this collection.

Wilkinson, in the same Volume of *The Wandering Patentee*, (ii. p. 121.) says, "Every piece that ho-"nours the Lord is proper for the Stage, as Miss Han-"nah More's "Daniel in the Lion's Den," "Moses "in the Bull Rushes," with *corrections* and *alterations*, "where the expressions are too solemn and sublime—I "do not mean the sacred parts of Holy Writ."

And in the IVth Volume (p. 78.) it appears that these two pieces were altered, by a gentleman who resided near Doncaster, for Stage-representation, and performed there, Saturday, October 12, 1793, to a genteel audience, "with credit and applause." It was the intention of the Manager to have performed them at Hull in the following month; but the design met with determined opposition from the adversaries of the Stage in that place; two of whom he mentions by name, and with much more of asperity than he speaks of Mr. Milner. At this opposition one cannot wonder, after what had taken place with respect to Ignatius. These circumstances, however, I think, clearly evince, that, had Wilkinson been treated in a milder manner, and had a better mode of reforming the stage been pointed out to him, he was by no means unwilling to attempt it.

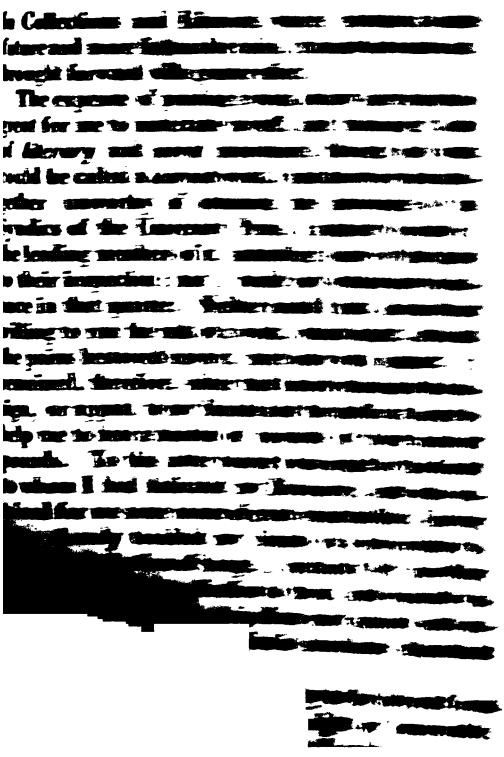
The kind of plays with which this reformation should be begun, must not be very dissimilar to those, in form and character, to which audiences have been hitherto accustomed; but should be founded on interesting stories, with a considerable share of incident and bustle, and lively dialogue, but freed from all profaneness and immorality, and having a good moral or general tendency. *Of this kind I conceive* to be the Play of Deaf and *Dumb, translated* from the French of J. N. Bouilly,

entitled *The Shoe Boy*, a play I had never either seen or read till I saw it performed here last October [illegible] by the Norwich Company; and I can with truth say, that I never seldom been so much interested and affected with any performance as I was with that. There is but little in the play which is exceptionable, and even that might be omitted or altered with great ease.*

The following work has been undertaken with a view to promote this desirable object. It has been gradually attaining its present state during a period of upwards of four years. While reviewing and reading several plays, when improved upon my observations, I commonly read with a pen or pencil in my hand, and either expunged or altered such passages as struck me as be objectionable. Some of the plays thus altered were lent to friends, some of them read to me in them, and some tried by that experience test, the reading them aloud to ladies; when they have received to be very generally approved, and wishes have been expressed, that they should be printed.

As it appeared to me, that printing one or two plays would not serve as a sufficient specimen of the thing intended; and that a few single plays might soon sink into obscurity; I was anxious that they should make their appearance in a form which might carry [illegible] and consequence with it; that, if they [illegible] with much notice now, yet the work [illegible]

* Since writing my Preface [illegible] I have obtained a copy of the [illegible] plays, &c. 1784, which I [illegible] It does great credit to the [illegible] it; for we are told in the [illegible] "applause, at the The[illegible] "more extraordinary [illegible] "of the present [illegible] March 14, 1783 [illegible] and England, [illegible] dices, and to [illegible] compliment[illegible] English, [illegible] is not di[illegible]



called *The Abbé De L'Epée,* a play I had never either seen or read till I saw it performed here last October twelvemonths by the Norwich Company; and I can with truth say, that I have seldom been so much interested and affected with any performance as I was with that. There is but little in the play which is exceptionable, and even that might be omitted or altered with great ease.*

The following work has been undertaken with a view to promote this desirable object. It has been gradually attaining its present state during a period of upwards of four years. While referring to and reading several plays, when employed upon my Discourses, I commonly read with a pen or pencil in my hand, and either expunged or altered such passages as struck me to be objectionable. Some of the plays thus altered were lent to friends, some of them read by me to them, and some tried by that excellent test, the reading them aloud to ladies; when they have seemed to be very generally approved, and wishes have been expressed, that they should be printed.

As it appeared to me, that printing one or two plays would not serve as a sufficient specimen of the thing intended; and that a few single plays might soon sink into obscurity; I was anxious that they should make their appearance in a form which might carry respectability and consequence with it; that, if they should not meet with much notice now, yet the work might find a place

---

* Since writing my Preface to Rosina, (Vol. III. p. 270. Note,) I have obtained a copy of the translation of *The Englishman in Bourdeaux*, 8vo. 1764, which I have read, and am greatly pleased with. It does great credit to the author, and to the public who approved it; for we are told in the title, that it was "Acted with universal "applause, at the Theatre-Royal, in Paris. *Where it has had a "more extraordinary Run than any other new Piece, in the Memory "of the present frequenters of the French Stage.*" It was acted March 14, 1763, just after the conclusion of a peace between France and England. The object of the play is to do away national prejudices, and to promote good-will between the two nations. It is highly complimentary certainly to the French; but it is so likewise to the *English. There is very little that is exceptionable in the play. It is not divided into acts.*

in Collections and Libraries, where, perhaps at some future and more favourable crisis, it might be found and brought forward with greater effect.

The expence of printing a work of any size being too great for me to undertake myself, and thinking it both of *literary* and *moral* importance, (though not what could be called a *learned* work,) and therefore not altogether unworthy of obtaining the patronage of the Syndics of the University Press, I applied to some of the leading members of it, submitting some of the plays to their inspection; but I could not obtain any assistance in that quarter. Neither could I find Booksellers willing to run the risk of a work, which might, after all the pains bestowed upon it, meet only with neglect. It remained, therefore, either that I must relinquish the design, or appeal to my friends and the public at large to help me to bear a burden of upwards of three hundred pounds. To this latter course I was urged by the friend to whom I had dedicated my Discourses, and who obtained for me some names of great respectability. Having once already troubled my friends in a subscription to my first Collection of Songs, I certainly felt unwilling to make a second application to them, and especially as I am aware that some prejudices exist against such appeals, and that a subscription is sometimes stigmatized as a genteel mode of begging.

But, as it has not been my way to be deterred from any thing which I may consider right or honourable, merely because the world may have formed an erroneous opinion upon the subject, I thought that, if I set my terms low, both with respect to the price of the book, and the number of subscribers required, (being myself willing to run no small risk, and even almost certain loss) forbearing to *solicit* any, I might reasonably expect to meet with friends, who, either from personal regard, or from a wish to promote a work of such a tendency, would willingly lend their assistance. The result is now before the reader; and, if my List is not so numerous as *I wished and expected*, it has far exceeded my warmest *hopes in the respectability* of the names which there ap-

pear, a respectability which determined me not to wait to obtain the number of names I had specified in my proposals, as wishing to obtain before I committed the work to the press; but at once to hazard the publication; and, in so much as I came short, to consider it as my offering and pledge to the world of my good will, and of my earnestness in the cause in which I have engaged.

With respect to subscriptions, I must confess, that, for any good purpose, I am so far from seeing or feeling any ojections against them, that it appears to me not to be unreasonable or mean to hope to find the *many* willing to assist *one;* and the contemplation of a list of respectable names is in some degree the same kind of pleasing sight as an assemblage of valued friends. As to the offering and accepting contributions, the subscriber, it is to be observed, does not *give* the money, but has (as the world, and as books go,) his money's-worth for it. The statement of the case is, that it does not answer to an Author to print a work unless a number of copies is printed off, his Proposals are as much as to say, Will you assist me by taking one? Even were the money a gift, for a good purpose, I can see nothing disreputable in it. Do not most of us subsist by subscriptions? Does not the Clergyman live by the subscriptions of his Parishioners, the Physician by those of his Patients, and the Lawyer by those of his Clients? The fees of office are subscriptions, and the Place-man who is paid out of the public revenue, accepts the subscriptions of even the lowest of the subjects.

In preparing this work for the press, and in its progress through it, I have spared neither expence nor labour in procuring books for reference, and in consulting them when obtained; and I am under great obligations to several friends who have afforded their assistance in various ways. To one friend, in particular, whose name I wish I were at liberty to mention, as it would give credit both to my work and to myself, in a moral, as well as in a literary, point of view, I am indebted *for his remarks upon* all the Dramas here presented to

the reader. The plays were sent to him, some nearly completed, some with only my casual marks made in hastily reading them, and some before I had begun to make any alterations at all. These he went attentively through, making his own remarks and suggestions in writing, both upon the plays and on my alterations. These I have invariably considered with attention, generally adopting his very suggestions, sometimes modifying them, and sometimes, but not very frequently, abiding by a different decision of my own. Thus have I had the advantage of his advice and suggestions; but the whole of the responsibility for the propriety of the sentiments rests with myself. In my Prefaces and Notes, I have not been able to enjoy this advantage.

In the first volume, the Reader is presented with five tragedies, selected from the general mass after much consideration, making the election at last for reasons which it is not perhaps necessary to lay before the reader. They are all, in the theatrical phrase, stock pieces; valued highly in their original state, and I trust not likely to forfeit any portion of their popularity on account of the alterations which have been made in them. The plays, as they have been printed off, have been put into the hands of some of my friends of various tastes and talents; and, I believe I may say with truth, that they have invariably met their approbation, and are not considered as having lost any portion of their genuine spirit and interest. One of the plays, The Conscious Lovers, has been highly approved by some theatrical persons, and is, I believe, at this time, actually in rehearsal at the Norwich Theatre. The play of George Barnwell was shewn to the Performer* who was to represent the principal character here in October last; when I had the satisfaction to find that the alterations were approved by him, and that several of my omissions had actually been anticipated by the Manager and Performers of the Norwich Company.

Should *any, however, who* are acquainted with the *originals, think that these* plays have suffered by the

* *Mr. Vining.*

alterations, I will suggest to them, that, in the days of Congreve, Vanbrugh, &c. when objections were made against the profligacy of the stage, and Addison and Steele, &c. wrote plays more conformable to the laws of decency, probably the admirers of the loose plays would cry out, that the more decent were tame and insipid. Yet the plays of Congreve, &c. (in all their indecency as *then* acted) would not now be endured. So, we will hope, it will be in another age; however the proposed amendments of the stage may be censured now by some as rendering it tame and dull. The rising generation who may be acquainted with the plays in this edition only, will not have the disadvantage (if such it can be called in any respect) of judging of them by comparison.

Of the five pieces in the first volume, the first is a story of domestic woe of the present age, written in prose, the language of nature, appealing to the heart, and affording a lesson of great importance in a moral point of view. The second is a story of former times, partly formed on the sufferings of domestic life, but with a mixture of the characters of noble and royal distinction. In the third, we again descend, even a step lower than the first, and are interested for a youth seduced from the paths of virtue, and falling from sin to sin, till an untimely and ignominious death makes him an awful warning to the rising hopes of the nation. In the fourth, the maternal and the filial sympathies are excited for a mother and her son meeting after a separation ever since his birth, and we have an exhibition of the times of chivalry. In the fifth play, we are interested for an accomplished and pious female, young and beautiful, leaving, with reluctance, at the instigation of others, the pleasures of retirement for the cares of ambition, and falling a victim to the ill-founded attempt.

In the Second Volume, through a lighter medium, that of Comedy, we are presented, in the first play, with the picture of a dissipated woman in high life, warm in the pursuit of pleasure, but finding dissipation insufficient for the purpose, and quitting it for the sober and

solid happiness of domestic life. In the same play we have also a proof of the folly of a person leaving a situation where he may be useful and respectable, for one for which he has no talents, and instead of gaining honours and emoluments, suffering mortification and disappointment. The second play exhibits a delicate picture of virtuous love, and gives a truly valuable example of that firmness of soul, which can rise superior to the evil customs and opinions of the world, regulating its conduct by the law of God. That weak *good-nature*, which defeats its own purpose for want of discretion and firmness in chusing its objects and executing its designs, is exposed in the third. The fourth condemns those libertine principles, which, in seeking their own gratification, would plunge others into the deepest misery. The fifth shews the imprudence and misery of a Clandestine Marriage; and exposes the too-frequent practice in higher life of forming marriages for interest, or to gratify ambition, rather than on the true foundation of mutual affection and virtuous principle.

The Third Volume presents an assemblage of pieces, which, had I consulted my own taste only, I certainly should not have brought forward in preference to many tragedies and comedies, compositions of far superior merit. But as my object was an attempt to amend the stage in its present state, and as After-pieces form a constant part of every evening's entertainment, I was willing to attempt a few specimens of that species also, and which have certainly, I think, a considerable portion of merit, though of an inferior degree to the pieces in the former volumes. The Comic Opera, pretends merely to be considered as a corrected specimen of an unnatural species of entertainment. The Toy-Shop is a pleasing specimen of polished satire. The King and Miller, with its Sequel, is an Historical outline filled up by the fancy of the dramatist, but containing some useful instructions both for the great and for the lowly. The same *may be said of* The Blind Beggar. A com*plete specimen of laughable* farce containing a useful

lesson is given us in Sancho; and a very pleasing picture of rural life appears in the loves of Belville and Rosina.

If it should be inquired, why I have not given any of *Shakspeare's* Plays in this Collection, as many of his are the best productions of the English Stage, and require less alteration than most others, my excuse must consist of several reasons taken together; a very principal one is, that I really have not been able to make up my mind as to what should be done in respect to Shakspeare's Plays. It did not appear to me advisable to publish one or two of them only; and the limits of this work would not allow me to give several. Some of what are considered his best plays, as Macbeth, Hamlet, and The Tempest, require so much alteration to render them what I consider as proper for stage representation, that I judged it too bold and arduous an undertaking for the present. Were a selection attempted, and a series of his Historical plays given, several of those are not perhaps well suited to the present taste for stage representation, and one great object of this work was to give plays which might be acceptable on the stage. Shakspeare too requires more Notes than the limits of these volumes would allow. Besides this, something has been done already for this author in THE FAMILY SHAKSPEARE, a work of which I have given my opinion in the Notes to my Discourses on the Stage, (p. 222.) so that I determined, upon the whole, to pass Shakspeare over for the present, and especially as I shall have occasion to consider his works very attentively, should I ever proceed in my intended *History of the Stage*.

Objection has been made to the word *Purified* in the title to my work by friends who feared that it might have somewhat of a puritanical sound with the adversaries of stage-reform. This objection had certainly occurred to myself at the very first; but, on talking it over with a friend, we agreed that no other word would answer the purpose, as neither *altered*, *corrected*, *amended*, nor any other we could think of, would describe the precise *kind of alterations* intended; and, if the word be good

in itself, the having become in some measure unpopular need not prevent its being used in a proper sense, especially as there seemed to be ample authority for such an application. It occurs repeatedly in different forms in the Bible, that book which should be our accustomed and daily source of sentiment and expression; the terms in which should be

"*Familiar in our mouths as household words.*"*

In the third verse of the third chapter of Malachi, (part of which is adopted as one of the Choruses in the Oratorio of *The Messiah*,) it is said "he shall sit as a refiner and "purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, "and purge them as gold and silver," &c. Again, in Psalm XII. 7. "The words of the Lord are pure words; "even as the silver, which from the earth is tried and "purified seven times in the fire." See also James IV. 8. and 1 John III. 3. It is, moreover, a word to which dramatic writers are not unaccustomed. In the account of Southerne's play of *The Fatal Marriage*, in The Biogr. Dram. (Edn. 1812, Vol. II. p. 230.) speaking of the faults of it, the writer says, "Mr. Garrick, how-"ever, has since purified this ore from its dross, by "clearing the play" &c. and, in my Preface to The Conscious Lovers, (p. 153,) I have quoted a passage from Blair's Lectures, in which it is used by that elegant writer. The principle also is admitted by several stage-writers. For instance, in the Prologue to introduce the first woman who acted on the stage, about the year 1659 or 1660, (see Malone's History, p. 109.) we have these lines:

"In this reforming age
"We have intents to civilize the stage."
* * * * * * *
"We shall purge every thing that is unclean,
"Lascivious, scurrilous, impious, or obscene."

In the Prologue, written by Garrick, to *A Trip to Scarborough*, he says

"As change thus circulates throughout the nation,
"*Some plays may justly call for alteration*;

* *See Henry V.* A. IV. S. III.

" At least to draw some slender covering o'er
" That graceless wit,* which was too bare before:
" Those writers well and wisely use their pens,
" Who turn our Wantons into Magdalens;
" And howsoever wicked wits revile 'em,
" We hope to find in you, their Stage Asylum. *

When, moreover, it is considered that the Stage in any form is completely anti-puritanical, I hope I shall be indulged in the use of a word which is freely granted to the venders of the best sort of *Spanish Liquorice* and of *Windsor Soap*.

It will not, I think, be necessary to adduce authorities to shew, that, according to the received laws of the stage, it is perfectly allowable for a writer to take the works of a former author, and alter them according to his own ideas. The greater part of the immense mass of plays is perhaps merely alteration, adaptation, or modification of former productions. I may, therefore, I trust, without scruple, be indulged, for the highest purposes, in what is allowed to others on far inferior considerations.

Whether my NOTES will be considered as too numerous or too few, will probably depend much upon the peculiar taste of each reader. One friend has already suggested an objection against my frequent citation of passages from Scripture. Here, again, I have done no more than the Commentators on Shakspeare, whenever they have been aware of any allusion to the sacred writings, either intended or accidental. As, in the state in which they appear in these volumes, I see no *variance* between these plays and the Scriptures, no reader will, I trust, be offended at seeing a quotation from the Bible at the bottom of a page of a moral drama. It appears to me that the making so *wide a distance* between the Bible and a book of amusement, between a sermon and a drama, is one principal cause why the one is so frequently in *opposition* to the other. The pious Bishop JEREMY TAYLOR, in that admirable work, his Life of Christ, refers without scruple to the Greek and Roman Dramatists; and there are sometimes phrases adopted

* " *And Van wants Grace*, who never wanted Wit.—POPE."

from our own Dramas in the incomparable Discourses of the no-less pious Bishop, HORNE. Dr. KNOX in his ESSAYS, Vol. II. No. CLIV. *On the advantage which may be derived to the tender and pathetic style, from using the words and phrases of Scripture*, says, "The 'poet, therefore, who means to produce a tragedy, 'which shall be able to stand its ground even after the 'first nine nights, without the aid of puffing, and with-'out filling the pit and boxes with orders, should some-'times go to the same fountain, and drink the waters of 'poetical inspiration of which Sterne drank so copiously. 'He will improve greatly by studying the language and 'histories of Joseph, Saul, and Jonathan, of Ruth, of 'Job, of the Psalms, of Isaiah, of Jeremiah, of many 'single passages every where interspersed, and of the 'parables in the New Testament. Judgment and taste 'are certainly necessary to select; but he may depend 'upon it, that a word or two well selected will gain 'him the truest applause, that which is conveyed in "sighs and tears. Let him fully persuade himself, that "the only method of operating powerfully on the feel-"ings of nature, is to renounce art and affectation, and "to adhere to truth and simplicity."

It is usual in printed plays to put those passages which are omitted in representation between *single inverted commas*. The reader will find many passages in these plays so marked. I have in general followed the play-house copies; but I have sometimes restored passages before omitted, and sometimes put other passages between single inverted commas to be omitted, which were not so in the original.

As customs introduced into plays from length of time, and change of laws, become obsolete and unintelligible; —as for instance that respecting marriage, mentioned in a note to The Provok'd Husband, (Vol. II. p. 103, see also p. 16. of the same volume,) it appears to me that it would be advisable sometimes to have new Prologues or Epilogues *spoken, as occasion may require, to explain that such customs are changed, and that the play is a representation of the manners of former times.*

I cannot close this Preface without addressing a few words to the dramatic Authors and Performers of the present day.

Let every AUTHOR consider, when he sits down to any dramatic composition, that he is about that which will have effects beyond the mere bringing a few pounds into his own pocket, by interesting an audience and raising a laugh in a theatre. Let him consider, that, if it be successful, thousands and thousands will witness the representation, who will take impressions from it, and act from those in real life. Let him consider how many will read it, editions will be multiplied; and should it be corrupt in its principles, it will go on in its work, when it is past recall, and even after his death, when he cannot even renounce it, or attempt to counteract its pernicious tendency; and that he must one day account for his work and the mischief done by it, before Him from whom nothing is hidden.*

Is it not wonderful that Authors will write for the stage and PERFORMERS will speak what they would be ashamed to utter in a private room, or for which, if they did, they would be reprimanded, or desired to quit the room, or else the company themselves would withdraw? these things would be thought *low* even in a drayman in a public house. Is it not strange that the audience will hear these things, and will not reprove them, nor take any measures to have them amended? Is it a fear of being thought over-scrupulous which re-

* I am indebted to a Friend for the following extract on this subject from Bishop Sherlock's Discourses, taken by him some years ago, but without making a reference. I have turned over the volumes hastily to find it, but have not succeeded:—"He who has vented a "pernicious Doctrine or published an ill book, must know, that "his Guilt and his Life terminate not together. Such an one being "dead, yet speaketh: he sins in his very Grave: he corrupts others, "while he is rotting himself, and has a growing account in the other "world, after he has paid Nature's last Debt in this. Like one "who is carried off by the Plague, he dies himself, but does execution on others, by a surviving infection." These considerations are *truly appalling for the profane, for the loose, or the inconsiderate writer.*

strains them? or that what is every body's business is done by nobody?

The Rules of many of the FRIENDLY SOCIETIES among the lower classes prohibit indecent conversation or songs. These are societies of *men only*. Yet these things are allowed in a Theatre where there are persons of all ranks, of both sexes, and of all ages,—and these indecencies are too frequently spoken by women. Let us learn from these humble societies.

That these things are, in some instances, as distressing to the performer* as to the hearer, I believe I may say with truth. I am well assured, and I trust that it is more from a want of *an understanding* amongst all classes,—at least of the better part of them,—that the reformation has not been effected sooner. Let us come to this *understanding* and begin the reformation without farther loss of time.

In THE ARTIST, the twentieth number is on the *Reform of our Stage*, and there is a *Proposition for a Theatre directed to the maintenance of the Drama in its best and most useful state*, to be established in the metropolis by subscription. As Mr. Hoare is himself a successful dramatic writer, a suggestion of this nature must come with great effect from him; and this is one of those circumstances of the present day which make me hope, that the time is not very far distant when the stage will be materially *amended*, if not *altogether reformed*, speaking after the manner of men.

I have also lately, and only very lately, seen a pamphlet intitled *OBSERVATIONS on the DRAMA, with a view to its more beneficial effects on the MORALS AND MANNERS OF SOCIETY. In Three Parts. By Edward*

---

* In the sixteenth number of THE ARTIST, Vol. II. *On Theatrical Representations*, the author of that paper, speaking of the *Oaths* introduced into plays, says, "let no one imagine that the "performers are guilty of that nuisance *for their own sake*. No "persons are, in general, much more free from this distinguishing "mark of low *manners, than the players*; and it may be fairly "*asserted, that there are as few oaths uttered in the green-room, "as in any other assembly room in London.*" p. 321.

Green, corresponding Member of the Literary and Pl losophical Society of Manchester. Printed for Cad and Davies, price 2s. 6d. 8vo. no date, but I thi printed in 1805. Though I do not agree with this ge tleman in all his sentiments, yet I consider it as a ve valuable work, and wish it were in the hands of eve Manager and Dramatic Author—and indeed of eve person connected with the Theatre, throughout t kingdom.

In proportion as the stage becomes purified, so *prejudices* against it *must* wear away. Let it be reme bered that *Prynne*, one of the great adversaries of stage, was scarcely a greater enemy to organs and chu music than to the stage. But our organs, I believe, n swell their diapason in our venerable cathedrals una thematised by the gloom of superstition. It appears me that one of the greatest obstacles to the amendm of the stage is the undistinguishing censure which is c upon the stage *in general*, when it should be direc only against its *abuses*.

Here, in conclusion, I once more throw myself u the candour of my readers. They have here the resul many a laborious, many a thoughtful, many an anxic —and I will add of many a pleasant,—hour. If I h not received all the encouragement a sanguine aut might wish,—I have received more, perhaps, than I cause reasonably to hope. I have certainly experien much, of which I had no expectation, when I commen the undertaking, and that of the most valuable ki My anxiety and labours shall not, however, rest h I shall not, like the Ostrich, leave my egg in the sa to be trodden underfoot by the casual passenger, o be hatched by the accustomed influence of the sun. I my intention to forward my work into the hands of principal Managers of Companies throughout the ki dom, that it may not be from ignorance of the existe of such a work, if they do not adopt, either absolut *or in effect, these* dramas, or the principles upon wh *they are purified.*

ny friends, in proportion as the debt of gratitude led amongst a few, so the larger share is due to ndividually. Let me cherish the hope that none id cause to lament the trust which was placed in inciples and my discretion.

t this work may tend in its way to the promotion ffected and pure morality, and preserve succeeding tions from those corruptions which have been the f past ages, is the aim, and shall be the continued f

their much obliged,

and obedient humble servant,

JAMES PLUMPTRE.

re *Hall*, *April* 3, 1812.

THE

GAMESTER,

A TRAGEDY

IN

FIVE ACTS,

WRITTEN BY

EDWARD MOORE.

FIRST ACTED

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY LANE,

February the 7th, 1753.

THE EDITOR's PREFACE.

EDWARD MOORE, the Author of the Tragedy of THE GAMESTER, was born at Abingdon, in Berkshire, March the 22d, 1711-12. He was the third son of the Rev. Thomas Moore, a dissenting-minister of that place. His grand-father was the Rev. John Moore, one of the ejected non-conformists, who resided in Devonshire, and who died August 23, 1717, leaving two sons in the dissenting ministry. Of these, Thomas, the father of our author, removed to Abingdon, where he died in 1721. On his father's death, Edward's education was superintended by his uncle, the Rev. John Moore, who kept an academy at Bridgewater, and he was afterwards removed to the School of East Orchard in Dorsetshire. For some years he followed the business of a linen-draper, both in London and in Ireland, but being unsuccessful, and having a turn for literature, he became an author by profession. In the year 1744 he published his "Fables for the Female Sex", which were so favourably received as to introduce him into the society of the noble and the learned, amongst whom were the great Lord Lyttelton and the Right Hon. Mr. Pelham, brother to the Duke of Newcastle.

In the year 1748, he produced the Comedy of *The Foundling*, a Drama of great interest and well-written, but containing many exceptionable passages. Should this Collection ever be extended, it is my intention to give it a place in The English Drama Purified.

The Comedy of *Gil Blas*, acted in the year 1751, is a piece of far *inferior merit*, both in respect of the story *and of the sentiments* dispersed throughout. The idea *of a lady setting off with* her maid, both in male attire

together with a profligate servant, to gain the affections of a person whom she had only seen, even though it may have actually taken place in Spain, is no useful lesson, either to be followed or avoided, for ladies in England. Nor can it be regarded as being useful in exhibiting a picture of Spanish manners, especially as we are informed that he has falsified them in exhibiting a gentleman intoxicated upon the stage, the being guilty of so gross a vice being considered infamous in Spain.

In the year 1753, the Tragedy of the Gamester was first performed, of which it is my intention to speak more fully when I have finished the few remaining particulars of the author's life.

May the 17th, 1750, Moore married Miss Jane Hamilton, daughter of Mr. Charles Hamilton, table-decker to the princesses, who had herself a poetical turn, and who has been said to have assisted him in his writings, and to whom we are probably indebted for that delicacy of finishing in the two principal female characters in The Gamester. By her he had one son, Edward, who died in the sea service in 1773. She obtained a place of attendance in the Queen's apartments, in 1758, which she held until her death in 1804.

January the 24th, 1753, was produced the first number of The World, a periodical paper published twice a week, and originally projected by Moore in conjunction with Dodsley, the bookseller, and aided by Lord Lyttelton, the Earls of Chesterfield, Bath, and Cork, and by Messrs. Walpole, (Horace, afterwards Earl of Orford) Cambridge, Jenyns and others. The success of this work was superior to that of any former periodical publication, the usual number of copies printed of each Number being 2500. The second edition was published in six volumes, but the subsequent editions in four volumes 12mo. It is a remarkable circumstance, that, "In the last number, the conclusion of the work is "made to depend on a fictitious accident which had "occasioned the author's death. When the papers were "*collected into* volumes for a second edition, Moore "*superintended* the publication, and actually died while

" this last number was in the press: a circumstance" (adds his biographer, Mr. Chalmers,) " which induces " the wish that death may be less frequently included " among the topics of wit." This happened February the 28th, 1757, at his house at Lambeth, of an inflammation on his lungs, the consequence of a fever improperly treated.*

His Poems and Plays were published by himself, in a handsome quarto volume, in the year 1756, dedicated to the Duke of Newcastle, brother to his deceased patron Mr. Pelham.

To the Tragedy of THE GAMESTER is assigned the first place in these volumes, as being one of the most interesting and moral plays in the English language, if not *the most* so, or probably in any language.

DAVIES, in his LIFE OF GARRICK, (vol. I. p. 175. 4th Ed.) says " The Gamester of Mr. Edward More " was an honest attack upon one of the most alluring " and most pernicious vices to which mankind in general, " and this nation in particular, is unhappily subject. " To shew how property is transferred, from the unde- " signing votary of chance to the vile betrayer of con- " fidence, and the insidious dark-minded sharper, was " an undertaking worthy of the best writer. The play " was shewn in M.S. to Dr. Young, who approved it " greatly, with this remarkable expression: " that " gaming wanted such a caustic as the concluding scene " of the play presented."

" The author has in his preface justified his tragedy " against the censure of some critics who complained of " its low style, and who observed too that the catas- " trophe was too shocking. He has likewise acknow- " ledged the assistance of Mr. Garrick, by telling us, " that he was indebted to him for many popular passages

---

* For *these particulars of the* life of Moore I am indebted to *The Biographia Dramatica*, and the Historical and Biographical *Preface to The World*, prefixed to that work, by ALEXANDER CHALMERS, *F. S. A. in* his edition of *The British* Essayists, and re published by him in his edition of *The* Works of the Englis *Poets from Chaucer to Cowper.*

" in the play which were greatly applauded. I believe " the scene between Lewson and Stukeley, in the fourth " act, was almost entirely his; for he expressed, during " the time of action, uncommon pleasure at the ap- " plause given to it.

" Notwithstanding that the Gamester was generally " approved, and the acting of it much applauded, (Mr. " Garrick distinguishing himself by uncommon spirit in " some scenes, and by great agonizing feelings in the " last,) the play, after having been acted ten or eleven " nights, was suddenly stopt. It was generally said, " that the physic administered by the Gamester was not " only too strong for the public in general, but offensive " to the squeamish palates of some gaming societies; and " that its progress was prevented by the interposition of " people who ought not to have had any weight in a " matter of that kind. I rather think this was a mere " circulated report, to give more consequence to some " assemblies than they ever could really boast."

Mr. Ensor, in his work entitled The Independent Man, (a work which contains much valuable information and criticism, though I differ widely from him in many of his religious opinions,) says of The Gamester, " The fable is so excellent, that it may be called happy; " the incidents and turns of fortune so ingenious, that " each step increases the interest and the distress: the " catastrophe is unexpected (for the prospect bright- " ened), and terrible and just. The characters are " powerfully drawn and contrasted: the un-upbraiding; " suffering, pious Mrs. Beverly—" thus Heaven turns " evil into good, and by permitting sin warns men to " virtue"—this woman is contrasted by another, of an " amiable but more resisting nature. The other cha- " racters are also inimitable: the unsuspecting Beverly, " the noble-minded Lewson, the faithful affectionate " Jervis, the insidious Stukely." " The subject of this " piece is highly moral: it exposes to horror a most " *disastrous vice*. Morality is the design of all its " *sentiments* and circumstances. Beverly swallows " *poison through* despair,—the fate of many gamblers,—

" at a time when the death of his uncle, and the " friendship of Lewson, had retrieved all his misfor- " tunes." (Vol. II. p. 173.)

In comparing this Drama with " A DISSERTATION ON THE PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF GAMING." By RICHARD HEY, LL.D. it is wonderful to see how full and moral a lesson, and in how very interesting a form, the Dramatist has here presented to the public; and though neither of them may possibly be effectual to reclaim the confirmed gamester from the infatuation of the vice, yet both of them may be the happy instruments in deterring many from venturing upon so dangerous a course. In these cases the beneficial effects may be expected to be evidenced more in succeeding generations than in that in which the lesson is first exhibited. And this may serve as an answer to one of the objections made against this play as a moral lesson, that gaming is a *disease*, not a passion, and therefore " neither plays nor sermons " can ever remedy"* it. It is intended more, perhaps, as a preventive for those not infected by it, than as a cure for those who are.

To the objection made against the language of the play it will be sufficient answer to refer to what the author himself says upon that subject in the Preface.†

To the characters and conduct of the principal personages in this play considerable objections have been made, both by Mrs. Inchbald in her REMARKS prefixed

---

* *Remarks* by Mrs. Inchbald on this Play.

† MR. DIBDIN, in his HISTORY OF THE STAGE, (Vol. V. p. 179.) says " The *Gamester* is exactly the *drama* of the French Stage, except that it ends unhappily, and thence becomes a tragedy in prose. From this distinction the *Gamester*, even though the audience were drowned in tears, obtained but a cold reception from the public; so reprehensibly does custom triumph over nature. Is it not extraordinary that the feelings dare not manifest themselves but by command, and that the affections of the mind are to halt till they receive the signal to march in measure and cadence? MOORE was aware of this prejudice, and therefore began his play in blank verse, the subject, however, was too touching, and the grief too natural to bear this heavy and unnatural garb. He threw it off and discovered under it one of the most perfect and beautiful ornaments of the theatre."

to her edition of it in THE BRITISH THEATRE, and by Mr. Cumberland in his CRITIQUE prefixed to his Edition of THE BRITISH DRAMA. Some of these I shall notice.

Mrs. I. objects, that the husband is "a very silly man, "and the wife a very imprudent woman." "Beverley "possesses all that he pretends to hold dear upon earth— "though, like other weak characters, he does not un- "derstand his own inclinations; for it is most certain, "he has long preferred bad company, and the delights "of the dice, to the charms of his elegant and affec- "tionate wife." This is true, but it is the very thing which the play was intended to exhibit and expose, it is the *natural effect* of the disease against which (to use a medical phrase) this play is intended to be a *prophylactic*. This susceptibility of infection from "the disease of play" (Act I. S. I.) is the "one spark of folly" lurking in him, which, being blown by the "deceitful breath" of Stukely, kindles into "flames" which "consume" him. (Act III. S. III.)

Mrs. I. goes on to observe, that "The only reason- "able persons in this play, the author has, very un- "justly, made the only insipid ones. Lewson and "Charlotte have both excellent understandings, and "yet, when brought upon the stage, they are mere foils "to the knaves and fools of their acquaintance. It seems "scarcely possible how a woman of Charlotte's good "sense could endure to be the constant companion of "another woman like her sister-in-law, egregiously im- "passioned by conjugal love, and obstinately resolved "not to make use of it for mutual preservation. When "Mrs. Beverley gives up her last resort, her jewels, to "her husband, an audience mostly supposes, that she "performs an heroic action as a wife; but readers call "to mind, she is a mother; and that she breaks through "the dearest ties of nature, by thus yielding up the sole "support of her infant child, to gratify the ideal "honour of its duped and frantic father."

In answer to this, it appears to me that it may with *great truth be said*, that Mrs. B. is so far from being *weak and imprudent*, that she is a rare compound of

greatness and tenderness of mind. Accustomed to "house, servants, equipage, and shew," (A. I. S. I.) with her husband, her little boy and her sister-in-law, she "was the happiest of the rich;" (Do.) but, on her husband's imprudence, or vice, in taking to play and losing his fortune, she says—"His follies I have borne "without upbraiding, and saw the approach of poverty "without a tear—My affections, my strong affections, "supported me through every trial." (A. III. S. III.) She retires to lodgings with her dear connections, and says now my fortune is gone, "give me but a bare sub-"sistence with my husband's smiles, and I'll be happiest "of the poor. To me, now, these lodgings want no-"thing but their master." (A. I. S. I.) She would not part with her jewels to prolong for a short time their luxury and splendour, but kept them to supply their "wants; and when all's gone, these hands shall toil for "our support." With respect to her little boy, she comforts herself with the reflection, that "want shall "teach him industry. From his father's mistakes he "shall learn prudence, and from his mother's resigna-"tion, patience. There's no condition of life, sickness "and pain excepted, where happiness is excluded." &c. "All situations have their comforts, if sweet content-"ment dwell in the heart." (A. I. S. I.) And again,— "The real wants of life are few. A little industry will "supply them all—And cheerfulness will follow—It is "the privilege of honest industry, and we'll enjoy it "fully." (A. V. S. IV.) I conceive these to be the sentiments of a very superior mind. After this she parts with her jewels to save Stukely, whom she supposes to be the friend of her husband, and to be ruined by his intended, though mistaken, friendship to him, from being obliged to escape a prison by flying his country. She says, "I kept them till occasion call'd "to use them; *now* is the occasion, and I'll resign them "cheerfully." (A. II. S. II.) If this is not an heroic *action, I think, it is certainly* a prudent and a virtuous *one. She knows that she* has the resource of working *for the support of herself* and those dear to her, and she

will bring up her boy in habits of industry, by which she will perhaps place him more out of the way of temptation than if he had inherited the entire fortune of his father. They have also, as Charlotte says, "hope "of better days. My uncle is infirm, and of an age "that threatens hourly—Or, if he lives, you never "have offended him; and for distresses so unmerited he "will have pity.

"*Mrs. Bev.* I know it, and am cheerful. We have "no more to lose; and for what's gone, if it brings "prudence home, the purchase was well made."

Mr. Cumberland says, farther, "In the characters of "the wife and sister of the Gamester, I must observe, "there is but one unvaried tone; the former everlast-"ingly excusatory. The latter as uniformly accusatory. "In the mean time nothing is done by these ladies, ex-"cept now and then sending old Jarvis upon messages "to the gaming-table and the prison, in which last-"mentioned place he unluckily leaves his master just in "the crisis when he might have stopped his hands from "suicide; for Beverley himself "is made to say—"Had "Jarvis staid this morning, all had been well."

With respect to the excusatory and accusatory characters of the ladies, it may be said, that it is in great measure true, but also that it is natural. I believe it is generally allowed, that perpetual upbraiding is not the way in a wife to reclaim "a truant husband." A sister is less scrupulous, and, if she thinks the wife too forbearing, so difficult is it to observe the just line of conduct, that it has rather a tendency to make her more forward to upbraid, and that again induces the wife to excuse. What more these ladies could have done than they really did in sending Jarvis to his master, especially while Lewson is taking a more active and vigorous part, I do not see. The *time* supposed to pass in the representation of the play is short, only from the morning of one day to that of the following. There is not space nor opportunity therefore for their doing more. Nor is Jarvis deserving of any reproach for neglect. He followed his master at midnight to prison, staid with him during the night, notwithstanding his frantic behaviour, and

though he threatened him with violence, so that he thought he would have struck him. Nor, in the morning, when he had induced him to become more composed, would he leave his master, at his own request, to hasten to his wife, without some one, a servant in the prison, whom he hired to be with him; and then he left him only that he might go and tell Mrs. Beverley how her husband was. It is true that Beverley says, "Had Jarvis staid this "morning, all had been well." But this is the language of accusation, of a person endeavouring to throw the blame due to himself upon another: it is in the same strain with, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with "me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."—"The "serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." Gen. iii. 12, 13.

With respect to the *insipidity* of the characters of Lewson and Charlotte, it may certainly be allowed that there is less in them to excite the stronger feelings; but they interest the *affections* and are therefore very pleasing, they form some little repose amid the ruder passions of the others. I would not, however, give them the epithet of *insipid.* We do not call that a healthful palate which must be excited by strong or high seasoned viands, which requires ardent spirits and hot spices, and rejects generous wine and strong meat as flat and insipid. One reason, however, for their interesting less upon the stage than the other characters arises, I believe, in great measure, from their being represented by inferior performers. The first rate performers are seldom willing to give effect to a play by performing characters which do not afford opportunities of what they consider as displaying great talents.

Of Stukely Mrs. Inchbald says that he "is so "outrageously wicked, that his character can hardly "comprise either moral or example". Mr. Cumberland says, that he is "a character which, for the credit of "human nature, I consider as not belonging to it, "trusting that his counterpart is no where to be found." Again "*In his soliloquies* Stukely is continually telling "*us of his projects for* possessing himself of Beverley's "*fond and faithful wife.* These all end in one abrupt

" and ineffectual attack upon her honour, so ill-timed, " so ill-conducted, so impossible to succeed, that in him " who had long experience of her character, the attempt " was perfectly ridiculous and unnatural".

In answer to this it may be said that Stukely is a villain, who, I fear, has been often equalled, if not surpassed, in real life, and the exposing of him is a warning both to the villain and to those likely to become dupes to his villany. He has, however, prepared the way for his attack upon Mrs. B. by endeavouring to excite jealousy, and he hoped that his former love for her, pretended friendship, and poverty in Mrs. B. would make her listen to his suit; and it is frequently the lot of villains to become infatuated in their villany, and themselves to frustrate their designs by their bad manner of conducting them.

With respect to the catastrophe, the author himself has defended it in his Preface; and as it is one of the effects which has too frequently been the result of the vice, the subject seems to require it. The object in these cases should not be merely to amuse the spectator with pleasing sensations, and to spare him where distress becomes deep, but it should be to *affect* him, and to affect him *usefully*. The play has been translated into French by *Mons. Ducis*, and " is made to end happily by " Beverly's being prevented taking the poison, just as " he has the fatal phial at his lips:—This play is other- " wise very little altered." (See " A Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in France," &c. By Anne Plumptre. —Vol. 1. p. 64.) But it appears to me, that the suicide is so much a part of the lesson, and is so fully set forth *as a sin*, carrying its antidote along with it, that I prefer the play in its present state.

Of the reception of this play by the public on its first appearance, the author of the Biographia Dramatica informs us, that " it met with but middling success, the " general cry against it being that the distress was too " deep to be borne; yet I am rather apt to imagine its " *want of perfect* approbation arose in one part, and " *that no inconsiderable* one, of the audience from a

" tenderness of another kind than that of compassion;
" and that they were less hurt by the distress of *Beverley*,
" than by finding their darling vice, their favourite folly,
" thus vehemently attacked by the strong lance of reason,
" and dramatic execution. As the *Gil Blas* of this
" author had been forced upon the town several nights
" after the strongest public disapprobation of it had
" been expressed, it was thought by his friends that any
" piece acted under his name would be treated with vin-
" dictive severity. The Rev. Joseph Spence therefore
" permitted it, for the first four nights, to be imputed to
" him, but immediately afterwards threw aside the mask,
" as he supposed the success of the piece to be no longer
" doubtful; when, strange to tell! some of the very
" persons, who had applauded it as his work, were
" among the foremost to condemn it as the perform-
" ance of Mr. Moore."

A rather different account is given of the success of the piece by Davies, in the passage quoted before, see p. 5.

The author himself, however, in a letter to Dr. Warton, dated Feb. 17, 1753, gives another account of the matter: " I wrote to you this day se'nnight, with an
" account of the Gamester to the fourth night, I think
" I may say the tables are turned, for the play from that
" night has had a new character: and it is at present as
" much the fashion to speak very highly of it in fashion-
" able companies, as it was at first to condemn it. I am
" just come from the theatre, and though it is the tenth
" night, the house is as full as it can hold. But poor
" Garrick is ill, through too much fatigue; so that the
" play is to be interrupted till he is recovered." (See Chalmers' Preface to The World, p. VII.) This play I believe, continued a stock play, both at the London Theatres and with the companies throughout the kingdom, when Mrs. Siddons, early in her dramatic career in London, gave it additional celebrity by her admirable performance of Mrs. Beverley. It was the first character I ever saw *her perform, and the second* play I ever saw in London; *no wonder that the impression* was deep and favourable *in regard to the Stage.* I have twice since seen he

perform it. It continues to be one of her favourite characters, and the play I believe is still a stock play in almost every company.

The copy from which this edition is printed is one printed for S. Bladon, J. Bew, W. Lowndes, and W. Nicholl, 1789. I have compared it with the copy in Moore's Poems and Plays printed in 4to. in 1756, which being three years after the first publication (which was in 8vo. in 1753,) and the year before he died, I suppose to contain the latest corrections of the author. I have found the edition of 1789 to vary from that of 1756 in some particulars. Where these have appeared to me to be amendments I have preserved them; but, in some cases, I have restored the original reading. One of these is the printing the word *them* instead of its contraction *'em*, which appears to me vulgar in genteel characters. There are other contractions which I should have liked to have restored to full length, or nearer to it, but as this is a matter of taste, not of morality, and not having authority for it, I did not venture upon it.

The alterations which I have myself made in the play are not, comparatively speaking, very numerous, and not such as, in my own estimation, to diminish the spirit and interest of the piece. The most material are, perhaps, in the scene between Lewson and Stukely, in the fourth act; where Lewson, before, manifested too much of the spirit of a Duellist. This scene, as it has already appeared, from Davies's account, (see p. 5.) was probably worked up by Garrick, so that, in lowering it again, I have, probably, come nearer to the original ideas of the author.

In the last scene I have not allowed Beverley to drink the poison in the sight of the audience, but have supposed him to do it before the scene opens. This mode, I conceive, to be less horrid for the audience, less shewing them how the act of suicide is committed, and the effect is heightened by the audience not knowing for certain *that he has taken* the poison till he confesses it to Mrs. B. *towards the end of* the scene.*

* my FOUR DISCOURSES ON SUBJECTS RELATING TO THE ENT OF THE STAGE, Notes, p. 178.

Upon the whole, I believe, I may say with truth, that I do not think I have taken greater liberties with my author than is done in general by authors, managers and printers. Were my copy to be compared with that in THE BRITISH THEATRE published by Messrs. Longman and Co. to which Mrs. Inchbald's Remarks are prefixed, I do not think that greater variations from the original will be found in mine. In that all the passages said in other copies to be omitted at the Theatre are left out, with many others. Of those who candidly consider the superior object of the omissions and alterations made in the present edition, which is nothing less than the great cause of morals and religion, I trust a large majority will give it, on that account, their approbation. Indeed, I almost persuade myself, if the excellent author were alive, and could see them, and hear my reasons for making them, there are very few, if any, which he would not adopt himself.

Clare Hall, July 17, 1811.

THE AUTHOR's DEDICATION.

TO THE

Right Honourable HENRY PELHAM.

SIR,

It was a very fine piece of oratory of a young lawyer at the bar, who as council against a highwayman, observed that the prosecutor had been robbed of a certain quantity of ore, which being purified by fire, cut into circular pieces, and impressed with the image of a king, and the arms of a state, brought with it the necessaries, the conveniences, and the luxuries of life. I'll be hanged, says an honest country gentleman, who was standing by, if this flourishing fool does not mean money. But if he had said it in one word, would not all the rest have been implied?

Just such a censure as this should I deserve, if in an address to Mr. PELHAM I endeavoured to enumerate the qualities he possesses. The characters of great men are generally connected with their names; and it is impossible for any one to read the name of Mr. PELHAM, without connecting with it, in his own mind, all the virtues of humanity.

It is therefore sufficient that I desire his acceptance of this play; that I acknowledge the obligations I owe him; and that I subscribe myself

His Most Grateful
Most Humble,
and
Most Obedient Servant,
EDW. MOORE.

THE AUTHOR's PREFACE.

It having been objected to this tragedy, that its language is prose, and its catastrophe too horrible, I shall entreat the reader's patience for a minute, that I may say a word or two to these objections.

The play of the GAMESTER was intended to be a natural picture of that kind of life, of which all men are judges; and as it struck at a vice so universally prevailing, it was thought proper to adapt its language to the capacities and feelings of every part of the audience: that as some of its characters were of no higher rank than *Sharpers*, it was imagined that (whatever good company they may find admittance to in the world) their speaking blank verse upon the stage would be unnatural, if not ridiculous. But though the more elevated characters also speak prose, the judicious reader will observe, that it is a species of prose which differs very little from verse: in many of the most animated scenes, I can truly say that I often found it a much greater difficulty to avoid, than to write, *measure*. I shall only add, in answer to this objection, that I hoped to be more interesting, by being more natural; and the event, as far as I have been a witness of it, has more than answered my expectations.

As to the other objection, the horror of its catastrophe, if it be considered simply what that catastrophe is, and compared with those of other tragedies, I should humbly presume that the working it up to any uncommon degree of horror, is the *merit* of the play, and not its *reproach*. Nor should so prevailing and destructive a vice as *Gaming* be attacked upon the theatre, without impressing upon the imagination all the horrors that may attend it.

I shall detain the reader no longer than to inform him, that I am indebted for many of the most popular passages in *this play to the inimitable* performer, who, *in the character of the Gamester*, exceeded every idea I had *conceived of it in the* writing.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

BEVERLEY.
LEWSON.
STUKELY.
JARVIS.
BATES.
DAWSON.
WAITER.

WOMEN.

MRS. BEVERLEY.
CHARLOTTE.
LUCY.

Scene, *London.*

Time, about twenty-four hours.

THE

GAMESTER,

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Charlotte.

Mrs. Bev. Be comforted, my dear, all may be well yet. And now, methinks, the lodgings begin to look with another face. O sister! sister! if these were all my hardships; if all I had to complain of were no more than quitting my house, servants, equipage, and show, your pity would be weakness.

Char. Is poverty nothing, then?

Mrs. Bev. Nothing in the world, if it affected only me. While we had a fortune, I was the happiest of the rich; and now 'tis gone, give me but a bare subsistence, and my husband's smiles, and I'll be the happiest of the poor. To me, now, these lodgings want nothing but their master. Why do you look at me?

Char. That I may blame my brother.

Mrs. Bev. Don't talk so, Charlotte.

Char. Has he not undone you?——Oh this pernicious vice of gaming! but methinks his usual hours of four or five in the morning might have contented him; 'twas misery enough to wake for him till then. Need he have staid out all night? I shall learn to reprove him!

Mrs. Bev. Not for the first fault. He never slept from me before.

Char. Slept from you! no, no, his nights have nothing *to do with sleep. How* has this one vice driven him from *every virtue! nay, from* his affections, too!——The time *was, sister*——

Mrs. Bev. And is. I have no fear of his affections. Would I knew that he were safe!

Char. From ruin and his companions——But that's impossible. His poor little boy, too! What must become of him?

Mrs. Bev. Why, want shall teach him industry. From his father's mistakes he shall learn prudence, and from his mother's resignation, patience. Poverty has no such terrors in it as you imagine. There's no condition of life, sickness and pain excepted, where happiness is excluded. The husbandman, who rises early to his labour, enjoys more welcome rest at night for't. His bread is sweeter to him; his home happier; his family dearer; his enjoyments surer. The sun that rouses him in the morning, sets in the evening to release him. All situations have their comforts, if sweet contentment dwell in the heart. But my poor Beverley has none. The thought of having ruin'd those he loves, is misery for ever to him. Would I could ease his mind of that!

Char. If he alone were ruin'd, 'twere just he should be punish'd. He is my brother, 'tis true; but when I think of what he has done; of the fortune you brought him; of his own large estate too, squander'd away upon this vilest of passions, and among the vilest of wretches! My own little fortune is untouch'd, he says. Would I were sure on't.

Mrs. Bev. And so you may—you must not doubt it.

Char. I will be sure on't—'twas madness in me to give it to his management. But I'll demand it from him this morning. I have a melancholy occasion for't.

Mrs. Bev. What occasion?

Char. To support a sister.

Mrs. Bev. No, I have no need on't. Take it, and reward a lover with it. The generous Lewson deserves much more. Why won't you make him happy?

Char. Because my sister's miserable.

Mrs. Bev. You must not think so. I have my jewels *left yet. I'll sell* them to supply our wants; and when all's *gone, these hands* shall toil for our support. The poo *should be industrious*——Why those tears, Charlotte?

Char. They flow in pity for you.

Mrs. Bev. All may be well yet. When he has nothing to lose, I shall fetter him in these arms again; and then what is it to be poor?

Char. Cure him of but this destructive passion, and my uncle's death may retrieve all yet.

Mrs. Bev. Ay, Charlotte, *could* we cure him. But the disease of play admits no cure but poverty; and the loss of another fortune would but increase his shame and his affliction. Will Mr. Lewson call this morning?

Char. He said so last night. He gave me hints, too, that he had suspicions of our friend Stukely.

Mrs. Bev. Not of treachery to my husband? That he loves play, I know; but surely he's honest.

Char. He would fain be thought so; therefore I doubt him. Honesty needs no pains to set itself off.

Enter LUCY.

Mrs. Bev. What now, Lucy?

Lucy. Your old steward, madam. I had not the heart to deny him admittance, the good old man begg'd so hard for't. [*Exit Lucy.*

Enter JARVIS.

Mrs. Bev. Is this well, Jarvis? I desired you to avoid me.

Jar. Did you, madam? I am an old man, and had forgot. Perhaps, too, you forbad my tears: but I am old, madam, and age will be forgetful.

Mrs. Bev. The faithful creature! how he moves me! [*To Char.*

Char. Not to have seen him had been cruelty.

Jar. I have forgot these apartments, too. I remember none such in my young master's house; and yet I have lived in it these five-and-twenty years. His good father would not have dismiss'd me.

Mrs. Bev. He had no reason, Jarvis.

Jar. I was faithful to him while he lived, and when he died, he bequeath'd me to his son. I have been faithful to him, too.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, I know it, Jarvis.

Char. We both know it.

Jar. I am an old man, madam, and have not a lor time to live. I ask'd but to have died with him, and l dismiss'd me.

Mrs. Bev. Pr'ythee no more of this! 'twas his poverı that dismiss'd you.

Jar. Is he indeed so poor, then?—Oh! he was the jc of my old heart——But must his creditors have all?- And have they sold his house, too? his father built when he was but a prating boy. The times that I ha carried him in these arms! And Jarvis, says he, when beggar has asked charity of me, why should people poor? You shan't be poor, Jarvis; if I was a king, n body should be poor. Yet he is poor. And then he w so brave!—O he was a brave little boy! and yet so me ciful, he'd not have kill'd the gnat that stung him.

Mrs. Bev. Speak to him, Charlotte, for I cannot.

' *Char.* When I have wiped my eyes.'

Jar. I have a little money, madam; it might have be more, but I have lov'd the poor. All that I have yours.*

---

* The character of Jarvis, and the circumstance of his offering Mrs. Beverley the money which he had saved in the service Beverley and his father for their assistance in their distresses, w perhaps remind the reader of the same affectionate generosity Adam, in *As You Like It*, to Orlando. But the addition of Jarv " it might have been more, but I have lov'd the poor," is an exquis *trait.* I shall insert the passage from *As You Like It*, as being appropriate and valuable to be omitted.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Mrs. Bev. No, Jarvis, we have enough yet. I thank you, though, and will deserve your goodness.

Jar. But shall I see my master? and will he let me attend him in his distresses? I'll be no expence to him; and 'twill kill me to be refused. Where is he, madam?

Mrs. Bev. Not at home, Jarvis. You shall see him another time.

Char. To-morrow, or the next day—O Jarvis! What a change is here!

Jar. A change indeed, madam! my old heart akes at it. And yet, methinks——But here's somebody coming.

Enter LUCY *with* STUKELY.

Lucy. Mr. Stukely, madam. [*Exit.*

Stu. Good morning to you, ladies. Mr. Jarvis, your servant. Where's my friend, madam? [*To Mrs. Bev.*

Mrs. Bev. I should have ask'd that question of you. Have not you seen him to-day?

Stu. No, madam.

Char. Nor last night?

Stu. Last night! did he not come home then?

Mrs. Bev. No. Were you not together?

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.
Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But *at fourscore, it is too late* a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

Stu. At the beginning of the evening; but not since. Where can he have staid?

Char. You call yourself his friend, sir; why do you encourage him in this madness of gaming?

Stu. You have ask'd me that question before, madam; and I told you my concern was that I could not save him. Mr. Beverley is a man, madam; and if the most friendly entreaties have no effect upon him, I have no other means. My purse has been his, even to the injury of my fortune. If that has been encouragement, I deserve censure; but I meant it to retrieve him.

Mrs. Bev. I don't doubt it, sir; and I thank you.—But where did you leave him last night?

Stu. At Wilson's, madam, if I ought to tell; in company I did not like. Possibly he may be there still. Mr. Jarvis knows the house, I believe.

Jar. Shall I go, madam?

Mrs. Bev. No, he may take it ill.

Char. He may go as from himself.

Stu. And, if he pleases, madam, without naming me. I am faulty myself, and should conceal the errors of a friend. But I can refuse nothing here.

[*Bowing to the Ladies.*

Jar. I would fain see him, methinks.

Mrs. Bev. Do so, then. But take care how you upbraid him. I have never upbraided him.

Jar. Would I could bring him comfort.

[*Exit Jarvis.*

Stu. Don't be too much alarm'd, madam. All men have their errors, and their times of seeing them. Perhaps my friend's time is not come yet. But he has an uncle; and old men don't live for ever. You should look forward, madam; we are taught how to value a second fortune by the loss of a first.

[*Knocking at the door.*

Mrs. Bev. Hark!—No—that knocking was too rude for Mr. Beverley. Pray heaven he be well!

Stu. Never doubt it, madam. You shall be well too —*Every thing* shall be well. [Knocking again.

Mrs. Bev. The knocking is a little too loud tho'—Who

waits there? Will none of you answer?—None of you, did I say?——Alas! what was I thinking of!—I had forgot myself?

Char. I'll go sister——But don't be alarm'd so.

[*Exit.*

Stu. What extraordinary accident have you to fear, madam?

Mrs. Bev. I beg your pardon; but 'tis ever thus with me in Mr. Beverley's absence. No one knocks at the door, but I fancy it is a messenger of ill-news.

Stu. You are too fearful, madam; 'twas but one night of absence; and if ill thoughts intrude (as love is always doubtful) think of your worth and beauty, and drive them from your breast.

Mrs. Bev. What thoughts? I have no thoughts that wrong my husband.

Stu. Such thoughts, indeed, would wrong him. The world is full of slander; and every wretch that knows himself unjust, charges his neighbour with like passions, and by the general frailty hides his own—If you are wise, and would be happy, turn a deaf ear to such reports.—'Tis ruin to believe them.

Mrs. Bev. Ay, worse than ruin. 'Twould be to sin against conviction. Why was it mention'd?

Stu. To guard you against rumour. The sport of half mankind is mischief; and for a single error they make men devils. If their tales reach you, disbelieve them.

Mrs. Bev. What tales? by whom? why told? I have heard nothing—or if I had, with all his errors, my Beverley's firm faith admits no doubt—It is my safety, my seat of rest and joy, while the storm threatens round me. I'll not forsake it. [*Stukely sighs and looks down.*] Why turn you, sir, away? and why that sigh?

Stu. I was attentive, madam; and sighs will come we know not why. Perhaps I have been too busy—If it should seem so, impute my zeal to friendship, that meant to guard you against evil tongues. Your Beverley is wrong'd, slander'd *most vilely*—My life upon his truth.

Mrs. Bev. And mine too. Who is't that doubts it? *But no matter*——*I* am prepar'd, sir—Yet why this

caution?—You are my husband's friend; I think you mine too; the common friend of both. [*Pauses.*] I had been unconcern'd else.

Stu. Be so still, madam! I meant to guard you *against* suspicion, not to alarm it.

Mrs. Bev. Nor have you, sir. Who told you of suspicion? I have a heart it cannot reach.

Stu. Then I am happy—I would say more—but am prevented.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Mrs. Bev. Who was it, Charlotte?

Char. What a heart has that Jarvis!—A creditor, sister. But the good old man has taken him away—"Don't distress his wife! don't distress his sister!" I could hear him say. "'Tis cruel to distress the afflicted."——And when he saw me at the door, he begg'd pardon that his friend had knock'd so loud.

Stu. I wish I had known of this. Was it a large demand, madam?

Char. I heard not that; but visits such as these, we must expect often.—Why so distress'd, sister? this is no new affliction.

Mrs. Bev. No, Charlotte, but I am faint with watching—quite sunk and spiritless—Will you excuse me, sir? I'll to my chamber, and try to rest a little.

Stu. Good thoughts go with you, madam.

[*Exit Mrs. Bev.*

My bait is taken then. *(Aside.)* Poor Mrs. Beverley! how my heart grieves to see her thus.

Char. Cure her, and be a friend then.

Stu. How cure her, madam?

Char. Reclaim my brother.

Stu. Ay, give him a new creation; or breathe another soul into him. I'll think on't, madam. Advice, I see, is thankless.

Char. Useless I am sure it is, if, thro' mistaken friendship, or other motives, you feed his passion with your purse, and soothe it by example. Physicians, to cure fevers, keep from the patient's thirsty lip the cup that would inflame him; you give it to his hands—(a knocking)

Hark, Sir, these are my brother's desperate symptoms ——Another creditor.

Stu. One not so easily got rid of *(Aside.)*—What, Lewson!

Enter LEWSON.

Lew. Madam, your servant—Your's, sir. I was enquiring for you at your lodgings.

Stu. This morning? you had business then?

Lew. You'll call it by another name, perhaps. Where's Mr. Beverley, madam?

Char. We have sent to enquire for him.

Lew. Is he abroad then? he did not use to go out so early.

Char. No; nor to stay out so late.

Lew. Is that the case? I am sorry for it. But Mr. Stukely, perhaps, may direct you to him.

Stu. I have already, sir.—But what was your business with me?

Lew. To congratulate you upon your late successes at play. Poor Beverley! but you are his friend, and there's a comfort in having successful friends.

Stu. And what am I to understand by this?

Lew. That Beverley 's a poor man, with a rich friend —That's all.

Stu. Your words would mean something, I suppose. Another time, Sir, I shall desire an explanation.

Lew. And why not now? I am no dealer in long sentences. A minute or two will do for me.

Stu. But not for me, sir. I am slow of apprehension, and must have time and privacy. A lady's presence engages my attention—Another morning I may be found at home.

Lew. Another morning then I'll wait upon you.

Stu. I shall expect you, sir. Madam, your servant. [*Exit.*

Char. What mean you by this?

Lew. To hint to him that I know him.

Char. How know him? mere doubt and supposition!

Lew. I shall have proof soon.

Char. And what then? would you risk your life to be *his punisher?*

Lew. My life, madam! don't be afraid. And yet I am happy in your concern for me. But, let it content you that I know this Stukely—'Twould be as easy to make him honest as brave.

Char. And what do you intend to do?

Lew. Nothing, till I have proof. Yet my suspicions are well grounded——but methinks, madam, I am acting here without authority. Could I have leave to call Mr. Beverley brother, his concerns would be my own. Why will you make my services appear officious?

Char. You know my reasons, and should not press me. But I am cold, you say; and cold I will be, while a poor sister 's destitute——My heart bleeds for her! and till I see her sorrows moderated, love has no joys for me.

Lew. Can I be less a friend by being a brother? I would not say an unkind thing—but the pillar of your house is shaken. Prop it with another, and it shall stand firm again——You must comply.

Char. And will—when I have peace within myself. But let us change the subject—Your business here this morning is with my sister. Misfortunes press too hard upon her: yet till to-day she has borne them nobly.

Lew. Where is she?

Char. Gone to her chamber——Her spirits fail'd her.

Lew. I hear her coming—Let what has pass'd with Stukely be a secret—She has already too much to trouble her.

Enter Mrs. BEVERLEY.

Mrs. Bev. Good morning, sir; I heard your voice, and, as I thought, enquiring for me——where's Mr. Stukely, Charlotte?

Char. This moment gone——You have been in tears, sister; but here's a friend shall comfort you.

Lew. Or, if I add to your distresses, I'll beg your pardon, madam. The sale of your house and furniture was finish'd yesterday.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, sir. I know too your generous reason for putting me in mind of it. But you have oblig'd me too much already.

Lew. There are trifles, madam, which I know you

have set a value on; those I have purchas'd, and will deliver. I have a friend too that esteems you—He has bought largely; and will call nothing his, till he has seen you. If a visit to him would not be painful, he has begg'd it may be this morning.

Mrs. Bev. Not painful in the least. My pain is from the kindness of my friends. Why am I to be oblig'd beyond the power of return?

Lew. You shall repay us at your own time. I have a coach waiting at the door—Shall we have your company, madam? [*To Char.*

Char. No. My brother may return soon; I'll stay and receive him.

Mrs. Bev. He may want a comforter, perhaps. But don't upbraid him, Charlotte. We shan't be absent long—Come, sir, since I *must* be so oblig'd.

Lew. 'Tis I that am oblig'd. An hour or less will be sufficient for us. We shall find you at home, madam?

[*To Char. and exit with Mrs. Bev.*

Char. Certainly. I have but little inclination to appear abroad—O! this brother! this brother! to what wretchedness has he reduc'd us! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter STUKELY.

Stu. That Lewson suspects me, 'tis too plain. Yet why should he suspect me?—I appear the friend of Beverley as much as he.—But I am rich, it seems—and so I am; thanks to another's folly and my own wisdom. To what use is wisdom, but to take advantage of the weak? This Beverley's my fool; I cheat him, and he calls me friend——But more business must be done yet. His wife's jewels are unsold; so is the reversion of his uncle's estate. I must have these too——And then there's a treasure above all——I love his wife—Before she knew this Beverley I lov'd her; but, like a cringing fool, bow'd at a distance, while he stept in and won her. My pride, as well as love, is wounded by this conquest. Those hints, this morning, were well thrown in—— Already they have fasten'd on her. If jealousy should

weaken her affections, want may corrupt her virtue—My heart rejoices in the hope—These jewels may do much. He shall demand them of her; which, when mine, shall be converted to special purposes—What now, Bates?

Enter BATES.

Bates. Is it a wonder, then, to see me? The forces are all in readiness, and only wait for orders. Where's Beverley?

Stu. At last-night's rendezvous, waiting for me. Is Dawson with you?

Bates. Dress'd like a nobleman; with money in his pocket, and a set of dice that shall deceive the most experienc'd.

Stu. That fellow has a head to undo a nation. But for the rest, they are such low-manner'd, ill-looking dogs, I wonder Beverley has not suspected them.

Bates. No matter for manners and looks. Do you supply them with money, and they are gentlemen by profession—The passion of gaming casts such a mist before the eyes, that the nobleman shall be surrounded with sharpers, and imagine himself in the best of company.*

Stu. There's that Williams, too—It was he, I suppose, that call'd at Beverley's with the note this morning. What directions did you give him?

Bates. To knock loud, and be clamorous. Did not you see him?

Stu. No. The fool sneak'd off with Jarvis. Had he appear'd within doors, as directed, the note had been

---

* Moore, in his Comedy of *Gil Blas*, acted two years before the Gamester, appears to have had the subject of gaming and its effects upon persons of rank in his mind even then. *Melchior*, the servant of Don Lewis, is giving *Gil Blas* an account of his being in England with his master, when *Gil B.* asks him,

But what company did you keep?

Mel. The best, you may be sure. We had a passport to all the people of rank.

Gil B. And what was that?

Mel. Play, my boy—the key to every great man's door in England. Sometimes, indeed, merit, title, or fortune may introduce a stranger to notice—but the surest recommendation is play—Do but play deep, and you rank with the best of them.

discharg'd. I waited there on purpose. I want the women to think well of me; for Lewson's grown suspicious; he told me so himself.

Bates. What answer did you make him?

Stu. A short one—That I would see him soon, for farther explanation.

Bates. We must take care of him. But what have we to do with Beverley? Dawson and the rest are wondering at you.

Stu. Why let them wonder. I have designs above their narrow reach. They see me lend him money; and they stare at me. But they are fools. I want him to believe me beggar'd by him.

Bates. And what then?

Stu. Ay, there's the question; but no matter. At night you may know more. He waits for me at Wilson's. I told the women where to find him.

Bates. To what purpose?

Stu. To save suspicion. It look'd friendly; and they thank'd me. Old Jarvis was dispatch'd to him.

Bates. And may entreat him home.

Stu. No; he expects money from me; but I'll have none. His wife's jewels must go—Women are easy creatures, and refuse nothing where they love——Follow me to Wilson's; but be sure he sees you not. You are a man of character, you know; of prudence and discretion. Wait for me in an outer room; I shall have business for you presently. Come, sir—

Let drudging fools by honesty grow great:
The shorter road to riches is deceit. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Gaming House with a Table, Box, Dice, &c.*

BEVERLEY is discovered sitting.

Bev. Why, what a world is this! The slave that digs for gold receives his daily pittance, and sleeps contented; while those, for whom he labours, convert their good to

mischief, making abundance the means of want. O shame! shame!—Had I possess'd but little, that little had been hap'ly still my own. But plenty leads to waste? and shallow streams maintain their currents, while swelling rivers beat down their banks, and leave their channels empty. What had I to do with play? I wanted nothing. My wishes and my means were equal. The poor follow'd me with blessings: love scatter'd roses on my pillow, and morning wak'd me to delight——O bitter thought! that leads to what I was, by what I am! I would forget both—Who's there?

Enter a WAITER.

Wait. A gentleman, Sir, inquires for you.

Bev. He might have used less ceremony. Stukely I suppose?

Wait. No, Sir, a stranger.

Bev. Well, shew him in. [*Exit Waiter.*

A messenger from Stukely, then! from him that has undone me!—Yet all in friendship, and now he lends me from his little, to bring back fortune to me.

Enter JARVIS.

Jarvis! Why this intrusion?——Your absence had been kinder.

Jar. I came in duty, Sir, if it be troublesome——

Bev. It is—I would be private——hid even from myself. Who sent you hither?

Jar. One that would persuade you home again. My mistress is not well; her tears told me so.

Bev. Go with thy duty there then——'But does she 'weep? I am to blame to let her weep.' Pr'ythee be gone: I have no business for thee.

Jar. Yes, Sir; to lead you from this place. I am your servant still. Your prosperous fortune bless'd my old age. If that has left you, I must not leave you.

Bev. Not leave me! Recall past time then; or through this sea of storms and darkness shew me a star to guide me——But what canst thou?

Jar. The little that I can, I will. You have been generous to me—I would not offend you, Sir,—but—

Bev. No. Think'st thou I'd ruin thee too? I have

enough of shame already—My wife! My wife! Would'st thou believe it, Jarvis? I have not seen her all this long night——I, who have lov'd her so, that every hour of absence seem'd as a gap in life. But other bonds have held me——O! I have play'd the boy, dropping my counters in the stream, and reaching to redeem them, have lost myself. 'Why wilt thou follow misery? Or, 'if thou wilt, go to thy mistress. She has no guilt to 'sting her, and therefore may be comforted.'

Jar. For pity's sake, Sir!——I have no heart to see this change.

Bev. Nor I to bear it——How speaks the world of me, Jarvis?

Jar. As of a good man dead. Of one who walking in a dream, fell down a precipice. The world is sorry for you.

Bev. Ay, and pities me. Says it not so? But I was born to infamy—

Jar. My lov'd master, we are all born to good, if we but so please;—to *be* good and to *do* good.

Bev. I'll tell thee what it says. It calls me villain; a treacherous husband; a cruel father; a false brother; one lost to nature and her charities. Or, to say all in one short word, it calls me *Gamester*. Go to thy mistress—I'll see her presently.

Jar. And why not now? Rude people press upon her; loud, bawling creditors; wretches who know no pity—I met one at the door; he would have seen my mistress. I wanted means of present payment, so promis'd it to-morrow. But others may be pressing; and she has grief enough already. Your absence hangs too heavy on her.

Bev. Tell her I'll come, then. I have a moment's business. But what hast thou to do with my distresses? Thy honesty has left thee poor; and age wants comfort. Keep what thou hast 'for cordials;' lest between thee and the grave misery steal in. I have a friend shall counsel me—This is that friend.

Enter STUKELY.

Stu. How fares it, Beverley? Honest Mr. Jarvis, well

met; I hop'd to find you here. That viper Williams! Was it not he that troubl'd you this morning?

Jar. My mistress heard him then?——I am sorry that she heard him.

Bev. And Jarvis promis'd payment.

Stu. That must not be. Tell him I'll satisfy him.

Jar. Will you, Sir? Heaven will reward you for't.

Bev. Generous Stukely! Friendship like yours, had it ability like will, would more than balance the ills of fortune.

Stu. You think too kindly of me—Make haste to Williams: his clamours may be rude else. [*To Jar.*

Jar. And my master will go home again—Alas! Sir, we know of hearts there breaking for his absence. [*Exit.*

Bev. Would I were dead!

Stu. 'Or turn'd hermit; counting a string of beads 'in a dark cave.' Ha! ha! ha!—P'rythee be a man; fortune may be our's again, at least we'll try for't.

Bev. No it has fool'd us on too far.

Stu. Ay, ruin'd us; and therefore we'll sit down contented. These are the despondings of men without money; but let the shining ore chink in the pocket, and folly turns to wisdom.

Bev. Is this a time for levity? But you are single in the ruin, and therefore may talk lightly of it. With me 'tis complicated misery.

Stu. You censure me unjustly—I but assum'd these spirits to cheer my friend. My friend, alas! wants a comforter.

Bev. What new misfortune?

Stu. I would have brought you money! but lenders want securities. What's to be done? All that was mine is yours already.

Bev. And there's the double weight that sinks me. I have undone my friend, too; one, who to save a drowning wretch, reach'd out his hand, and perish'd with him.

Stu. Have better thoughts.

Bev. Whence are they to proceed? I have nothing left.

Stu. [*sighing.*] Then we're undone. What nothing?

No moveables? Nor useless trinkets? Bawbles lock'd up in caskets to starve their owners?—I have ventur'd deeply for you.

Bev. Therefore this heart-ake; for I am lost beyond all hope.

Stu. No; means may be found to save us. Jarvis is rich. Who made him so? This is no time for ceremony.

Bev. And is it for *dishonesty?* The good old man! Shall I rob him too? My friend would grieve for't. No! let the little that he has, buy food and clothing for him.

Stu. Good morning then. [*Going.*

Bev. So hasty! Why then good morning.

Stu. And when we meet again, upbraid me. Say it was I that tempted you. Tell Lewson so; and tell him I have wrong'd you—He has suspicions of me, and will thank you.

Bev. No; we have been companions in a rash voyage, and the same storm has wreck'd us both. Mine shall be self-upbraidings.

Stu. And will they feed us? You deal unkindly by me. I have sold and borrow'd for you, while land or credit lasted; and now, when fortune should be tried, and my heart whispers me success, I am deserted; turn'd loose to beggary, while you have hoards.

Bev. What hoards? Name them and take them.

Stu. Jewels.

Bev. And shall this thriftless hand seize them too? My poor, poor wife! Must she lose all? I would not wound her so.

Stu. Nor I, but from necessity. One effort more, and we may retrieve all. I have unusual hopes.

Bev. Think of some other means, then.

Stu. I have; and you rejected them,

Bev. Pr'ythee let me be a man.

Stu. Ay, and your friend a poor one. But I have done. And for these trinkets of a woman, why, let her keep them to deck out pride with, and shew a laughing world that she has finery to starve in.

Bev. No; she shall yield up all. My friend demands it. But need he have talk'd lightly of her? The jewels

that she values are truth and innocence—Those will adorn her ever; and for the rest, she wore them for a husband's pride, and to his wants will give them. Alas! you know her not. Where shall we meet?

Stu. No matter. I have chang'd my mind. Leave me to a prison: 'tis the reward of friendship.

Bev. Leave you to a prison! No! fallen as you see me, I am not that wretch. Nor would I change this heart o'ercharg'd as 'tis with folly and misfortune, for one most prudent and most happy, if callous to a friend's distresses.

Stu. You are too warm.

Bev. In such a cause, not to be warm is to be frozen. Farewell. I'll meet you at your lodgings.

Stu. Reflect a little. The jewels may be lost. Better not hazard them—I was too pressing.

Bev. And I ungrateful. Reflection takes up time. I have no leisure for't. Within an hour expect me.

[*Exit.*

Stu. The thoughtless, shallow prodigal! We shall have sport at night, then—But hold—The jewels are not ours yet—The lady may refuse them—The husband may relent, too—'Tis more than probable——I'll write a note to Beverley, and the contents shall spur him to demand them——But am I grown this rogue thro' avarice? No; I have warmer motives, love and revenge—Ruin the husband, and the wife's virtue may be bid for.

Enter BATES.

Look to your men, Bates; there's money stirring. We meet to-night upon this spot. Hasten and tell them so. Beverley calls upon me at my lodgings, and we return together. Hasten, I say, the rogues will scatter else.

Bates. Not till their leader bids them.

Stu. Come on, then. Give them the word, and follow me; I must advise with you——This is a day of business.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter BEVERLEY *and* CHARLOTTE.

Char. Your looks are chang'd, too; there's wildness

in them. My wretched sister! How will it grieve her to see you thus!

Bev. No, no——a little rest will ease me. And for your Lewson's kindness to her, it has my thanks; I have no more to give him.

Char. Yes; a sister and her fortune. I trifle with him, and he complains——My looks, he says, are cold upon him. He thinks too—

Bev. That I have *lost* your fortune——He dares not think so.

Char. Nor does he——You are too quick at guessing. He cares not if you had. That care is mine—I lent it you to husband, and now I claim it.

Bev. You have suspicions, then?

Char. Cure them, and give it me.

Bev. To stop a sister's chiding.

Char. To vindicate her brother.

Bev. How if he needs no vindication?

Char. I would fain hope so.

Bev. Ay, would and cannot. Leave it to time, then; 'twill satisfy all doubts.

Char. Mine are already satisfied.

Bev. 'Tis well. And when the subject is renew'd, speak to me like a sister, and I will answer like a brother.

Char. To tell me I'm a beggar.—Why, tell it now. I that can bear the ruin of those dearer to me, the ruin of a sister and her infant, can bear that too.

Bev. No more of this—you wring my heart.

Char. Would that the misery were all your own? But innocence must suffer—Unthinking rioter! whose home was a paradise! There dwelt he with a virtuous and fond partner, with a boy who was their delight: and these crown'd his days with blessings—He has quitted them. And for what? To associate with the abandon'd, —to live in the midst of enemies.

Bev. Forbear, I say; reproaches come too late; they search, but cure not: and for the fortune you demand, we'll talk to-morrow on't; our tempers may be milder.

Char. Or, if 'tis gone, why farewell all. I claim'd

it for a sister. 'She holds my heart in her's; and 'every pang she feels tears it in pieces.'—But I'll upbraid no more. What Heaven permits, perhaps, it may ordain. Yet that the husband! father! brother! should be its instrument of vengeance!—Such a thought were grievous indeed.

Bev. If you're my sister, spare me the thought—it wounds too deeply. To-morrow shall clear all; and when the worst is known, it may be better than your fears. Comfort my wife; and for the pains of absence, I'll make reparation. The world may yet go well with us.

Char. See where she comes!——Look cheerfully upon her——Affections such as her's are prying, and lend those eyes that read the soul.

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Lewson.

Mrs. Bev. My life!

Bev. My love! how fares it? I have been a truant husband.

Mrs. Bev. But we meet now, and that heals all—Doubts and alarms I have had; but in this dear embrace I bury and forget them—My friend here *(pointing to Lewson)* has been indeed a friend. Charlotte, 'tis you must thank him: your brother's thanks and mine are of too little value.

Bev. Yet what we have we'll pay. I thank you, sir, and am oblig'd. I would say more, but that your goodness to the wife upbraids the husband's follies. Had I been wise, she had not trespass'd on your bounty.

Lew. Nor has she trespass'd. The little I have done, acceptance overpays.

Char. So friendship thinks——

Mrs. Bev. And doubles obligations by striving to conceal them——We'll talk another time on't.——You are too thoughtful, love.

Bev. No, I have reason for these thoughts.

Char. And hatred for the cause——Would you had that, too!

Bev. I have——The cause was avarice.

Char. And who the tempter?

Bev. A ruin'd friend——ruin'd by too much kindness.

Lew. Ay, worse than ruin'd; stabb'd in his fame, mortally stabb'd—Riches can't cure him.

Bev. Or if they could, those I have drain'd him of. Something of this he hinted in the morning—That Lewson had suspicions of him—Why these suspicions? [*Angrily.*

Lew. At school we knew this Stukely. A cunning plodding boy he was, sordid and cruel, slow at his task, but quick at shifts and tricking. He schem'd out mischief, that others might be punish'd; and would tell his tale with so much art, that, for the lash he merited, rewards and praise were given him. *That such a boy *must* prove a worthless man, is too harsh a conclusion, and, I trust, a false one. But as for Stukely, I'll prove him, and lay him open to you——Till then be warn'd ——I know him, and therefore shun him.

Bev. As I would those that wrong him——You are too busy, sir.

Mrs. Bev. No, not *too busy*——*Mistaken*, perhaps ——That had been milder.

Lew. No matter, madam. I can bear this, and praise the heart that prompts it—Pity such friendship should be so plac'd!

Bev. Again, sir! but I'll bear, too——You wrong him, Lewson, and will be sorry for't.

Char. Ay, when 'tis prov'd he wrongs him. The world is full of hypocrites.

Bev. And Stukely one——so you'd infer, I think. ——I'll hear no more of this——my heart aches for him ——I have undone him.

Lew. The world says otherwise.

Bev. The world is false, then——I have business with

---

* This passage in the original stands thus: "Shew me a boy with "such a mind, and time, that ripens manhood in him, shall ripen "vice too." On this a friend to whom these plays have been submitted remarks, "Within my small experience, some bad boys have "turned out well; and some ill whom I thought particularly good. "Lewson's *general* assertion appears to me of rather bad tendency. "If adopted in life, it may cause suspicions not well founded, and "may *discourage the due endeavours* to reform bad boys."

you, love; [*to Mrs. Bev.*] we'll leave them to their rancour. [*Going.*

Char. No. We shall find room within for't—Come this way, sir. [*To Lewson.*

Lew. Another time my friend will thank me; that time is hastening too. [*Ex. Lew and Char.*

Bev. They hurt me beyond bearing——Is Stukely false? then honesty has left us!

Mrs. Bev. I never doubted him.

Bev No; you are charity. Meekness and ever-during patience live in that heart, and love that knows no change——Why did I ruin you?

Mrs. Bev. You have not ruin'd me. I have no wants when you are present, nor wishes in your absence, but to be blest with your return. But be resign'd to what has happen'd, and I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Bev. My generous girl!—But memory will be busy; still crowding on my thoughts, to sour the present by the past. I have another pang, too.

Mrs. Bev. Tell it, and let me cure it.

Bev. That friend—that generous friend, whose fame they have traduc'd—I have undone him too. While he had means he lent me largely; and now a prison must be his portion.

Mrs. Bev. No; I hope otherwise.

Bev. To hope must be to act. The charitable *wish* feeds not the hungry——Something must be *done*.

Mrs. Bev. What?

Bev. In bitterness of heart he told me, just now he told me, I had undone him. Could I hear that, and think of happiness? no; I have disclaim'd it, while he is miserable.

Mrs. Bev. The world may mend with us, and then we may be grateful. There's comfort in that hope.

Bev. Ay; 'tis the sick man's cordial, his promis'd cure; while in preparing it the patient dies.——What now?

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. A letter, sir. [*Delivers it and Ex.*

Bev. The hand is Stukely's.

[*Opens it and reads it to himself.*

Mrs. Bev. And brings good news——at least I'll hope so——What says he, love?

Bev. Why this——too much for patience. Yet he directs me to conceal it from you. [*Reads.*

Let your haste to see me be the only proof of your esteem for me. I have determin'd, since we parted, to bid adieu to England; chusing rather to forsake my country, than to owe my freedom in it to the means we talk'd of. Keep this a secret at home, and hasten to the ruin'd R. STUKELY.

Ruin'd by friendship! I must relieve or follow him.

Mrs. Bev. Follow him, did you say? then I am lost, indeed!

Bev. O this infernal vice! how has it sunk me! a vice, whose highest joy was poor to my domestic happiness. Yet how have I pursu'd it! turn'd all my comforts to bitterest pangs, and all thy smiles to tears! Damn'd, damn'd infatuation!

Mrs. Bev. Be cool, my life! what are the *means* the letter talks of? have you——have I those means? tell me, and ease me. I have no life while you are wretched.

Bev. No, no; it must not be. 'Tis I alone have sinn'd; 'tis I alone must suffer. You shall reserve those means to keep my child and his wrong'd mother from want and wretchedness.

Mrs. Bev. What means?

Bev. I came to rob you of them—but cannot—dare not—Those *jewels* are your sole support—I should be more than monster to request them.

Mrs. Bev. My *jewels?* trifles! not worth the speaking of, if weigh'd against a husband's peace; but let them purchase that, and the world's wealth is of less value.

Bev. Amazing goodness! how little do I seem before such virtues!

Mrs. Bev. No more, my love. I kept them till occasion call'd to use them; *now* is the occasion, and I'll *resign them cheerfully.*

Bev. Why we'll be rich in love, then. 'But this

'excess of kindness melts me. Yet for a friend one 'would do much—He has denied me nothing.'

Mrs. Bev. Come to my closet——But let him manage wisely. We have no more to give him.

Bev. Where learnt my love this excellence?—'Tis 'Heaven's own teaching: that Heaven, which to a 'beauteous form has given a mind more lovely.' I am unworthy of you, but will deserve you better.

Henceforth my follies and neglects shall cease,
And all to come be penitence and peace;
Vice shall no more attract me with her charms,
Nor pleasure reach me, but in these dear arms.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter STUKELY *and* BATES.

Stu. So runs the world, Bates. Fools are the prey of knaves. The laws that fear and policy have fram'd, man still disclaims: he knows but two; and those are force and cunning. The nobler law is force, but then there's danger in't; while cunning, like a skilful miner, works safely and unseen.

Bates. And therefore wisely. Force must have nerves and sinews; cunning wants neither. The dwarf that has it shall trip the giant's heels up.

Stu. And bind him to the ground. But now to business. The jewels are dispos'd of; and Beverley again worth money. He waits to count his gold out, and then comes hither. If my design succeeds, this night we finish with him. Go to your lodgings and be busy—You understand conveyances, and can make ruin sure.

Bates. Better stop here. The sale of this reversion may be talk'd of—There's danger in't.

Stu. No, 'tis the mark I aim it. We'll thrive and laugh. You are the purchaser, and there's the payment

[*Giving a Pocket-book.*] He thinks you rich? and so you shall be. Enquire for titles, and deal hardly; 'twill look like honesty.

Bates. How if he suspects us?

Stu. Leave it to me. I study hearts, and when to work upon them. Go to your lodgings; and, if we come, be busy over papers. Talk of a thoughtless age, of gaming and extravagance; you have a face for't.

Bates. A feeling too that would avoid it. We push too far; but I've caution'd you. If it ends ill, you'll think of me—and so adieu. [*Exit.*

Stu. This fellow sins by halves; his fears are conscience to him. I'll turn these fears to use. Rogues that dread shame, will still be greater rogues to hide their guilt—This shall be thought of. Lewson grows troublesome ——We must get rid of him.———He knows too much. I have a tale for Beverley; part of it truth, too—He shall call Lewson to account—If it succeeds, 'tis well; if not, we must try other means—But here he comes—I must dissemble.

Enter BEVERLEY.

Look to the door there [*in a seeming fright*]——My friend! I thought of other visitors.

Bev. No; these shall guard you from them——— [*offering notes*] Take them and use them cautiously—— The world deals hardly by us.

Stu. And shall I leave you destitute? No: your wants are the greatest. Another climate may treat me kinder. The shelter of to-night takes me from this.

Bev. Let these be your support then——Yet is there need of parting? I may have means again; we'll share them, and live wisely.

Stu. No; I should tempt you on. Habit is nature in me; ruin can't cure it. Even now I would be gaming. Taught by experience as I am, and knowing this poor sum is all that's left us, I am for venturing still—And say I am to blame——Yet will this little supply our wants? No, we must put it out to usury. Whether 'tis madness in me, or some resistless impulse of good fortune, I yet am ignorant; but——

Bev. Take it, and succeed then. I'll try no more.

Stu. 'Tis surely impulse; it pleads so strongly—— But you are cold—We'll e'en part here then. And for this last reserve, keep it for better uses; I'll have none on't. I thank you tho', and will seek fortune singly— One thing I had forgot——

Bev. What is it?

Stu. Perhaps, 'twere best forgotten. But I am open in my nature, and zealous for the honour of my friend ——Lewson speaks freely of you.

Bev. Of you I know he does.

Stu. I can forgive him for't; but for my friend I'm angry.

Bev. What says he of me?

Stu. That Charlotte's fortune is embezzled—He talks on't loudly.

Bev. He shall be silenc'd then—How heard you of it?

Stu. From many. He question'd Bates about it. You must account with him, he says.

Bev. Or he with me———and soon, too.

Stu. Speak mildly to him. Cautions are best.

Bev. I'll think on't—But whither go you?

Stu. From poverty and prisons———No matter whither. If fortune changes you may hear from me.

Bev. May these be prosperous, then. [*Offering the notes, which he refuses*] Nay, they are your's———I have sworn it, and will have nothing——Take them and use them.

Stu. Singly I will not. My cares are for my friend; for his lost fortune, and ruin'd family. All separate interests I disclaim. Together we have fallen, together we must rise. My heart, my honour, and affections, all will have it so.

Bev. I am weary of being fool'd.

Stu. And so am I—Here let us part then——These bodings of good fortune shall all be stifled; I'll call them folly, and forget them—This one embrace, and then farewell. [*Offering to embrace.*

Bev. No; stay a moment——How my poor heart's *distracted! I* have these bodings too; but whether caught

from you, or prompted by some good or evil spirit, I know not—The trial shall determine——And yet, my wife——

Stu. Ay, ay, she'll chide.

Bev. No; my chidings are all here.

[*Pointing to his heart.*

Stu. I'll not persuade you.

Bev. I *am* persuaded; by reason too, the strongest reason, necessity. Oh! could I but regain the height I have fallen from! if then again I mixed in these scenes, or sacrific'd the husband's peace, his joy and best affections, to avarice and infamy, I should indeed *then* deserve what I tremble to think on. Oh! let me but regain it!

Stu. I have resolv'd like you; and since our motives are so honest, why should we fear success?

Bev. Come on, then——Where shall we meet?

Stu. At Wilson's—Yet if it hurts you, leave me: I have misled you often.

Bev. We have misled each other—But come! Why not hope for a reverse of our late misfortunes?

Stu. Yet think a little———

Bev. I cannot———thinking but distracts me.

When desperation leads, all thoughts are vain;
Reason would lose what rashness may obtain. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Charlotte.

Char. 'Twas all a scheme, a mean one; unworthy of my brother.

Mrs. Bev. No, I am sure it was not—Stukely is honest too; I know he is—This madness has undone them both.

Char. My brother irrecoverably———You are too spiritless a wife—A mournful tale, mixt with a few kind words, will steal away your soul. The world's too subtle for such goodness. Had I been by, he should have ask'd your life sooner than those jewels.

Mrs. Bev. He should have had it then. [*warmly*] I *live but to oblige him. She who can love, and is belov'd like me, will do as much.* Men have done more for

mistresses, and women for a base deluder. And s wife do less? Your chidings hurt me, Charlotte.

Char. And come too late; they might have sav'd else. How could he use you so?

Mrs. Bev. 'Twas friendship did it. His heart breaking for a friend.

Char. The friend that has betray'd him.

Mrs. Bev. Pr'ythee don't think so.

Char. To-morrow he accounts with me.

Mrs. Bev. And fairly——I will not doubt it.

Char. Unless a friend has wanted! Sister! sist This friend, believe me, is an enemy.

Mrs. Bev. My Beverley speaks nobly of him.

Char. And Lewson *truly*—But I displease you this talk————To-morrow will instruct us.

Mrs. Bev. Stay till it comes then——I would not so hardly.

Char. Nor I, but from conviction——Yet we hope of better days. My uncle is infirm, and of a that threatens hourly.——Or, if he lives, you never offended him; and for distresses so unmerited he have pity.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, and am cheerful. We ha more to lose; and for what's gone, if it brings pru home, the purchase is well made.

Char. My Lewson will be kind too. While he have life and means, you shall divide with us—— see, he's here!

Enter LEWSON.

We were just speaking of you.

Lew. 'Tis best to interrupt you, then. Few chars will bear a scrutiny; and where the bad outweigh good, he's safest that's least talk'd of. What say Madam? [*To Char*

Char. That I hate scandal, tho' a woman—ther talk seldom of you.

Mrs. Bev. Or, with more truth, that, tho' a we *she loves to praise*—therefore talks *always* of you. *leave you to* decide it.

Lew. How good and amiable! I came to talk in private with you, of matters that concern you.

Char. What matters?

Lew. First answer me sincerely to what I ask.

Char. I will——But you alarm me.

Lew. I am too grave, perhaps; but be assur'd of this, I have no news that troubles *me*, and therefore should not *you*.

Char. I am easy then—Propose your question.

Lew. 'Tis now a tedious twelve-month, since with an open and kind heart you said you lov'd me.

Char. So *tedious*, did you say?

Lew. And when in consequence of such sweet words, I press'd for marriage, you gave a voluntary promise that you would live for me.

Char. You think me chang'd then! [*Angrily.*

Lew. I did not say so. A thousand times I have press'd for the performance of this promise: but private cares, a brother's and a sister's ruin, were reasons for delaying it.

Char. I had no other reasons.—Where will this end?

Lew. It shall end presently.

Char. Go on, Sir.

Lew. A promise, such as this, given freely, not extorted, the world thinks binding; but I think otherwise.

Char. And would release me from it?

Lew. You are too impatient, madam.

Char. Cool, Sir—quite cool—Pray go on.

Lew. Time, and a near acquaintance with my faults, may have brought change—if it be so; or, for a moment, if you have wish'd this promise were unmade, here I acquit you of it.—This is my question, then; and with such plainness as I ask it, I shall entreat an answer.—Have you repented of this promise?

Char. Stay, Sir. The man that can *suspect* me, shall *find* me chang'd——Why am I doubted?

Lew. My doubts are of myself. I have my faults, and you have observation. If from my temper, my words or actions, you have conceiv'd a thought against me, or even a wish for separation, all that has pass'd is nothing.

Char. You startle me—But tell me—I must be answer'd first. Is it from honour you speak this? Or do you *wish* me chang'd?

Lew. Heaven knows I do not. The hopes of an union with my Charlotte are the joy of my life. Yet for a promise, tho' given in love, and meant for binding; if time, or accident, or reason should change opinion—I had much rather release you from such a promise, than exact its fulfilment.

Char. Why, now I'll answer you. Your doubts are certainties——I am really chang'd.

Lew. Indeed?

Char. I could torment you now, as you have me: but it is not in my nature.——That I am chang'd, I own: for what at first was inclination, is now grown reason in me; and from that reason, had I the world! nay, were I poor as any peasant's child and you too earning but your daily bread by daily toil, with but a cottage to invite me to—I would be your's, and happy.

Lew. My kindest Charlotte! [*Taking her hand*] thanks are too poor for this——and words too weak! but, if we love so, why should our union be delay'd?

Char. For happier times. The present are too wretched.

Lew. I may have reasons that press it now.

Char. What reasons?

Lew. The strongest reasons; unanswerable ones.

Char. Be quick, and name them.

Lew. No, madam; I am bound in honour to make conditions first——I am bound by inclination too. This sweet profusion of kind words pains me while it pleases. I dread the losing you!

Char. Astonishment! what mean you?

Lew. First promise, that to-morrow, or the next day, you will be mine for ever.

Char. I do——tho' misery should succeed.

Lew. Thus, then, I seize you! and with you every joy that I look for from this world's treasures!

Char. And thus I seal my promise. [*Embracing him.*] *Now, Sir, your* secret?

Lew. Your fortune's lost.

Char. My fortune lost! I'll study to be humble then. But was my promise claim'd for this? How nobly generous! where learnt you this sad news?

Lew. From Bates, Stukely's prime agent. I have oblig'd him, and he's grateful—He told it me in friendship, to warn me from my Charlotte.

Char. 'Twas honest in him, and I'll esteem him for it.

Lew. He knows much more than he has told.

Char. For me it is enough. And for your generous love, I thank you from my soul. If you'd oblige me more, give me a little time.

Lew. Why time? It robs us of our happiness.

Char. I have a task to learn first. The little pride this fortune gave me must be subdued. Once we were equal; and might have met obliging and oblig'd. But now 'tis otherwise; and for a life of obligations, I have not learnt to bear it.

Lew. Mine is that life. You are too noble!

Char. Leave me to think on't.

Lew. To-morrow, then, you'll fix my happiness?

Char All that I can, I will.

Lew. It must be so; we live but for each other. Keep what you know a secret; and when we meet to-morrow, more may be known.—Farewel. [*Exit.*

Char. My poor, poor sister! how would this wound her! but I'll conceal it, and speak comfort to her.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the Gaming-House.*

Enter BEVERLEY *and* STUKELY.

Bev. Whither would you lead me? [*Angrily.*

Stu. Where we may vent our curses.

Bev. Ay, on yourself, and those counsels that have destroy'd me. A thousand fiends were in that bosom, and all let loose to tempt me——I had resisted else.

Stu. Go on, Sir——I have deserv'd this from you. What have I done?

Bev. What the arch-devil of old did——sooth'd with *false hopes, for certain* ruin.

Stu. Myself unhurt, nay pleas'd at your destruction —So your words mean. Why, tell it to the world. I am too poor to find a friend in't.

Bev. A friend! what's he? I had a friend.

Stu. And have one still.

Bev. Ay; I'll tell you of this friend. He found me happiest of the happy. Fortune and honour crown'd me; and love and peace liv'd in my heart. One spark of folly lurk'd there; that too he found; and by deceitful breath blew it to flames that have consum'd me. This friend were you to me.

Stu. A little more, perhaps—The friend who gave his all to save you; and not succeeding, chose ruin with you. But no matter; I have undone you, and am a villain.

Bev. No; I think not—The villains are within.

Stu. What villains?

Bev. Dawson and the rest—We have been dupes to sharpers.

Stu. How know you this? I have had doubts as well as you; yet still as fortune chang'd I blush'd at my own thoughts—But you have proofs, perhaps?

Bev. Ay, proofs infallible. Repeated losses—Night after night, and no reverse—*Chance* has no hand in this.

Stu. I think more charitably; yet I am peevish in my nature, and apt to doubt—The world speaks fairly of this Dawson, so does it of the rest. We have watch'd 'em closely too. But 'tis a right usurp'd by losers, to think the winners knaves—We'll have more manhood in us.

Bev. I know not what to think. This night has stung me to the quick—Blasted my reputation too—I have bound my honour to these vipers; play'd meanly upon credit, till I tired them; and now they shun me to rifle one another. What's to be done?

Stu. Nothing. My counsels have been fatal.

Bev. Oh shame!——Traitor! 'tis you have brought it on me. [*Taking hold of him.*] Shew me the means to save me, or I'll commit a murder here, and next upon myself.

Stu. Why do it then, and rid me of ingratitude.

Bev. Pr'ythee forgive this language—I speak I know not what——Rage and despair are in my heart, and hurry me to madness. My home is horror to me—I'll not return to't. Speak quickly; tell me if, in this wreck of fortune, one hope remains? Name it,—and be my guide.

Stu. To vent your curses on—You have bestow'd them liberally. Take your own counsel: and should a desperate hope present itself, 'twill suit your desperate fortune. I'll not advise you.

Bev. What hope? I'll catch at it, however desperate. I am so sunk in misery, it cannot lay me lower.

Stu. You have an uncle.

Bev. Ay, what of him?

Stu. Old men live long by temperance; while their heirs starve on expectation.

Bev. What mean you?

Stu. That the reversion of his estate is yours; and will bring money to pay debts with——Nay more, it may retrieve what's past.

Bev. Or leave my child a beggar.

Stu. And what's his father? A dishonourable one: engaged for sums he cannot pay——That should be thought of.

Bev. It is my shame——The poison that inflames me. Where shall we go? To whom? I am impatient till all's lost.

Stu. All may be your's again—Your man is Bates—He has large funds at his command, and will deal justly by you.

Bev. I am resolv'd——Tell them within we'll meet them presently; and with full purses too—Come, follow me.

Stu. No; I'll have no hand in this, nor do I counsel it—Use your discretion, and act from that. You'll find me at my lodgings.

Bev. Succeed what will, this night I'll dare the worst. [*Exit Bev.*

Stu. Why, then, part with your fears for ever—Fear is the mind's worst evil; and 'tis a friendly office to drive it from the bosom—*Thus far* has fortune crown'd me—Yet

Beverley is rich; rich in his wife's best treasure, he
honour and affections. I would supplant him there to
But 'tis the mischief of thinking minds to raise up diff
culties. Fools often conquer. Fearless of dange
which they see not, they press on boldly, and by pe
sisting prosper. Yet may a tale of art do much—
Charlotte is sometimes absent. The seeds of jealous
are sown already. If I mistake not, they have take
root too. Now is the time to ripen them, and reap t
harvest. The softest of her sex, if wrong'd in love,
thinking that she's wrong'd, sometimes becomes a tygre
in revenge——I'll instantly to Beverley's——No matt
for the danger—When beauty leads us on, 'tis indiscreti
to reflect, and cowardice to doubt. [*Ex*

SCENE IV. *Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Lucy.

Mrs. Bev. Did Charlotte tell you any thing?

Lucy. No, madam.

Mrs. Bev. She look'd confus'd, methought; said s
had business with her Lewson; which, when I press'd
know, tears only were her answer.

Lu. She seem'd in haste, too—Yet her return m
bring you comfort.

Mrs. Bev. No, my kind girl; I expect it not.—B
why do I distress thee? Thy sympathizing heart blee
for the ills of others—What pity that thy mistress ca
reward thee! but there's a Power above, that sees, a
will remember all. 'Pr'ythee soothe me with the so
'thou sung'st last night. It suits this change of fortu
'and there's a melancholy in't that pleases me.*

'*Lu.* I fear it hurts you, madam—Your goodness t
'draws tears from me—But I'll dry them and obey y

* The situation of Mrs. Beverley in this scene and the manne introducing this song will, perhaps, remind the reader of tha Desdemona in the third scene of the fourth act of Othello. But modern bard has greatly the advantage in nature and delicac sentiment.

SONG.

1

'When DAMON *languish'd at my feet,*
'And I believ'd him true,
'The moments of delight how sweet!
'But ah! how swift they flew!
'The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
'The garden and the grove,
'Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
'And vows of faithful love.

2

'The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
'He left her to complain;
'To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
'And measure time by pain.
'But Heav'n still takes the mourner's part,
'In pity to despair;
'And the last sigh that rends the heart,
'May waft the spirit there.'

'*Mrs. Bev.* I thank thee, Lucy—I thank Heaven, too, 'my griefs are none of these. Yet Stukely deals in 'hints—He talks of rumours—I'll urge him to speak 'plainly'—[*Knocking.*] Hark! there's some one entering.

Lu. Perhaps, my master, madam. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bev. Let him be well too, and I am satisfied. [*Goes to the door and listens.*] No; 'tis another's voice; his had been music to me. Who is it, Lucy?

Re-enter LUCY *with* STUKELY.

Lu. Mr. Stukely, madam. [*Exit.*

Stu. To meet you thus alone, madam, was what I wish'd. Unseasonable visits, when friendship warrants them, need no excuse—therefore I make none.

Mrs. Bev. What mean you, Sir? and where's your friend?

Stu. Men may have secrets, madam, which their best friends are not admitted to. We parted in the morning, not soon to meet again.

Mrs. Bev. You mean to leave us then? to leave your country too? I am no stranger to your reasons, and pity your misfortunes.

Stu. If you are wise, you shall have cause to thank me.

Mrs. Bev. An injur'd husband, too, shall thank thee.

Stu. Yet know, proud woman, I have a heart as stubborn as your own; as haughty and imperious; and as it loves, so can it hate.

Mrs. Bev. Mean, despicable villain! I scorn thee and thy threats. Was it for this that Beverley was false? that his too-credulous wife should in despair and vengeance give up her honour to a wretch? But he shall know it.

Stu. Why, send him for defiance then. Tell him I love his wife; but that a worthless husband forbids our union. I'll make a widow of you, and court you honourably.

Mrs. Bev. Wretch! most justly were the forfeit of thy life due to thy crime. But private vengeance is forbidden. Keep thy own secret, and begone. Who's there?

Enter LUCY.

Your absence, Sir, will please me.

Stu. I'll not offend you, madam. [*Exit with Lucy.*

Mrs. Bev. Be conscience, then, his punisher, till Heaven in mercy gives him penitence, or dooms him in its justice.

Re-enter LUCY.

Come to my chamber, Lucy; I have a tale to tell thee, shall make thee weep for thy poor mistress.

Yet Heaven the guiltless sufferer regards,
And whom it most afflicts, it most rewards.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. BEVERLEY, CHARLOTTE, *and* LEWSON.

Char. The smooth-tongu'd hypocrite!

Lew. But we have found him, and will secure him—Be cheerful, madam; [*To Mrs. Bev.*] the insults of this ruffian shall meet their desert.

Mrs. Bev. But not by violence—Remember you have promis'd; I had been silent else.

Lew. You need not doubt me; I shall be cool as patience.

Mrs. Bev. See him to-morrow, then.

Lew. And why not now? Yet for my promise, I'll deal gently with him—I mean to watch his looks—— From those, and from his answers to my charge, much may be learnt. Next I'll to Bates, and sift him to the bottom. If I fail there, the gang is numerous, and, for a bribe, will each betray the other—Good night; I'll lose no time. [*Ex. Lewson.*

Mrs. Bev. Come, Charlotte, we'll to our usual watch. The night grows late.

Char. I am fearful of events; yet pleas'd——To-morrow may relieve us. [*Going.*

Enter JARVIS.

Char. How now, good Jarvis?

Jar. I have heard ill news, madam.

Mrs. Bev. What news? speak quickly.

Jar. Men are not what they seem. I fear me Mr. Stukely is dishonest.

Char. We know it, Jarvis. But what's your news?

Jar. That there's an action against my master, at his friend's suit.

Mrs. Bev. O villain! villain! 'twas this he threaten'd then. Run to that den of robbers, Wilson's—Your master may be there. Entreat him home, good Jarvis. Say I have business with him—But tell him not of Stukely—It may provoke him to revenge——Haste! haste! good Jarvis. [*Exit Jarvis.*

Char. This prodigy of wickedness!

Mrs. Bev. I am sick of such a world—Yet Heaven is just; and in its own good time will hurl destruction on such monsters. [*Excunt.*

SCENE II. *Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter STUKELY *and* BATES *meeting.*

Bates. Where have you been?

Stu. Fooling my time away——Playing my tricks,

like a tame monkey, to entertain a woman——No matter where——I have been vext and disappointed. Tell me of Beverley—How bore he his last shock?

Bat. Like one (so Dawson says) whose senses had been numb'd with misery. When all was lost, he fixt his eyes upon the ground, and stood some time, with folded arms, stupid and motionless. Then snatching his sword that hung against the wainscot, he sat him down; and with a look of fixt attention, drew figures on the floor ——At last he started up, look'd wild, and trembl'd; and laugh'd out aloud, while the tears trickl'd down his face—so left the room.

Stu. Why this was madness.

Bat. The madness of despair.

Stu. We must confine him, then. A prison would do well. [*A knocking at the door.*] Hark! that knocking may be his. Go that way down. [*Exit Bates.*] Who's there?

Enter LEWSON.

Lew. An enemy—an open and avow'd one.

Stu. Why am I thus broke in upon? This house is mine, sir; and should protect me from insult and ill manners.

Lew. Guilt has no place of sanctuary; wherever found, 'tis virtue's lawful game. The fox's hold, and tyger's den, are no security against the hunter.

Stu. Your business, sir?

Lew. To tell you that I know you—Why this confusion? that look of guilt and terror?—Is Beverley awake? Or has his wife told tales? The man that dares like you, should have a soul to justify his deeds, and courage to confront accusers—not with a coward's fear to shrink beneath reproof.

Stu. Who waits there? [*Aloud, and in confusion.*

Lew. We'll not be interrupted. [*Shutting the door.*]

Stu. You think I fear you.

Lew. I know you fear me. Contemptible though you be you have undone a man, by cunning and mean arts undone him. But we have found you, sir; trac'd you thro' all your labyrinths. Fall to confession.

Stu. First prove me what you think me—and for this insult, vengeance may yet be mine.

Lew. Shall villany talk of vengeance for insult?

Stu. Villany! 'Twere best to curb this licence of your tongue; for, know, sir, while there are laws, this outrage on my reputation will not be borne with.

Lew. Laws! dar'st thou seek shelter from the laws? those laws, which thou and thy infernal crew live in the constant violation of? Talk'st thou of reputation, too? when, under friendship's sacred name, thou hast betray'd, robb'd, and destroy'd?

Stu. Ay, rail at gaming; 'tis a rich topic, and affords noble declamation——Go, preach against it in the city: You'll find a congregation in every tavern. If they should laugh at you, fly to my lord, and sermonize it there. He'll thank you, and reform.

Lew. And will example sanctify a vice? No, wretch! the custom of my lord, or of the cit that apes him, cannot excuse a breach of law, or make the Gamester's calling reputable.

Stu. Rail on, I say—but is this zeal for beggar'd Beverley? Is it for him that I am treated thus? No! he and his wife might both have groan'd in prison, had but the sister's fortune escap'd the wreck, to have rewarded the disinterested love of honest Mr. Lewson.

Lew. How I detest thee for the thought! but thou art lost to every human feeling. Yet let me tell thee, and may it wring thy heart! that tho' my friend is ruin'd by thy snares, thou hast unknowingly been kind to me.

Stu. Have I? It was indeed unknowingly.

Lew. Thou hast assisted me in love; given me the merit that I wanted; since, but for thee, my Charlotte had not known it was her dear self I sigh'd for, and not her fortune.

Stu. Thank me, and take her then.

Lew. And, as a brother to poor Beverley, I will pursue the robber that has stript him, and snatch him from his gripe.

Stu. Then know, imprudent man, he *is* within my gripe; and should my friendship for him be slander'd

once again, the hand that has supplied him, shall fall and crush him.

Lew. This is indeed to be a villain! But I shall reach thee yet—Fly where thou wilt, I shall pursue thee—And Beverley shall yet be sav'd, be sav'd from thee, thou monster! nor owe his rescue to his wife's dishonour.

[*Exit.*

Stu. [*Pausing.*] Then ruin has inclos'd me. Yet fear brings caution, and that security—more mischief must be done to hide the past—look to yourself, officious Lewson—there may be danger stirring—How now, Bates?

Enter BATES.

Bat. What is the matter? 'Twas Lewson and not Beverley that left you—I heard him loud—You seem alarm'd too.

Stu. Ay, and with reason—we are discover'd.

Bat. I fear'd as much, and therefore caution'd you ——but you were peremptory.

Stu. Thus fools talk ever; spending their idle breath on what is past, and trembling at the future. We must be active. Beverley, at worst, is but suspicious; but Lewson's genius, and his hate to me, will lay all open. Means must be found to stop him.

Bat. What means?

Stu. Dispatch him——nay, start not——desperate occasions call for desperate deeds——we live but by his death.

Bat. You cannot mean it?

Stu. I *do* mean it.

Bat. Good night, then. [*Going.*

Stu. Stay. I must be heard, then answer'd. Perhaps the motion was too sudden; and human weakness starts at murder, tho' strong necessity compels it. I have thought long of this; and my first feelings were like yours; a foolish conscience aw'd me, which soon I conquer'd. The man that would undo me, nature cries out, undo. Brutes know their foes by instinct; and where superior force is given, they use it for destruction. Shall man do less? Lewson pursues us to our ruin; and

shall we, with the means to crush him, fly from our hunter, or turn and tear him? 'Tis folly even to hesitate.

Bat. He has oblig'd me, and I dare not.

Stu. Why, live to shame then, to beggary and punishment. You would be privy to the deed, yet want the soul to act it. Nay more; had my designs been levell'd at his fortune, you had stept in the foremost.——And what is life without its comforts? Those you would rob him of; and, by a lingering death, add cruelty to murder. Henceforth adieu to half-made villains—there's danger in them. What you have got is your's; keep it, and hide with it——I'll deal my future bounty to those that merit it.

Bat. What's the reward?

Stu. Equal division of our gains. I swear it, and will be just.

Bat. Think of the means then.

Stu. He's gone to Beverley's—wait for him in the street—'Tis a dark night, and fit for mischief. A dagger would be useful.

Bat. He sleeps no more.

Stu. Consider the reward! when the deed's done, I have farther business with you. Send Dawson to me.

Bat. Think it already done—and so farewel. [*Exit.*

Stu. Why, farewel, Lewson, then; and farewel to my fears—this night secures me. I'll wait the event within. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Street. The stage is darkened.*

Enter BEVERLEY.

Bev. How like an outcast do I wander! loaded with every curse, that drives the soul to desperation——The midnight robber, as he walks his rounds, sees by the glimmering lamp my frantic looks, and dreads to meet me.——Whither am I going? My home lies there; all that is dear on earth it holds too; yet are the gates of death more welcome to me——I'll enter it no more——Who passes there? 'Tis Lewson—He meets me in a gloomy hour; and memory tells me he has been meddling with my fame.

Enter LEWSON.

Lew. Beverley! well met. I have been busy in your ffairs.

Bev. So I have heard, sir; and now must thank you s I ought.

Lew. To-morrow I may deserve your thanks. Late s it is, I go to Bates. Discoveries are making that an rch villain trembles at.

Bev. Discoveries are made, sir, that you shall tremble t. Where is this boasted spirit? this high demeanour, hat was to call me to account? You say I have wrong'd ıy sister——Now say as much. But first be ready for efence, as I am for resentment. [*Draws.*

Lew. What mean you? I understand you not.

Bev. The coward's stale acquittance—who, when he preads foul calumny abroad, and dreads just vengeance n him, cries out, What mean you? I understand you ot!

Lew. Coward and calumny! Whence are those words? but I forgive, and pity you.

Bev. Your pity had been kinder to my fame. But ou have traduc'd it; told a vile story to the public ear, ıat I have wrong'd my sister.

Lew. 'Tis false. Shew me the man that dares accuse ıe.

Bev. I thought you brave, and of a soul superior to ›w malice; but I have found you. This is no place for rgument.

Lew. Nor shall it be for violence. Imprudent man! ho in revenge for fancied injuries, would pierce the eart that loves him. But honest friendship acts from self, unmov'd by slander or ingratitude. 'The life you iirst for, shall be employ'd to serve you.

'*Bev.* 'Tis thus you would compound then—First do a wrong, then, to redress it, load me with kindness unsolicited. I'll not receive it. Your zeal is troublesome.

'*Lew.* No matter. It shall be useful.

'*Bev.* It will not be accepted.

'*Lew. It must.*' You know me not.

Bev. Yes; for the slanderer of my fame; who, under shew of friendship, arraigns me of injustice; buzzing in every ear foul breach of trust, and family dishonour.

Lew. Have I done this? Who told you so?

Bev. The world—'Tis talk'd of every where. It pleas'd you to add threats, too. You were to call me to account——Why, do it now then: I shall be proud of such an arbiter.

Lew. Put up your sword, and know me better. I never injur'd you. The base suggestion comes from Stukely; I see him and his aims.

Bev. What aims? I'll not conceal it—'twas Stukely that accus'd you.

Lew. To rid him of an enemy——Perhaps of two ——He fears discovery, and frames a tale of falsehood to ground revenge and murder on.

Bev. I must have proof of this.

Lew. Wait till to-morrow then.

Bev. I will.

Lew. Good night——I go to serve you——Forget what's past, as I do; and cheer your family with smiles. To-morrow may confirm them, and make all happy.

[*Exit.*

Bev. [*Pausing.*] How vile and how absurd is man! His boasted honour is but another name for pride; which easier bears the consciousness of guilt, than the world's just reproofs.* But 'tis the fashion of the times; and in defence of falsehood and false honour, men die martyrs. I knew not so bad things were in me. [*Stands musing.*

Enter BATES *and* JARVIS.

Jar. This way the noise was—and yonder's my poor master.

---

* I have in another work ("LETTERS TO DR. AIKIN ON HIS VOLUME OF VOCAL POETRY," &c.) endeavoured to point out, by an extract from A DISSERTATION ON DUELLING; &c. by RICHARD HEY, LL. D. the true idea of *Honour*. But, as that work may not be in the hands of very many of the readers of these volumes, I shall repeat it here. There is an Honour, which is "an auxiliary Principle, engaged along with other Powers, in the cause of *Virtue*." *Part vi. Sect. ii.* In the first section of this part, the

Bat. I heard him at high words with Lewson. The cause I know not.

Jar. I heard him too. Misfortunes vex him.

Bat. Go to him, and lead him home—But he comes this way—I'll not be seen by him. [*Exit Bates.*

Bev. [*Starting.*] What fellow's that? [*Seeing Jar.*] Art thou a murderer, friend? come, lead the way; I have a hand as mischievous as thine; a heart as desperate too—Jarvis!—To bed, old man; the cold will chill thee.

Jar. Why are you wandering at this late hour?—Your sword drawn too!—Pray sheath it, sir—the sight distracts me.

Bev. Whose voice was that? [*Wildly.*

Jar. 'Twas mine, sir. Let me entreat you to give the sword to me.

Bev. Ay, take it—quickly take it—Perhaps I am not so lost, but Heaven may have sent thee at this moment to snatch me from perdition.

Jar. Then I am bless'd.

---

author observes, that "Honour had been distinguished,* (and, as "it seems, with good reason,) into a Motive or Principle of action, "and an End or Reward."—"A nice sense of Honour is sometimes "mentioned as synonimous to a refined sense of Virtue: and men are "represented as performing noble and worthy actions from this sense "of Honour, where the eye of the World cannot observe them, and "where not even a single Friend can be admitted as a spectator. "This is a noble Principle; but it is to be distinguished from a sense "of Virtue, and may be traced up to the Fountain of Opinion or "Reputation.

"A nice sense of Virtue is that by which we make ready and accurate "distinctions between what is virtuous and what is vicious: but this "is not to be confounded with the *Motive* which impels us to pursue the "Virtue or avoid the Vice. This Motive is in one person the Hope "of Reward or Fear of Punishment in this life; in another, it is like "the Hope or Fear respecting a future life; in a third, it is Be-"nevolence joined to a persuasion that what he does will contribute "to the good of mankind; and, (not to attempt a complete enume-"ration,) in a fourth it is a regard to his Character in the World." —He afterwards says "Attention to such points in particular cases, "by frequent repetition, produces an habitual Principle, a Sensibility, "which becomes a new Faculty in the mind. And such seems to be "the origin of a sense of Honour." These two sections are well worth the perusal of every reader; and the opinions laid down in them make me lament that any thing should be said to the disparagement of Honour as a *general* Principle.

* Adventurer, No. 61.

Bev. Continue so, and leave me; my sorrows are contagious. No one is blest that's near me.

Jar. I came to seek you, sir.

Bev. And now thou hast found me, leave me—My thoughts are wild, and will not be disturb'd.

Jar. Such thoughts are best disturb'd.

Bev. I tell thee that they will not—Who sent thee hither?

Jar. My weeping mistress.

Bev. Am I so meek a husband, then, that a commanding wife prescribes my hours, and sends to chide me for my absence?——Tell her I'll not return.

Jar. Those words would kill her.

Bev. Kill her! Would they not be kind then? But she shall live to be a curse upon me—I have deserv'd it of her. Does she not hate me, Jarvis?

Jar. Alas, sir! forget your griefs, and let me lead you to her. The streets are dangerous.

Bev. Be wise, and leave me then. The night's black horrors are suited to my thoughts—These stones shall be my resting-place [*lies down.*] Here shall my soul brood o'er its miseries; till with the cowardice of guilt, I start and tremble at the morning's light.

Jar. For pity's sake, sir!—Upon my knees I beg you to quit this place, and these sad thoughts. Let patience, not despair, possess you——Rise, I beseech you——There's not a moment of your absence, that my poor mistress does not groan for.

Bev. Have I undone her, and is she still so kind? [*Starting up.*] It is too much——My brain can't hold it —O Jarvis! Jarvis! how desperate is that wretch's state, which only death or madness can relieve!

Jar. Appease his mind, good Heaven! and give him resignation! Alas, sir, could beings in the other world perceive the events of this, how would your parents' blessed spirits grieve for you, even in Heaven!—Let me conjure you by their honour'd memories, by the sweet innocence of your yet helpless child, and by the ceaseless sorrows of my poor mistress, to rouse your manhood, and struggle with *these griefs.*

Bev. Thou virtuous, good old man! thy tears and thy entreaties have reach'd my heart, thro' all its miseries. O! had I listen'd to thy honest warnings, no earthly blessing had been wanting to me!—'I was so happy 'that even a wish for more than I possess'd, was arrogant 'presumption. But I have warr'd against the Power 'that bless'd me, and now I am sentenc'd to his wrath.

Jar. Be but resign'd, Sir, and happiness may yet be yours,

'*Bev.* Py'thee be honest, and do not flatter misery.

'*Jar.* I do not, Sir.'——Hark I hear voices——Come this way; we may reach home unnotic'd.

Bev. 'Well, lead me then.'—Unnotic'd, didst thou say? Alas! I dread no looks but of those wretches I have made at home. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter STUKELY *and* DAWSON.

Stu. Come hither, Dawson. My limbs are on the rack, and my soul shivers in me, till this night's business be complete. Tell me thy thoughts: Is Bates determin'd, or does he waver?

Daw. At first he seem'd irresolute; wish'd the employment had been mine; and mutter'd curses on his coward hand, that trembl'd at the deed.

Stu. And did he leave you so?

Daw. No. We walk'd together; and shelter'd by the darkness, saw Beverley and Lewson in warm debate. But soon they cool'd; and then I left them to hasten hither; but not till 'twas resolv'd Lewson should die.

Stu. Thy words have given me life—That quarrel, too, was fortunate; for, if my hopes deceive me not, it promises a grave to Beverley.

Daw. You misconceive me. Lewson and he were friends.

Stu. But my prolific brain shall make them enemies. If Lewson falls, he falls by Beverley. An upright jury shall decree it. Ask me no question, but do as I direct. *This writ [takes out a pocket-book,] for some days past, I have treasur'd here,* till a convenient time call'd for its

use. That time is come. Take it, and give it to an officer. It must be serv'd this instant. [*Gives a paper.*

Daw. On Beverley?

Stu. Look at it. 'Tis for the sums that I have lent him.

Daw. Must he to prison then?

Stu. I ask'd obedience, not replies, This night a jail must be his lodging. 'Tis probable he's not gone home yet. Wait at his door, and see it executed.

Daw. Upon a beggar? He has no means of payment.

Stu. Dull and insensible! If Lewson dies, who was it kill'd him? Why, he that was seen quarrelling with him; and I that knew of Beverley's intents, arrested him in friendship———A little late, perhaps; but 'twas a virtuous act, and men will thank me for it. Now, Sir, you understand me?

Daw. Most perfectly—and will about it.

Stu. Haste, then; and when 'tis done, come back and tell me.

Daw. Till then farewel. [*Exit.*

Stu. Now tell thy tale, fond wife! And Lewson, if again thou canst insult me—' I'll kneel and own thee for ' my master.'

Not avarice now, but vengeance, fires my breast,
And one short hour must make me curst or blest.

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Continues.*

Enter STUKELY, BATES, *and* DAWSON.

Bates. Poor Lewson!——But I told you enough last night—The thought of him is horrible to me.

Stu. In the street, did you say? And no one near him?

Bat. By his own door; he was leading me to his house. I pretended business with him, and stabb'd him to the heart, *while he was reaching* at the bell.

Stu. And did he fall so suddenly?

Bat. The repetition pleases you, I see. I told you, he fell without a groan.

Stu. What heard you of him this morning?

Bat. That the watch found him in their rounds, and alarm'd the servants. I mingl'd with the crowd just now, and saw him dead in his own house.————The sight terrifi'd me.

Stu. Away with terrors! we have no living enemy to fear—unless 'tis Beverley; and him we have lodg'd safe in prison.

Bat. Must he be murder'd too?

Stu. No; I have a scheme to make the law his murderer—At what hour did Lewson fall?

Bat. The clock struck twelve as I turn'd to leave him. 'Twas a melancholy bell, I thought tolling for his death.

Stu. The time was lucky for us—Beverley was arrested at one, you say? [*To Dawson.*

Daw. Exactly.

Stu. Good! We'll talk of this presently——The women were with him, I think?

Daw. And old Jarvis. I would have told you of 'em last night, but your thoughts were too busy. 'Tis well you have a heart of stone, the tale would melt it else.

Stu. Out with it then.

Daw. I trac'd him to his lodgings; and pretending pity for his misfortunes, kept the door open, while the officers seiz'd him. 'Twas a black deed——but no matter ——I follow'd my instructions.

Stu. And what said he?

Daw. He upbraided me with treachery; call'd you a villain; acknowledg'd the sums you had lent him, and submitted to his fortune.

Stu. And the women?——

Daw. For a few minutes astonishment kept them silent ——They look'd wildly at one another, while the tears stream'd down their cheeks. But rage and fury soon gave them words; and then, in the very bitterness of despair, they vehemently accus'd me and the monster that had employ'd me.

Stu. And you bore it with philosophy?

Daw. Till the scene chang'd, and then I melted. I order'd the officers to take away their prisoner. The women shriek'd, and would have follow'd him; but we forbade 'em. 'Twas then they fell upon their knees, the wife fainting, the sister raving, and both with all the eloquence of misery endeavouring to soften us. I never felt compassion till that moment; and had the officers been mov'd like me, we had left the business undone, and fled with curses on ourselves. But their hearts were steel'd by custom. The tears of beauty and the pangs of affection were beneath their pity. They tore him from their arms, and lodg'd him in prison, with only Jarvis to comfort him.

Stu. There let him lie, till we have farther business with him.——'And for you, Sir, let me hear no more 'of your compassion——A fellow nurs'd in villany, 'and employ'd from childhood in the very business of it, 'should have no dealings with compassion.

'*Daw.* Say you so, Sir?—You should have nam'd the 'tempter who corrupted me.

'*Stu.* 'Tis false. I found you a villain, and there-'fore employ'd you——but no more of this——we have 'embark'd too far in mischief to recede. Lewson is 'dead, and we are all principals in his murder. Think 'of that—There's time enough for pity when ourselves 'are out of danger——Beverley still lives, tho' in a jail '—His ruin will sit heavy on him; and discoveries may 'be made to undo us all. Something must be done, and 'speedily——You saw him quarrelling with Lewson in 'the street last night. [*To Bates.*

'*Bat.* I did; his steward, Jarvis, saw him too.

'*Stu.* And shall attest it. Here's matter to work 'upon—An unwilling evidence carries weight with him. 'Something of my design I have hinted to you before '——Beverley must be the author of this murder; and 'we the parties to convict him.'——But how to proceed will require time and thought——Come along with me; *the room within is* fitted for privacy—But no *compassion, Sir,* [*To Dawson*]——We want leisure *for't——This way.* [Exeunt

SCENE II. *Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Charlotte.

Mrs. Bev. No news of Lewson yet?

Char. None. He went out early, and knows not what has happen'd. [*Clock strikes eight.*

Mrs. Bev. The clock strikes eight——I'll wait no longer.

Char. Stay but till Jarvis comes. He has sent twice to stop us till we see him.

Mrs. Bev. I have no life in this separation——O! what a night was last night! I would not pass another such to purchase worlds by it*—My poor Beverley too! What must he have felt! the very thought distracts me ——To have him torn at midnight from me!—A loathsome prison his habitation! a cold damp room his lodging! the bleak winds perhaps blowing upon his pillow! no fond wife to lull him to his rest! and no reflections but to wound and tear him!———'Tis too horrible—I wanted love for him, or they had not forced him from me. They should have parted soul and body first—I was too tame.

Char. You must not talk so. All that we could we did; and Jarvis did the rest—The faithful creature will give him comfort. Why does he delay coming?

Mrs. Bev. And there's another fear! His poor master may be claiming the last kind office from him—His heart perhaps is breaking.

Char. See where he comes—His looks are cheerful too.

Enter Jarvis.

Mrs. Bev. Are tears then cheerful? alas, he weeps! Speak to him, Charlotte——I have no tongue to ask him questions.

---

* This was probably suggested by what Clarence says in Richard the Third, Act I. Scene IV.

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Char. How does your master, Jarvis?

Jar. I am old and foolish, madam; and tears will come before my words——But don't you weep; [*To Mrs. Bev.*] I have a tale of joy for you.

Mrs. Bev. What tale?——Say but he's well, and I have joy enough.

Jar. His mind too shall be well—all shall be well ——I have news for him that shall make his poor heart bound again——Fie upon old age——How childish it makes me! I have a tale of joy for you, and my tears drown it.

Char. Shed them in showers then, and make haste to tell it.

Mrs. Bev. What is it, Jarvis?

Jar. Yet why should I rejoice when a good man dies? Your uncle, madam, died yesterday.

Mrs. Bev. My uncle!—O Heavens!

Char. How heard you of his death?

Jar. His steward came express, madam—I met him in the street, enquiring for your lodgings—I should not rejoice, perhaps——but he was old, and my poor master a prisoner—Now he shall live again—O 'tis a brave fortune! and 'twas death to me to see him a prisoner.

Char. Where left you the steward?

Jar. I would not bring him hither, to be a witness of your distresses; and besides, I wanted, once before I die, to be the messenger of joy to you. My good master will be a man again.

Mrs. Bev. Haste, haste then; and let us fly to him! ——We are delaying our own happiness.

Jar. I had forgot a coach, madam, and Lucy has order'd one.

Mrs. Bev. Where was the need of that? the news has given me wings.

Char. I have no joy, till my poor brother shares it with me. How did he pass the night, Jarvis?

Jar. Why, now, madam, I can tell you. Like a man dreaming of death and horrors. When they led him to his cell—for 'twas a poor apartment for my master— he flung himself upon a wretched bed, and lay speechless

till day-break. A sigh now and then, and a few tears that follow'd those sighs, were all that told me he was alive. I spoke to him, but he would not hear me; and when I persisted, he rais'd his hand at me, and knit his brow so,—I thought he would have struck me.

Mrs. Bev. O miserable! But what said he, Jarvis? or was he silent all night?

Jar. At day-break he started from the bed, and looking wildly at me, ask'd who I was. I told him, and bid him be of comfort—Begone, old wretch, says he—— I have sworn never to know comfort—My wife! my child! my sister! I have undone them all, and will know no comfort—Then falling upon his knees, he imprecated curses upon himself.

Mrs. Bev. This is too horrible!—But you did not leave him so?

Char. No, I am sure he did not.

Jar. I had not the heart, madam. By degrees I brought him to himself. A shower of tears came to his relief; and then he call'd me the kindest friend, and begg'd forgiveness of me like a child—I was a child, too, when he begg'd forgiveness of me. My heart throbb'd so, I could not speak to him. He turn'd from me for a minute or two, and suppressing a few bitter sighs, enquir'd after his wretched family—*Wretched* was his word, madam—Ask'd how you bore the misery of last night——If you had goodness enough to see him in prison. And then begg'd me to hasten to you. I told him he must be more himself first——He promis'd me he would; and bating a few sudden intervals, he became compos'd and easy—And then I left him; but not without an attendant——a servant in the prison, whom I hir'd to wait upon him—'Tis an hour since we parted—I was prevented in my haste to be the messenger of joy to you.

Mrs. Bev. What a tale is this?—But we have staid too long. 'A coach is needless.

'*Char.* Hark! I hear one at the door.

Jar. 'And Lucy comes to tell us.'——We'll away *this moment.*

Mrs. Bev. To comfort him, or die with him. [Exeunt.

'SCENE III. *Stukely's Lodgings.*

'*Enter* STUKELY, BATES, *and* DAWSON.

'*Stu.* Here's presumptive evidence at least——or, if 'we want more, why we must swear more. But all 'unwillingly——We gain credit by reluctance—I have 'told you how to proceed. Beverley must die—We 'hunt him in view now, and must not slacken in the 'chace. 'Tis either death for him, or shame and punish-'ment for us. Think of that, and remember your 'instructions——You, Bates, must to the prison imme-'diately. I would be there but a few minutes before 'you: and you, Dawson, must follow in a few minutes 'after. So here we divide——But answer me: you are 'resolv'd upon this business like men?

'*Bates.* Like villains rather——But you may depend 'upon us.

'*Stu.* Like what we are then——You make no 'answer, Dawson—Compassion, I suppose, has seiz'd 'you.

'*Daw.* No; I have disclaim'd it—My answer is Bates's '——You may depend upon me.

'*Stu.* Consider the reward! riches and security! I 'have sworn to divide with you to the last shilling—So 'here we separate till we meet in prison——Remember 'your instructions, and be men. [*Exeunt.*'

SCENE IV. *A Prison.*

BEVERLEY is discovered sitting. After a short pause, he comes forward.

Bev. Why there's an end then. How the self-murderer's account may stand,——The horrors of my soul are more than I can bear——[*offers to kneel*] Father of mercy!——I cannot pray——Despair has laid his iron hand upon me, and seal'd me for perdition—Conscience! conscience! O, that the grave would bury memory as well as body! for if the soul sees and feels the sufferings of those dear ones it leaves behind, can THE EVERLASTING have any vengeance to torment it deeper?——I'll think no more on't——Reflection comes too late——Once there was a time for't——but now 'tis past.——Who's there?

Enter JARVIS.

Jar. One that hop'd to see you with better looks—— Why do you turn so from me? I have brought comfort with me. And see who comes to give it welcome.

Bev. My wife and sister! why, 'tis but one pang more, then, and farewel world! [*Aside.*

Enter Mrs. BEVERLEY *and* CHARLOTTE.

Mrs. Bev. Where is he? [*Runs and embraces him.*] O! I have him! I have him! and now they shall never part us more—I have news, love, to make you happy for ever——' But don't look coldly on me.

' *Char.* How is it, brother?

' *Mrs. Bev.*' Alas he hears us not—Speak to me, love. I have no heart to see you thus.

Bev. ' Nor I to bear the sense of so much shame'— This is a sad place!

Mrs. Bev. We came to take you from it. To tell you the world goes well again. That Providence has seen our sorrows, and sent the means to heal them—Your uncle died yesterday.

Bev. My uncle!—No, do not say so—O! I am sick at heart!

Mrs. Bev. Indeed!——I meant to bring you comfort.

Bev. Tell me he lives, then——If you would bring me comfort, tell me he lives.

Mrs. Bev. And if I did, I could not make it true—— He died yesterday.

Bev. And I am heir to him?

Jar. To his whole estate, sir—But bear it patiently ——pray bear it patiently.

Bev. Well, well [*pausing*]—Why fame says I am rich, then?

Mrs. Bev. And truly so——Why do you look so wildly?

Bev. Do I? The news was unexpected. But has he left me *all?*

Jar. All, all, sir————He could not leave it from *you.*

Bev. I am sorry for it.

' *Char.* Sorry! yes: but reflect—

'*Bev.* Your uncle's dead, Charlotte.

'*Char.* I know it. Is it possible I should grieve for 'that which is to raise you and my beloved sister from 'the depth of ruin?

'*Bev.* He should have liv'd.'

Mrs. Bev. My heart tells me I wish'd not for his death. 'Twas the will of Providence that he should die'—— Why are you disturb'd so?

Bev. Has death no terrors in it?

Mrs. Bev. Not an old man's death. Yet if it troubles you, I wish him living.

Bev. And I, with all my heart.

'*Char.* Why, what's the matter?

'*Bev.* Nothing—how heard you of his death?

'*Mrs. Bev.* His steward came express. Would I 'had never known it!

'*Bev.* Or had heard it one day sooner.'——For I have a tale to tell, shall turn you into stone; or, if the power of speech remain, against me be it directed.

Mrs. Bev. Alas! what tale is this?—I'll bless you for ever.

Bev. No; I have deserv'd no blessings. The world holds not such another wretch. All this large fortune, this second bounty of Heaven, that might have heal'd our sorrows, and satisfied our utmost hopes, I sold last night.

Char. Sold! how sold?

Mrs. Bev. Impossible!—It cannot be!

Bev. 'Twas Stukely, 'twas he tempted me to the deed. To pay false debts of honour, and to redeem past errors, I sold the reversion—sold it for a scanty sum, and lost it among villains.

Char. Why, farewel all, then.

Bev. Liberty and life———Come, kneel and curse me.

Mrs. Bev. Then hear me, Heaven! [*Kneels*] Look down with mercy on his sorrows! give softness to his looks, *and quiet to his heart*! take from his memory the *sense of what is past,* and cure him of despair! On me! *on me! if misery must* be the lot of either, multiply

misfortunes! I'll bear them patiently, so he is happy! these hands shall toil for his support! these eyes be lifted up for hourly blessings on him! and every duty of a fond and faithful wife be doubly done to cheer and comfort him!———So hear me! so reward me! [*Rises.*

Bev. I would kneel too, but that offended Heaven would turn my prayers into curses. 'What have I to 'ask for? I, who have cast hope forever from me. Is it 'for length of days that I should kneel? no; my time is 'limited. Or is it for this world's blessings upon you 'and yours! to pour out my heart in wishes for a ruin'd 'wife, a child, and sister? O! no! for I have done a 'deed to make life horrible to you*———

'*Mrs. Bev.* Why horrible? is poverty so horrible?—'The real wants of life are few. A little industry will 'supply them all—and cheerfulness will follow—It is 'the privilege of honest industry, and we'll enjoy it 'fully.

'*Bev.* Never, never—O, I have told you but in 'part.' The irrevocable deed is done.

Mrs. Bev. What deed?—'And why do you look so 'at me?

'*Bev.* A deed that dooms my soul to vengeance—'That seals your misery here, and mine hereafter.

'*Mrs. Bev.* No, no; you have a heart too good for't. 'Alas! he raves, Charlotte—His looks too terrify me '—Speak comfort to him—He can have done no deed of 'wickedness.

'*Char.* And yet I fear the worst—What is it brother?'

Bev. A deed of horror.

Jar. Ask him no questions, madam—This last misfortune has hurt his brain. A little time will give him patience.

Enter STUKELY.

Bev. Why is this villain here?

Stu. To give you liberty and safety. There, madam, is his discharge [*giving a paper to Mrs. Beverley.*] Let

---

* make you miserable.

Why miserable? Is poverty so miserable?—4to. Edit.

him fly this moment. The arrest last night was meant in friendship; but came too late.

Char. What mean you, sir?

Stu. The arrest was too late, I say; I would have kept his hands from blood, but was too late.

Mrs. Bev. His hands from blood!—Whose blood?—O wretch! wretch!

Stu. From Lewson's blood.

Char. No, villain! yet what of Lewson? speak quickly.

Stu. You are ignorant, then! I thought I heard the murderer at confession.

Char. What murderer?—And who is murder'd? not Lewson?—say but he lives —

Stu. In pity, so I would; but that the tongues of all cry murder. I came in pity, not in malice; to save the brother, not kill the sister. Your Lewson's dead.

Char. O horrible!—'Why, who has kill'd him? and 'yet it cannot be. What crime had he committed, that 'he should die? Villain! he lives! he lives!

'*Mrs. Bev.* Patience! sweet Charlotte.

'*Char.* Patience, do you say?

'*Mrs. Bev.* He comes in pity, he says! O execrable 'villain! the friend is kill'd then, and this the murderer?'

Bev. Silence! I charge you——Proceed, sir.

Stu. No. Justice may stop the tale—and here's an evidence.

Enter BATES.

Bates. The news, I see, has reach'd you. But take comfort, madam. [*To Char.*] There's one without enquiring for you—Go to him, and lose no time.

Char. O misery! misery! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bev. Follow her, Jarvis. If it be true that Lewson's dead, her grief may kill her.

Bates. Jarvis must stay here, madam. I have some questions for him.

Stu. Rather let him fly. His evidence may crush his master.

Bev. *Why, ay; this looks* like management.

Bates. He found you quarrelling with Lewson in the street last night. [*To Bev.*

Mrs. Bev. No; I am sure he did not.

Jar. Or, if I did———

Mrs. Bev. 'Tis false, old man——They had no quarrel; there was no cause for quarrel.

Bev. Let him proceed, I say—O! I am sick! sick!—Reach me a chair. [*He sits down.*

Mrs. Bev. You droop, and tremble, love—Your eyes are fixt too—Yet you are innocent. If Lewson's dead, you kill'd him not.

Enter DAWSON.

Stu. Who sent for Dawson?

Bates. 'Twas I——We have a witness too, you little think of——Without there!

Stu. What witness?

Bates. A right one. Look at him.

Enter LEWSON *and* CHARLOTTE.

Stu. Lewson! O villains! villains! [*To Bates and Dawson.*

Mrs. Bev. Lewson alive! why, this is unexpected happiness!

Jar. What riddle's this?

Bev. Be quick and tell it—my minutes are but few.

Mrs. Bev. Alas! why so? you shall live long and happily.

Lew. While shame and punishment shall rack that viper [*pointing to Stukely*]—The tale is short——I was too busy in his secrets, and therefore doom'd to die. Bates, to prevent the murder, undertook it—I kept aloof to give it credit——

Char. And give me pangs unutterable.

Lew. I felt them all, and would have told you—But the business wanted ripening. The villain's scheme was but half executed. The arrest by Dawson follow'd the suppos'd murder—And now, depending on his once wicked associates, he comes to fix the guilt on Beverley.

Mrs. Bev. O execrable wretch!

Bates. Dawson and I are witnesses of this.

Lew. And of a thousand frauds. His fortune ruin'd

by sharpers and false dice; and Stukely sole contriver and possessor of all.

Daw. Had he but stopt on this side murder, we had been villains still.

Mrs. Bev. Thus Heaven turns evil into good; and by permitting sin, warns men to virtue.

Lew. Yet punishes the instrument. So shall our laws; tho' not with death. But death were mercy. Shame, beggary, and imprisonment, unpitied misery, the stings of conscience, shall make life hateful to him.——How does my friend? [*To Bev.*

Bev. Why, well. Who's he that asks me?

Mrs. Bev. 'Tis Lewson, love——Why do you look so at him?

Bev. They told me he was murder'd. [*Wildly.*

Mrs. Bev. Ay; but he lives to save us.

Bev. Lend me your hand—the room turns round.

Mrs. Bev. O Heaven!

Lew. This villain here disturbs him. Remove him from his sight——And for your lives see that you guard him. [*Stukely is taken off by Dawson and Bates.*] How is it, sir?

Bev. 'Tis here——and here [*pointing to his head and heart.*]—And now it tears me!

Mrs. Bev. You feel convuls'd too———What is 't disturbs you?

' *Lew.* This sudden turn of joy, perhaps——He ' wants rest too—Last night was dreadful to him. His ' brain is giddy.

' *Char.* Ay, never to be cur'd—Why, brother!— ' O! I fear! I fear!

' *Mrs. Bev.* Preserve him, Heaven!'——My love! my life! look at me!—How his eyes flame!

Bev. A furnace rages in this heart.—' I have been too ' hasty.

' *Mrs. Bev.* Indeed!——O me! O me!*———Help,

* O me! An exclamation signifying *Alas*, unhappy me! It is commonly written *Ah me!* as

"*Ah me!* the blooming pride of May,
"*And that of* beauty are but one.

'Jarvis! fly, fly for help! your master dies else.—'Weep not, but fly! [*Ex. Jar.*] What is this hasty 'deed?——Yet do not answer me——My fears have 'guess'd.

'*Bev.* Call back the messenger——'tis not in medi-'cine's power to help me.

'*Mrs. Bev.* Is it then so?

'*Bev.*' Down, restless flames!——[*laying his hand on his heart*]—down! you rack me.—O! for a pause from pain!

'*Mrs. Bev.* Help, Charlotte! support him, sir! [*To Lewson*]—This is a killing sight!

'*Bev.* What river's this! I'll plunge and cool me? '—[*Flings himself upon the ground.*] O! 'tis a sea of 'fire! Lift me! lift me! [*They raise him to his chair.*] '—[*Bev. starting.*] That pang was well——It has 'numb'd my senses.'——Where's my wife?——Can you forgive me, love?

'*Mrs. Bev.* Alas! for what?

'*Bev.* [*Starting again.*] And there's another pang! '——Now all is quiet——Will you forgive me?

'*Mrs. Bev.* I will——Tell me for what?'

Bev. For meanly dying.

Mrs. Bev. No——do not say it.

Bev. As truly as my soul must answer it———Had Jarvis staid this morning, all had been well. But press'd by shame——pent in a prison——tormented with my pangs for you——driven to despair and madness ——I took the woful advantage of his absence, corrupted the poor wretch he left to guard me, and——swallow'd poison.

Mrs. Bev. O fatal deed!

Char. Dreadful and cruel.

"At morn both flourish bright and gay,
"Both fade at evening, pale, and gone."
Prior's Faded Wreath.

Milton writes it *Ay me.* As in Satan's speech to the Sun,

"Ay me, they little know
"*How dearly* I abide that boast so vain."
Par. Lost, B. iv. l. 81.

Bev. Ay, most accurs'd——And now I go to my account. ‘ This rest from pain brings death; yet 'tis ‘ Heaven's kindness to me. I wish'd for ease, a mo- ‘ ment's ease, that cool repentance and contrition might ‘ soften vengeance.'——Bend me, and let me kneel. [*They lift him from his chair, and support him on his knees.*] I'll pray for you too. Thou Power that mad'st me, hear me; if for a life of frailty, and this too hasty deed of death, thy justice dooms me, here I acquit the sentence. But if, enthron'd in mercy where thou sit'st, thy pity has beheld me, send me a gleam of hope; that, in these last and bitter moments, my soul may taste of comfort! and for these mourners here, O let their lives be peaceful, and their deaths be happy!——Now raise me. [*They lift him to the chair.*]

Mrs. Bev. Restore him, Heaven!——O save him! save him!

Bev. Alas! that prayer is fruitless. Already death has seiz'd me—Yet Heaven is gracious—and now I die.

Mrs. Bev. Not yet!———Not yet!———Stay but a little, and I shall die too.

Bev. No; live, live long——We have a little one. Tho' I have left him, you will not leave him.——To Lewson's kindness I bequeath him—Is not this Charlotte? We have liv'd in love, tho' I have wrong'd you—Can you forgive me, Charlotte?

Char. Forgive you!—O my poor brother!

Bev. ‘ Lend me your hand, love. So—raise me— ‘ No—'twill not be—My life is finish'd.'—O! for a few short moments! to tell you how my heart bleeds for you —That, even now, thus, dying, as I am, dubious and fearful of hereafter, my bosom pang is for your miseries. Support her, Heaven!———And now I go———O, mercy! mercy! [*Dies.*

Lew. Then all is over——How is it, madam?——— My poor Charlotte, too!

‘ *Enter* JARVIS.

‘ *Jar. How does my master, madam? here's help at* ‘ *hand———Am I too late, then?* [‘ Seeing Beverley.'

Char. ‘ *Tears! tears! why fall you not?———O*

'wretched sister!——Speak to her, Lewson'——Her grief is speechless.

Lew. 'Remove her from this sight——Go to her, 'Jarvis—Lead and support her.' Sorrow like hers forbids complaint—Words are for lighter griefs—We'll pray to the Power that can assuage them. ['*Jar. and* '*Char. lead her off.*'] And thou, poor breathless corpse, may thy departed soul have found the rest it pray'd for! save but one error, and this last fatal deed, thy life was lovely.* Let frailer minds take warning; and from example learn, that want of prudence is want of virtue.

Follies, if uncontroul'd, of every kind,
Grow into passions, and subdue the mind;
With sense and reason hold superior strife,
And conquer honour, nature, fame, and life.

* This beautiful phrase was, probably, adopted from the Bible; David, in his Lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, says,

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives."

2 *Samuel.* 1. 23.

THE END.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

JANE SHORE.

WRITTEN BY

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

FIRST ACTED

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY LANE,

In the Year 1713.

——Conjux ubi pristinus illi
Respondet curis. VIRGIL.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

NICHOLAS ROWE,* the author of the Tragedies of JANE SHORE and LADY JANE GRAY, was born at Little Berkford, in Bedfordshire, at the house of Jasper Edwards, Esq. his Mother's Father, in the year 1673. His family had for many ages made a handsome figure in the county of Devon, and was known by the name of Rowes of Lambertoun, or Lamerton, who had been distinguished for their valour in the Holy Wars. They lived in the enjoyment of the innocent pleasures of a country life by the frugal management of a private fortune. His father, John Rowe, was the first who quitted his paternal acres to follow a profession. He was entered a student of the Middle Temple, where, after some time, he was called to the Bar, and at length made a Serjeant at Law. He stood fair for the first vacancy on the Bench, when he died the 30th of April, 1692.

Nicholas was first sent to a private school at Highgate, and was afterwards removed to Westminster, under the famous Dr. Busby, where he made so great a progress, that about the age of twelve years he was chosen one of the king's scholars. His father designing him for his own profession, entered him a student of the Middle Temple when he was about 16 years of age, where, for some time, he read Statutes and Reports with proficiency proportionate to the force of his mind, which was already such that he endeavoured to comprehend law, not as a series of precedents, or collection of positive precepts,

* These particulars of the Life of Rowe are taken principally from WELWOOD'S *Account* of him prefixed to the folio edition of *his translation of Lucan*, published in 1718, and from Dr. JOHNSON'S *Life of him in Vol. X.* of the edition of his works by Murphy in 796.

but as a system of rational government, and impartial justice. He had the advantage of the friendship and protection of Sir George Treby, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who was very fond of him, and had it both in his power and inclination to promote his interest. But, being left to his own direction, by the death of his father, at the age of 19, he suffered law to give way to poetry.

At the age of 25, that is in the year 1698, he is said to have produced his first Tragedy, *The Ambitious Step-Mother;* the Biographia Dramatica, however, does not state this to have been printed before 1700. The same work states, that "the design of the play seems to have "been taken from the establishing Solomon on the "*Throne of David,* by Bathsheba, Zadock the Priest, "and Nathan the Prophet. See 1 Kings, ch. 1. from "ver. 5." The author, however, in his Dedication to The Earl of Jersey, says of the fable of this play, that it "has no manner of relation to any part of true "history". In the establishing of Solomon on the Throne of David, Solomon was the rightful successor to the throne by divine appointment. The Son, the Queen, the Priest and the Prophet, therefore, are all in the right in Solomon's case. But, in The Ambitious Step-Mother, The Queen, her Son, the Statesman, and the Priest, all conspire to exclude the rightful heir. The characters, too, and the catastrophe, are all too dissimilar to allow of more than the first general resemblance of the Step-Mother endeavouring to establish her son upon the throne to the exclusion of an elder son of her husband by a former marriage. Mr. Dibdin (vol. IV. p. 295.) says, "There is an originality and a strength in the language "of this play in places that Rowe never afterwards ex-"ceeded." With this impression, and with the idea of finding the story of Solomon's accession to the throne happily dramatised, I have just read the play, but have suffered considerable disappointment, both as to the conduct of the play and the language. The scene in the second act between Memnon and Magas, is considered by some as the groundwork of that between Tamerlane

and the Dervise in our author's second play, produced in 1702, but to be the superior. The scene is certainly a good one; but, I must own, that I prefer the latter as not having more rant in it, and on account of the lesson being of a much higher nature.

The other plays of Rowe are

The Fair Penitent. T. 1703.
The Biter. C. 1705.
Ulysses. T. 1706.
The Royal Convert. T. 1708.
Jane Shore. 1713.
Lady Jane Gray. 1715.

Of Rowe's Plays Welwood remarks, that "it may "be justly said of them all, that never Poet painted "*Virtue* or *Religion* in a more charming Dress on the "stage, nor were ever Vice and Impiety better exposed "to Contempt and Hatred. There runs through every "one of them an Air of Religion and Virtue, attended "with all the Social Duties of Life, and a constant un-"tainted Love to his Country. The same Principles "of Liberty he had early imbibed himself, and seem'd "a part of his Constitution, appeared in every thing he "wrote, and he took all Occasions that fell in his Way, "to make the Stage subservient to them. His Muse was "so religiously Chast, that I do not remember one "Word in any of his Plays or Writings that might admit "but of a *double Entendre* in point of *Decency* or "*Morals*. There is nothing to be found in them to "humour the deprav'd Taste of the Age, by nibbling "at *Scripture*, or depreciating Things in themselves "*Sacred;* and it was the less wonder, that he observed "this Rule in his Dramatick Performances, since in his "ordinary Conversation, and when his Mirth and "Humour enliven'd the whole Company, he us'd to "express his Dissatisfaction, in the severest Manner, "with any thing that look'd that way. Being much "Conversant in the *Holy Scriptures*, it's observable "*that to raise the highest* Ideas of Virtue, he has with "*great Art in several* of his Tragedies made use of those "*Expressions and Metaphors* in them, that taste now "*of the Sublime.*" p. xx.

That this is true to a considerable extent, on comparing Rowe with the Dramatists of his time, and considering the notions which then prevailed of stage morality and stage piety, I am willing to admit; but I should think myself wanting in my duty not to express my sentiments of much which Rowe has written. The Dramatic Censor (vol II. p. 462.) goes so far as to say, "it is not an exaggerated compliment to say of him, as LORD LITTLETON has done of THOMPSON, that he never wrote a line which, dying, he might wish to blot." In the Notes to my Discourses on the Stage I have noticed much of the morality of some of his plays, especially The Fair Penitent and Jane Shore. On the former of these Dr. Johnson says, in his Life of Rowe, "The character of *Lothario* seems to have been expanded by Richardson into *Lovelace;* but he has excelled his original in the moral effect of the fiction. *Lothario*, with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator's kindness. It was in the power of Richardson alone to teach us at once esteem and detestation, to make virtuous resentment over-power all the benevolence which wit, elegance, and courage, naturally excite; and to lose at last the hero in the villain." p. 62.

In the Fair Penitent a great deal too much, and in too warm a manner, is said by Lothario of his passion for Calista. The same fault may be found with the scene between Jane Shore and Hastings, as it stands in the original, and also of some of the Scenes in the Ambitious Step-Mother. And, although there is a great deal in Rowe's plays which shews a considerable attachment to religion; yet there are many things said respecting it and its priests of various descriptions in so vague and unguarded a manner, as will tend to strengthen the prejudices and aversions which too many bear against religion and its priests in general. His love of liberty, too, seems sometimes to grow into turbulence and faction, and too *indiscriminate* an aversion to great men. His knowledge *of Scripture* has certainly sometimes greatly enriched his *language and figures.* Many of these passages will be *pointed out in the* Notes when they occur.

Rowe translated from the Greek the *Golden Verses of Pythagoras*, which are published in the translation of Dacier's Life of that Philosopher, 8vo. 1707. and also a translation of the first book of *Quillet's* Poem. These Dr. Johnson says "have nothing in them remarkable. "The *Golden Verses* are tedious." (p. 72) An abridgment of the Golden Verses in stanzas is to be met with in many selections and books for young persons; in this form they are less tedious and worthy of being committed to memory.

In the year 1709, Rowe published an edition of *Shakspeare's plays, in 7 volumes 8vo.*, the first regular edition which had then been published since the folios. In the Preface to this he gave such an account of his author as tradition, then almost expiring, could supply.

His attachment to poetry did not entirely unfit him for business; for, when the duke of Queensbury was made Secretary-of-state, he was his under-secretary for public affairs for three years: but, after the duke's death, the avenues to his preferment being stopped, he passed his time in retirement during the rest of Queen Anne's reign. On the accession of King George the first, in 1714, he was made poet-laureat and one of the land surveyors of the customs in the port of London. He was also clerk of the council to the prince of Wales, and the lord chancellor Parker made him his secretary for the presentations, the very day he received the seals, and without his asking it.

The last work undertaken by Rowe was a translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, which he lived to finish, but not to publish. He died the 6th of December, 1718, in the forty-fifth year of his age; and was buried the 19th of the same month in Westminster Abbey, in the aisle where many of our English Poets are interred, over against Chaucer, his body being attended by a select number of his friends, and the dean and choir officiating at the funeral. The *title page to the* folio edition of Rowe's *Lucan is dated 1718. The* Preface by Dr. Welwood is *dated Feb. 26, 1719. The* Dedication to King George

the first is by his wife. Of this work Dr. Johnson says, "The version of *Lucan* is one of the greatest productions "of English Poetry; for there is perhaps none that so "completely exhibits the genius and spirit of the original." "—The *Pharsalia* of Rowe deserves more notice than it "obtains, and as it is more read will be more esteemed." p. 72.

"As to his Person," says Dr. Welwood, "it was graceful "and well made, his Face regular and of a Manly Beauty. "As his Soul was well lodg'd, so its Rational and "Animal Faculties excell'd in a high Degree. He had "a quick and fruitful Invention, a deep Penetration, "and a large Compass of Thought, with a singular "Dexterity, and Easiness in making his Thoughts to be "understood. He was Master of most Parts of Polite "Learning, especially the Classical Authors both *Greek* "and *Latin*, understood the *French*, *Italian* and *Spanish* "languages, and spoke the first fluently, and the other "two tolerably well.

"He had likewise read most of the Greek and Roman "Histories in their Original Languages, and most that "are writ in *English*, *French*, *Italian* and *Spanish*. "He had a good Taste in Philosophy, and having a firm "Impression of Religion upon his Mind, he took great "delight in Divinity and Ecclesiastical History, in both "which he made great Advances in the times he retir'd "into the country, which were frequent. He exprest on "all Occasions his full Perswasion of the Truth of "Reveal'd Religion, and being a sincere Member of the "Establish'd Church himself, he pitied, but condemn'd "not those that dissented from it. He abhor'd the "Principle of Persecuting Men upon the Account of "their Opinions in Religion; and being strict in his own, "he took it not upon him to censure those of another "Perswasion. His Conversation was Pleasant, Witty, "and Learn'd, without the least Tincture of Affectation "or Pedantry, and his inimitable Manner of Diverting "and Enlivening the Company, made it impossible for "any one to be out of Humour when he was in it. "Envy and Detraction seem'd to be entirely Foreign to "*his Constitution*: And whatever Provocations he met

" with at any time, he passed them over without the least " Thought of Resentment or Revenge. As *Homer* had " a *Zoilus*, so *Mr. Rowe* had sometimes his: For there " were not wanting Malevolent People, and Pretenders " to Poetry too, that would now and then Bark at his " best Performances; but he was so much conscious of " his own Genius, and had so much good Nature as to " forgive them, nor could he ever be Tempted to return " them an Answer." p. xxiv.

" He dy'd like a *Christian* and a *Philosopher*, in " Charity with all Mankind, and with an absolute " Resignation to the Will of God. He kept up his good " Humour to the last, and took leave of his Wife and " Friends, immediately before his last Agony, with the " same Tranquility of Mind, and the same Indifference " for Life, as tho' he had been upon taking but a short " Journey. He was twice Married, first to a Daughter " of the Deceased Mr. *Persons*, one of the Auditors of " the Revenue, and afterwards to a daughter of Mr. " *Devenish* of a good Family in *Dorsetshire:* By the " first he had a Son, and by the second a Daughter, both " yet living." p. xxv.

Pope wrote an Epitaph upon Rowe which is not affixed to his monument, but is printed in Pope's Works.

The Tragedy of JANE SHORE, from its name, from the Dramatis Personæ, most of whom are to be found in Shakspeare's Richard the III., and from the author's professing in the Prologue, that it is taken from the Old Ballad of Jane Shore, might be supposed to be an Historical Play; but, in fact, it ought to be considered merely as a stage performance, not being conformable to historic truth, but varying widely from it. The following dates will set this matter in a clear light.

King Edward the IVth died April the 9th, 1483, in the 42d year of his age.

The Young Princes arrived in London May the 4th in the same *year*.

Anthony Earl Rivers, Lord Richard Gray and Sir Thomas Vaughan were beheaded at Pomfret June 13.

Lord Hastings was beheaded on the same day, which was the day on which the Council was held to determine on the coronation.

Richard was crowned July 6.

A proclamation was issued by Richard against Thomas Marquis of Dorset, accusing him of adultery with Jane Shore, Oct. 23. And

Jane Shore's penance was probably about the same time.

Richard the third died August 22, 1485.

Jane Shore was alive when Sir Thomas More wrote his History of Richard the IIId. in 1513.

Walpole and Granger say that she lived to the 18th of Henry the VIIIth. He came to the throne in 1509, consequently she died 1527, 44 years after the death of Lord Hastings.*

---

* There are at least three Portraits of Jane Shore extant. The first is in the Provost's lodge at Eton, of which Horace Walpole, in his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, (Vol. 1. p. 44.) observes, that it is "probably an original, as her confessor was Provost of "that College, and by her intercession recovered their lands, of "which they had been despoiled, as having owed their foundation to "Edward's competitor." From this there is a large 4to. mezzotinto print by John Faber. The print is dated 1483, in M.S. see Granger's *Biographical History of England*, Vol. 1. p. 49.

The second is in the gallery of the Provost's lodge at King's College, to which she is also considered as a benefactress from her intercession with Edward in their behalf.

The third was in the possession of the late Dr. Peckard, master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, but is not in the lodge of that College now. From the two last-mentioned pictures there are engravings by *Bartolozzi* in *Harding's Shakspeare Illustrated*. These Portraits appear to have been taken at about the age of two or three and twenty, and if that in the Provost's lodge at Eton be similar to that in the lodge at King's, and the M. S. date mentioned by Granger be a date on the picture, then she would have been born about the year 1460, and would have been 67 at the time of her death.

According to these dates, her age at the time of this play, is that of the picture, yet she says, A. I. S. II.

My form, alas! has long forgot to please; &c.

And again she says to Hastings, A. II.

Nor turn your eyes this way, where sin and misery,
Like loathsome weeds, have over-run the soil,
And the destroyer, Shame, has laid all waste.

For farther particulars of these events the reader is referred to the very ingenious and interesting *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third.* By MR. HORACE WALPOLE, the late Lord Orford. Where he will see that it is probable that the penance of Jane Shore is not to be imputed to Richard, and that there is some reason to think that Jane Shore was divorced from her husband.

In The Ballad (which is in PERCY'S *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. II.) Jane Shore is represented as having married at the instigation of her friends and contrary to her wishes; and that, on her becoming the mistress of Edward, her husband left her and died abroad. No mention is made of Hastings, nor of her having criminal intercourse with any one after the death of Edward. A Mrs. Blague is introduced, to whom she had intrusted her jewels, and who denied them to her again in her distress; she, however, denied them only from a motive of covetousness, Alicia denied them in her madness and hatred to her supposed rival. It appears therefore that, in the play, the attributing to Hastings the seduction of a woman of noble birth is the calumny of the author.* There is a character mentioned in the ballad similar to that of Belmour,

> " But yet one friend among the rest,
> " Whom I before had seen distrest,
> " And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
> " Did give me food to succour me:

---

* The Biographia Dramatica on this play says, that " the author " in the plot of it has in great measure followed the History of this " unhappy fair one, as related in a Collection of Novels in 6 vols. " 12mo." This History I have not been able to see. Only some odd volumes of these *Select Novels* by Croxall, the first four published in 1720, the last two in 1721, are in our Public Library.

If *The Life and Death of Jane Shore* which is now sold at the Ballad Shops be the same with this Novel, then the Novel very much follows the Ballad, except that Hastings is there made the Pander of Edward the IVth. in procuring him Jane Shore as a mistress, and it also represents her as becoming his mistress after the death of Edward.

" For which, by lawe, it was decreed
" That he was hanged for that deed;
" His death did grieve me so much more,
" Than had I dyed myself therefore."

Several objections have been made to different parts of this play, which I will now consider.

Mr. Cumberland, in his *Critique on Jane Shore*, says, " it is a trick beneath the dignity of tragedy, and too " infamous, too ridiculous, for a character of Alicia's " cast to change Jane Shore's petition, by a slight-of-" hand manœuvre barely passable in a comedy, and make " Shore give the Duke of Gloster the petition which she " (Alicia) had drawn up, and which the Duke ought to " have been sure was an imposition upon the petitioner, " and of course not worthy of his serious attention; " yet he does pay attention to it, and his remark upon " it is—

" Should she presume to prate of such high matters,
" The meddling harlot, dear should she abide it."

This incident appears to me to be by no means forced or ridiculous. Alicia is jealous of J. Shore, and she thinks, that, if she can remove her, she shall again possess Hastings to herself. She, therefore, writes a paper informing Gloster that J. Shore influences Hastings against his plans, and goes to court to get it conveyed secretly to him. Jane Shore also had written a petition to have her property restored to her, and goes to court to present it. Is it improbable that persons in similar circumstances and situations of life should write upon similar paper and fold them in a similar manner? J. Shore shews her petition to Alicia, and A., seeing that " their " fashions are the same," when Gloster comes in and J. Sh. asks for her paper again in a hurry, urged by the malignity and littleness of jealousy, A. gives her the accusation, and J. Sh., not suspecting her friend of treachery, delivers it. Gloster sees that there is some *deception; but*, as he thinks it must have been practised *from friendly* motives towards him, he is glad of the

intelligence and does not inquire into the means by which it came into his hands. How frequently, even in these days, do people thus act upon anonymous letters. Shakspeare in his Henry the VIIIth. has made Cardinal Wolsey send the king by mistake, instead of papers of state, an inventory of all his wealth, which led, amongst other circumstances, to his undoing. This, though not an historical truth as far as relates to Wolsey, really happened to Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham. (See Holinshead's Chronicle, Vol. II. p. 796 and 797. quoted by Mr. Steevens in Malone's Shakspeare, Vol. VII. p. 80. on Hen. VIII. A. 3. S. II.) I believe that even more extraordinary impositions have been practised on persons, and that, after a person has perused a paper which he was about to sign, a different one has been substituted in its place, and he has signed it.

A more extraordinary circumstance in the play seems to be that of Shore not being discovered by his wife through his disguise. But, when it is considered that she thought him to be in a foreign country, and could not suspect him of taking a step which evinced so much regard for her, how long it was since she had seen him, (see p. 92, Note.) and how much he was altered in that time, it may very well be admitted.*

Mr. C. says (p. xi.) "the force which Lord Hastings "attempts to put upon her in the common receiving-room "of Alicia's house, open to the whole family, and to "her in particular, is glaringly inartificial." How Mr. C. could fall into the mistake of supposing that the scene between J. Shore and Hastings, in the second act, passes in Alicia's house, I am at a loss to account for. The second scene of the first act, in all the copies I have seen, and certainly in that to which Mr. C.'s Critique is prefixed, is stated to be *An Apartment in* JANE SHORE'S *house;* and the second act, where this violence takes place, states

* In SHERLOCK'S *Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus*, there is a curious anecdote of an English lady and her brother conversing together at a house in Paris for great part of a day before she discovered who he was. See p. 90. of the edition published by the *Society for Promoting* Christian Knowledge, in 1800.

that the Scene *continues*. Before the interview between J. Shore and Hastings takes place, Alicia has left the house in anger; and the *force* used in this scene is that of endeavouring to conduct her to her chamber, Hastings might presume on her not calling out, on her being ill-attended, and on his own rank and valour if any one should attempt to interfere. Nor does the entrance of Jane Shore after Alicia is gone out appear improbable.—There is no necessity certainly for the audience to "suppose her to have been in her first sleep." Alicia had parted from her, supposing she was about to retire to her slumbers; but a variety of causes might have prevented her going to bed immediately, particularly her devotions; and one of her domestics might inform her of Lord Hastings' arrival, and she might come to him as soon as her devotions were over, or, had she been retiring to rest, as soon as she had made herself ready to go to her noble benefactor, as she supposes him to be.

Mrs. Inchbald, in her *Remarks* on this play, says, "The parting scence between her"(Alicia)"and the condemned Hastings, where he forgives her, as the cause of his immediate execution, has something more affecting than the last scene of the drama, where Shore forgives his dying wife. The husband's pardon comes, after time has softened, and penitence mitigated, his wrongs——the lover forgives a more fatal injury, and its consequences that moment impending." p. 5.

I can by no means allow the injury of being the cause of the death of another to be greater than that of a wife in being unfaithful to her husband; and there is as much to be forgiven on the part of Alicia as of Hastings. H. had betrayed and then proved false to her, and her compassing his death was accidental, not designed.* It was necessary, therefore, that they should "mutually exchange forgiveness."

* Alicia expressly declares this in her last interview with Hastings. But her speech to him when she goes out in the second act (especially *as it stands in the* original) appears evidently to imply some design *against his life.* In her speech to herself, on J. Shore shewing her *her petition*, her intention seems to be solely to bring "the wanderer" —"*to his forsaken* home again." This, perhaps, was her determination on farther reflection.

Mr. C. says, (p. x.) "Lord Hastings is described, or "rather describes himself, as a patriot, who

"Would die with pleasure for his country's good."

"But when this great virtue made so striking a part of "this self-applauding hero's character, it is a pity that "his patriotism is shaded with such despicable properties "as certainly ought not to be found in company with it. "For can any instance be given of a more debased, un- "grateful, mean, and cowardly action than his conduct "exhibits towards the generous Dumont, from whom he "had received his life, after forfeiting it by a behaviour "characteristic only of a bully and assassin? What can "be more profligate and rascally than his attack upon "Jane Shore, in the moment when she had thrown her- "self at his feet, and was pouring forth her acknow- "ledgments for the protection he had shewn her through "his interest with the Duke of Gloster? He must be a "very ingenious poet who could invent a more effectual "way of blackening the human character than by an "action of this sort. Neither can the language that this "noble patriot holds towards Alicia, (so favoured as he "has been by her) be considered as the language of a "gentleman: it is unmanly, gross, and cruel."

It may be useful here to state some particulars of the real history of Hastings:

Sir William de Hastings was the eldest son and heir to Sir Leonard who died in 1456. When Edward the IVth. ascended the throne, March 4, 1460-1, Sir Wm., for his faithful services to Richard Duke of York, was appointed Lord Chamberlain of the Household and of North Wales, and was created Baron Hastings of Ashby de la Zouch, and admitted into the order of the Garter. In 1469, he was appointed Ambassador to Lewis the XIth of France. In 1470, when, by the superior power of Henry VI. then reinforced by the levies of Richard Nevil Earl of Warwick, Edward IV. was forced to quit England and implore assistance from his brother-in-law, Charles Duke of Burgundy, the *Lord Hastings, though* husband of that Earl's sister, *attended Edward to and from* the continent, and assisted

with a considerable body of followers at the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury, fought on April 14, and May 4, 1471: but after the last of these actions, his zeal hurried him on to be accessary to the death of Prince Edward, son of Henry VI. taken prisoner in that battle; and thereby stained his reputation which was otherwise truly respectable. In that year he was made Captain of Calais and its dependencies. When Edward the Vth on the death of his father succeeded to the throne, Lord Hastings, not suspecting the views of the Duke of Gloster, was very active in advancing him to the chief administration, as protector to the young Edward; but disapproving the reports spread to the prejudice of the infant King and his brother, the Duke of Gloster, dreading the abilities and virtues of Lord Hastings, ordered him to be executed on a charge of treason. His corpse was interred in St. George's chapel at Windsor. He married Catharine, widow of William Lord Bonville and Harrington, and daughter of Richard Nevil Earl of Salisbury, and father of Richard Earl of Warwick before-mentioned, and by that lady, who died 1504, he had four sons and one daughter.—*See Collins's Peerage. 4th Edn. Vol. III. p.* 8.

From this account it appears, that Lord Hastings was a married man with a family; and Horace Walpole doubts his having been connected with Jane Shore, from the circumstance of the Marquis Dorset having been the person accused of practising witchcraft with her, as appears from Richard's Proclamation against him, and not Lord Hastings. We must consider Hastings, therefore, in Rowe's play as the Creature of the poet, and I fear, however profligate and contemptible the character may be in many respects, it is not out of nature to draw one, possessing a great deal of what is commonly called patriotism, and much personal courage, yet possessing great depravity and meanness; and the lesson to be derived from the lives and the ends of these characters is an excellent warning against illicit love.

Dr. Johnson says of Alicia, that she "is a character "of empty noise, with no resemblance to real sorrow or

" to natural madness." (Life of Rowe, p. 71.) *Dr. Warton*, on the other hand, in his *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, having noticed some of the beauties in the dying scene of Jane Shore in the fifth act, adds, " The inter- " view betwixt Jane Shore and Alicia, in the middle of " this act, is also very affecting; where the madness of " Alicia is well painted." (3d Edn. Vol. I. p. 283.) Mrs. Inchbald attempts to reconcile these seemingly opposite opinions of great critics, by supposing that they " spoke as spectators, not as readers: and the one had " seen a good, and the other a bad actress, perform the " part." (p. 4.) This, I think, very probably, may have been the case. Mrs. Siddons, certainly, after having repeatedly acted the character of Jane Shore with applause, undertook that of Alicia, as one written with great strength, and suited to her highest powers. In this edition the violence of Alicia is in some degree lowered.

Dr. Warton, in the Essay just quoted, speaking of Rowe and this play, says, that it is " the most interesting " and affecting of any he has given us: but probability is " sadly violated in it by the neglect of the unity of time. " For a person to be supposed to be starved, during the " representation of five acts, is a striking instance of the " absurdity of this violation." (p. 281.) And Dr. Johnson says, that " In the construction of his dramas, " there is not much art; he is not a nice observer of the " Unities. He extends time and varies places as his " convenience requires. To vary the place, is not, in " my opinion, any violation of Nature, if the change be " made between the acts; for it is no less easy for the " spectator to suppose himself at Athens in the second " act, than at Thebes in the first: but to change the " scene, as is done by Rowe, in the middle of an act, is " to add more acts to the play, since an act is so much " of the business as is transacted without interruption." (p. 71.)

That it is desirable to observe the Unities, where it can be done without sacrificing greater advantages, I readily allow; and if a Drama should be so constructed, that no more *time should be* supposed to elapse than that

599419 A

of the representation, that the scene should never change, nor the action be interrupted by breaks, called acts, and that all the incidents and all the exits and entrances should appear natural, it would be a finished picture. On the ancient stage, where there was no change of scene, this was in a great degree necessary. But, with us, the case is different. Our Dramas are not the exhibition of a single picture, but of a series of pictures. An act, strictly speaking, is certainly "so much of the business as is transacted without interruption." But the custom of our theatre is to divide the play into such portions, with such intervals between, as may give both the audience and the performers time to rest, and to make such arrangements as may be necessary. It does not appear material, therefore, whether these changes are immediately from one to another, or with an interval between, the mind turns from one scene to another, as it does from one picture to another in the same room where a series are exhibited. Where any interval of time is supposed to elapse, the mind most readily admits it at that point where there was an interval in the action. The time which passes in the play of Jane Shore is five days, three of which pass between the fourth and fifth acts. The play opens on the day before The Council; Jane Shore and Hastings are sentenced on that day, which is in the fourth act; and, in the fifth act, it appears that Jane Shore has been three days wandering about without food. As far as my own imagination is concerned, I must acknowledge, that, provided the performer looks and speaks as if she were perishing from hunger, I can just as well admit that it is the same person I saw at the beginning of the play, and in the fourth act, as that she is Jane Shore.

Of the catastrophe Mr. Cumberland says, that, "though simple and affecting," it "is meagre, languid, "and palpably but little calculated for stage effect." (p. xii.) Against this decision I will merely appeal to *those who* have read the play, and to those who *have seen it* performed; not merely to those who *have seen it* played by the exquisite powers of Mrs. *Siddons and* other celebrated actresses, but to those

o have seen it moderately performed by a country npany.

The author of this play professes in his Prologue and o in the title page to the first edition, that it is Written in imitation of Shakespear's style." On this . Johnson observes, " In what he thought himself an imitator of Shakspeare, it is not easy to conceive. The numbers, the diction, the sentiments, and the conduct, every thing in which imitation can consist, are remote in the utmost degree from the manner of Shakspeare; whose dramas it resembles only as it is an English story, and as some of the persons have their names in history." p. 64.

The author of the Biographia Dramatica says, " Pope in his *Art of sinking in Poetry*, which was published after the death of Rowe, has the following observation. I have seen a play professedly writ in the style of Shakspeare, wherein the resemblance lay in one single line,

" And so good morrow *t'ye*, good master lieutenant."

" The satirist, however, was mistaken. The line is not in *Jane Shore*, hut in *Jane Gray*, which professes no imitation of Shakspeare; nor is the quotation a fair one, being interpolated to render it ridiculous.

" And so good morning, good master lieutenant,"

is the verse as printed by Rowe." Vol. II. p. 162.

On this I think it may be said, that, before Rowe oduced this play, he had been much conversant with akspeare, in editing his works, and had, no doubt, bibed a good deal of his phraseology, which he occa- nally introduced into his play. Conscious of this, might be fearful of being charged with plagiarism; and, erefore, to anticipate the objection, produced it as an owed imitation. That he has imitated and adopted veral things in this way I have shewn in my notes; other ssages I could have added, but that I was fearful of ing *thought fanciful*, and there are yet other passages *ich strike me generally* as being similar to something *which I have a remote* recollection in Shakspeare, but *sufficient to* enable me to turn to the passages.

On the whole, putting History aside from the subject, I consider The Tragedy of Jane Shore as a play of great merit and of great interest; as exhibiting some strength and great beauty of language, as affording many passages of piety and instruction, and as conveying a general useful lesson of the evils of adultery, but at the same time an interesting example of penitence, and also of the baneful consequences of unlawful passion and unseasonable jealousy and revenge. The forgiveness of the husband and the fidelity of the servant are pleasing and useful exhibitions.

The copy from which this play is printed is one Printed for W. Lowndes, &c. in 1791. I have compared it with the quarto which bears no date in the title-page, but there is an advertisement at the end bearing date Jan. 28, 1713-14. From this I have been enabled to make several corrections.

The alterations I have made are not such as, in my estimation, at all to affect the spirit and interest of the play, but merely to correct some improprieties and false sentiments.

The Notes are rather numerous, yet not such as will, I trust, be thought needless or uninteresting. The illustrations from the Bible and from Shakspeare will shew at what sources our author drank.

Clare Hall, August 3, 1811.

THE AUTHOR's DEDICATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE

DUKE of QUEENSBERRY and DOVER,

MARQUIS of BEVERLEY, &c.

MY LORD,

I have long lain under the greatest obligations to your Grace's family, and nothing has been more in my wishes, than that I might be able to discharge some part, at least, of so large a debt. But your noble birth and fortune, the power, number, and goodness of those friends you have already, have placed you in such an independency on the rest of the world, that the services I am able to render to your Grace, can never be advantageous, I am sure not necessary, to you in any part of your life. However, the next piece of gratitude, and the only one I am capable of, is the acknowledgment of what I owe: and as this is the most public, and indeed the only way I have of doing it, your Grace will pardon me, if I take this opportunity, to let the world know the duty and honour I had for your illustrious father. It is, I must confess, a very tender point to touch upon; and at the first sight, may seem an ill-chosen compliment, to renew the memory of such a loss, especially to a disposition so sweet and gentle, and to a heart so sensible of filial piety, as your Grace's has been, even from your earliest childhood. But perhaps, this is one of those griefs, by which the heart may be made better; and if the remembrance of his death bring heaviness along with it, the honour that is paid to his memory by all good men, shall wipe away those tears, and the example of his life, set before your eyes, shall be of the greatest advantage to your Grace, in the conduct and future disposition of your own.

In a character so amiable as that of the duke of Queensberry was, there can be no part so proper to begin with, as that which was in him, and is in all good men, the foundation of all other virtues, either religious or civil, I mean good nature: Good-nature, which is friendship between man and man, good breeding in courts, charity in religion, and the true spring of all beneficence in general. This was a quality he possessed in as great a measure as any gentleman I ever had the honour to know. It was this natural sweetness of temper which made him the best man in the world to live with, in any kind of relation. It was this made him a good master to his servants, a good friend to his friends, and the tenderest father to his children. For the last, I can have no better voucher than your Grace; and for the rest, I may appeal to all that have had the honour to know him. There was a spirit and pleasure in his conversation, which always enlivened the company he was in; which, together with a certain easiness and frankness in his disposition, that did not at all derogate from the dignity of his birth and character, rendered him infinitely agreeable. And as no man had a more delicate taste of natural wit, his conversation always abounded in good-humour.

For those parts of his character which related to the public, as he was a nobleman of the first rank, and a minister of state, they will be best known by the great employments he passed through; all which he discharged worthily as to himself, justly to the princes who employed him, and advantageously for his country. There is no occasion to enumerate his several employments, as secretary of state for Scotland in particular, for Britain in general, or lord high commissioner of Scotland; which last office he bore more than once; but at no time more honourably, and (as I hope) more happily, both for the present age, and for posterity, than when he laid the foundation for the British Union. The constancy and address which he manifested on that occasion, are still fresh in every body's memory; and perhaps when our children shall reap those benefits from that work, which some people do not foresee and hope for now, they may

remember the duke of Queensberry with that gratitude, which such a piece of service done to his country deserves.

He shewed, upon all occasions, a strict and immediate attachment to the crown, in the legal service of which, no man could exert himself more dutifully nor more strenuously: and, at the same time, no man gave more bold and more generous evidences of the love he bore to his country. Of the latter, there can be no better proof than the share he had in the late happy Revolution; nor of the former, than that dutiful respect, and unshaken fidelity, which he preserved for her present majesty, even to his last moments.

With so many good and great qualities, it is not at all strange that he possessed so large a share, as he was known to have, in the esteem of the queen, and her immediate predecessor; nor that those great princes should repose the highest confidence in him: and, at the same time, what a pattern has he left behind him for the nobility in general, and for your Grace in particular, to copy after!

Your Grace will forgive me, if my zeal for your welfare and honour (which nobody has more at heart than myself) shall press you with some more than ordinary warmth to the imitation of your noble father's virtues. You have, my Lord, many great advantages, which may encourage you to go on in pursuit of this reputation: It has pleased God to give you naturally that sweetness of temper, which, as I have before hinted, is the foundation of all good inclinations. You have the honour to be born, not only of the greatest, but of the best parents; of a gentleman generally beloved, and generally lamented; and of a lady adorned with all the virtues that enter into the character of a good wife, an admirable friend, and a most indulgent mother. The natural advantages of your mind have been cultivated by the most proper arts and manners of education. You have the care of many noble friends, and especially of an excellent uncle, to watch over you in the tenderness of your youth. You set out amongst the first of mankind, and I doubt not but your virtues will be equal to the dignity of your rank.

That I may live to see your Grace eminent for the l of your country, for your service and duty to yo prince, and, in convenient time, adorned with all honours that have ever been conferred upon your no family: that you may be distinguish'd to posterity, the bravest, greatest, and the best man of the age y live in, is the hearty wish and prayer of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient, and most faithful, humble servant,

N. ROWE.

PROLOGUE.

To night, if you have brought your good old taste,
We'll treat you with a downright *English* feast,
A tale, which told long since in homely wise,
Hath never fail'd of melting gentle eyes.
Let no nice *Sir* despise our hapless dame,
Because recording ballads chaunt her name;
Those venerable ancient song-inditers
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:
They told their tale in no romantic ditty,
Sighing for *Phillis's* or *Chloe's* pity.
Justly they drew the fair, and spoke her plain,
And sung her by her christian name——'twas *Jane.*
Our numbers may be more refin'd than those,
But what we've gain'd in verse, we've lost in prose.
Their words no shuffling, double meaning knew,
Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true.
In such an age, immortal *Shakspeare* wrote,
By no quaint rules, nor hampering critics taught:
With rough majestic force he mov'd the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for art.
Our humble author does his steps pursue,
He owns he had the mighty bard in view;
And in these scenes has made it more his care
To rouse the passions, than to charm the ear.
Yet for those gentle *Beaux* who love the chime,
The ends of acts still gingle into rhime.
The *ladies*, too, he hopes will not complain,
Here are some subjects for a softer strain,
A nymph forsaken, and a perjur'd swain.
What most he fears, is, lest the dames should frown,
The dames of wit and pleasure about town,
To see our picture drawn, unlike their own.
He bid me say in our *Jane Shore's* defence,
She dol'd about the charitable pence,
And in sincere repentance died long since.
For her example, whatso'er we make it,
They have their choice to let alone, or take it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Richard Duke of Gloster.
William Lord Hastings.
Earl of Derby.*
Sir William Catesby.
Sir Richard Ratcliffe.
William Shore,† under the assumed name of Dumont.
Belmour.
Servant to Jane Shore.
Servant to Alicia.

WOMEN.

Jane Shore.
Alicia.
Two servants attending on Alicia.

Several Lords of the Council, Guards, and Attenda

Scene, *London.*

Time, five days.

* The Earl of Derby appears only at the Council in the fi act, and speaks but twice. Henry Duke of Buckingham and John Morton Bishop of Ely are likewise introduced there b not speak.

† He is called in the ballad *Matthew* Shore, but in a lett Richard's extant in the British Museum he is called William Walpole, p. 118.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

JANE SHORE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Tower.*

Enter the Duke of GLOSTER, *Sir Richard* RATCLIFFE, *and Sir William* CATESBY.

Glos. Thus far success attends upon our counsels,
And each event has answer'd to my wish;
The Queen and all her upstart race are quell'd;
Dorset is banish'd, and her brother Rivers
Ere this lies shorter by the head at Pomfret.
The nobles have, with joint concurrence, nam'd me
Protector of the realm: My brother's children,
Young Edward and the little York, are lodg'd
Here, safe within the tower.* How say, you, Sirs,
Does not this business wear a lucky face?
The sceptre and the golden wreath of royalty
Seem hung within my reach.

Ratc. Then take them to you,
And wear them long and worthily; you are
The last remaining male of princely York,
(For Edward's boys, the state esteems not of them,)
And therefore on your sov'reignty and rule
The common-weal does her dependance make,
And leans upon your highness' able hand.

---

* The reader is desired to compare these facts with the dates in the *Preface, p. 91.*

Cate. And yet to-morrow does the council meet
To fix a day for Edward's coronation.
Who can expound this riddle?
Glos. That can I.
Those Lords are each one my approv'd good friends,
Of special trust and nearness to my bosom;
And howsoever busy they may seem,
And diligent to bustle in the state,
Their zeal goes on no further than we lead,
And at our bidding stays.
Cate. Yet there is one,
And he amongst the foremost in his pow'r,
Of whom I wish your highness were assur'd:
For me, perhaps it is my nature's fault,
I own I doubt of his inclining much.
Glos. I guess the man at whom your words would point:
Hastings——
Cate. The same.
Glos. He bears me great good will.
Cate. 'Tis true, to you, as to the Lord Protector,
And Gloster's Duke, he bows with lowly service;
But were he bid to cry, *God save King Richard,*
Then, tell me, in what terms he would reply.
Believe me, I have prov'd the man, and found him.
I know he bears a most religious* rev'rence
To his dead master Edward's royal memory.
And whither that may lead him, is most plain.
Yet more——One of that stubborn sort he is,
Who, if they once grow fond of an opinion,
They call it honour, honesty, and faith,
And sooner part with life than let it go.
Glos. And yet this tough impracticable heart
Is govern'd by a dainty-finger'd girl;
Such flaws are found in natures else most worthy;
A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimp'ring she,
Shall make him amble on a gossip's message,
And take the distaff with a hand as patient
As e'er did Hercules.

* *Religious*, in this place, means "so strong as if it were matter "*of religion.*"

Ratc. The fair Alicia,
Of noble birth and exquisite of feature,
Has held him long a vassal to her beauty.
Cate. I fear, he fails in his allegiance there,
Or my intelligence is false; or else,
Fickle, he now deserts his forward dame,
And whom he lov'd he loaths.
Glos. No more, he comes.

Enter Lord HASTINGS.*

Hast. Health and the happiness of many days
Attend upon your Grace.
Glos. My good Lord Chamberlain!
We're much beholden to your gentle friendship.
Hast. My Lord, I come an humble suitor to you.
Glos. In right good time; speak out your pleasure freely.
Hast. I am to move your highness in behalf
Of Shore's unhappy wife——
Glos. Say you, of Shore?
Hast. Once a bright star that held her place on high.
The first and fairest of our English Dames,
While royal Edward held the sov'reign rule.
Now sunk in grief, and pining with despair,
Her waning form no longer shall incite
Envy in woman, or desire in man.
She never sees the sun, but thro' her tears,
And wakes to sigh the live-long night away.
Glos. The times in sooth† are badly chang'd with her
From Edward's days to these. Then all was jollity,
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
Piping and playing, minstrelsy and masking;
Till life fled from us like an idle dream,
A shew of mummery without a meaning.
My brother, rest and pardon to his soul,
Is gone to his account: For this his minion,

* For some account of Lord Hastings see Preface, p. 97.

† The original reads

Marry! the times are badly chang'd with her.

This exclamation is frequently used by Shakspeare, but I do not find any Note upon it by the Commentators. I have no doubt that its original meaning is to swear by *Mary*, that is the *Virgin Mary*. *I have, therefore, judged it best to alter it.*

The revel-rout is done——But you were speaking
Concerning her——I have been told that you
Are frequent in your visitation to her.

Hast. No farther, my good Lord, than friendly pity
And tender-hearted charity allow.

Glos. Go to: I did not mean to chide you for it,
For, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you
To cherish the distress'd——On with your tale.

Hast. Thus it is, gracious Sir, that certain officers
Using the warrant of your mighty name,
With insolence unjust, and lawless power,
Have seiz'd upon the lands, which late she held
By grant from her great master Edward's bounty.

Glos. Somewhat of this, but slightly, have I heard,
And tho' some counsellors of forward zeal,
Some of most ceremonious sanctity,
And bearded wisdom, often have provok'd
The hand of justice to fall heavy on her;
Yet still, in kind compassion of her weakness,
And tender memory of Edward's love,
I have withheld the merciless stern law
From doing outrage on her helpless beauty.

Hast. Good Heav'n who renders mercy back for mercy
With open-handed bounty shall repay you:
And may this gentle deed be foremost set,
When judgment would on human frailties pass.

Glos. Thus far, the voice of pity pleaded only;
Our farther and more full extent of grace
Is giv'n to your request. Let her attend,
And to ourself deliver up her griefs.
She shall be heard with patience, and each wrong
At full redress'd. But I have other news
Which much import us both, for still my fortunes
Go hand-in-hand with yours: Our common foes,
The Queen's relations, our new-fangled gentry,
Have fall'n their haughty crests—that for your privacy.

[*Exeun*

SCENE II. *An Apartment* in Jane Shore's Hous

Enter BELMOUR *and* DUMONT.

Bel. How she has liv'd you've heard my tale alr

The rest your own attendance in her family,
Where I have found the means this day to place you,
And nearer observation best will tell you.
See, with what sad and sober cheer she comes.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Sure, or I read her visage much amiss,
Or grief besets her hard. Save you, fair Lady,
The blessings of the cheerful morn be on you,
And greet your beauty with its opening sweets.

J. Sho. My gentle neighbour! your good wishes still
Pursue my hapless fortunes: ah! good Belmour!
How few, like thee, enquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity?
Like thee reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread, to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix their pitying tears with those that weep?*
Thy praise deserves a better tongue than mine
To speak and bless thy name. Is this the gentleman,
Whose friendly service you commended to me?

Bel. Madam! It is.

J. Sho. A venerable aspect! [*Aside.*
Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks;
He wears the marks of many years well-spent,
Of virtue, truth well-tryed, and wise experience;

---

* This and several other passages in this play shew the author's mind to have been very strongly imbued with scripture. Such as occur to the editor shall be noticed:

Job says of himself, (XXIX. 16.) "I was a father to the poor, and "the cause that I knew not I searched out."

Eliphaz says to Job, (XXII.) "Thou hast"—"stripped the naked "of their clothing. Thou hast not given water to the weary to "drink, and thou hast with-holden bread from the hungry."—"Thou "hast sent widows away empty, and the arms of the fatherless have "been broken. Therefore."—"abundance of waters cover thee." —(v. 6, 7, 9, 10, 11.) Again, (Isaiah LVIII.) "Is not this the fast "that I have chosen?"—"is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, "and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when "thou seest the naked, that thou cover him"?. (v. 6, 7. see also Matt. XXV. 35—45. James II. 15, 16.) And again, (Rom. XII. 15.) "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Reference will be again made to these passages of scripture in the *subsequent pages.*

A friend like this, would suit my sorrows well.
The world* I fear me, Sir, has meant you ill,
[*To Dumont.*
Paying your merit with that scanty pittance,
Which my poor hand and humble roof can give.
But to supply those golden 'vantages,
Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet
A just regard and value for your worth,
The welcome of a friend and the free partnership
Of all that little good the world allows me.

Dum. Praise not the worth untried, for all my answer
Must be my future truth; let that speak for me,
And make up my deserving.

J. Sho. Are you of England?

Dum. To Flanders, gracious lady, I belong;
At Antwerp city has my biding been,
Where sometimes I have known more plenteous days,
Than those which now my failing age affords.

J. Sho. Alas! at Antwerp!——Oh forgive my tears!
[*Weeping*
They fall for my offences——and must fall
Long, long, nor can they wash my stains away.
You knew perhaps—oh grief! oh shame!—my husband

Dum. I knew him well—but he's no longer there.

J. Sho. Yet tell me if he live: oh! tell me all.

Dum. Whither he went he told not to his friends;
But that he lives I have no cause to doubt.
But, my good lady stay this flood of anguish,
Repentant, you have turn'd from former courses,
Gather up now your strength and live to virtue.

J. Sho. Oh! that my soul had known no joy but his
That I had liv'd within his guiltless arms,

---

* The original is

Fortune, I fear me, Sir, has meant you ill.

For my sentiments on this use of *Fortune* I refer the reader to my *Discourses on the Stage*, p. 27. and to the Notes, p. 136. I am surprised, however, at Rowe's having used it in this manner, as his own translation of The Golden verses of Pythagoras might have taught him better.

Of all those sorrows that attend mankind
With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it *Chance*, nor murmur at the load;
For know what man calls Fortune is from GOD.

Dying we'd slept in innocence together!
Now will his honest dust abhor the fellowship,
And scorn to mix with mine.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. The lady Alicia
Attends your leisure.

J. Sho. Say I wish to see her. [*Exit Servant.*
Please, gentle Sir, one moment to retire,
I'll wait you on the instant, and inform you
Of each unhappy circumstance, in which
Your friendly aid and counsel much may stead* me.

[*Exeunt Belmour and Dumont.*

Enter ALICIA.

Alic. Still, my fair friend, still shall I find you thus?
Still shall these sighs heave after one another,
These trickling drops chase one another still,†
As if the posting messengers of grief
Could overtake the hours fled far away,
And make old Time‡ come back?

J. Sho. No, my Alicia,
All-righteous Heav'n be witness to my thoughts,
There is no hour of all my life o'er past,
That I could wish should take its turn again.

Alic. And yet some of those days my friend has known,
Some of those years might pass for golden ones,
At least, if womankind can judge of happiness.
What could we wish, we who delight in empire,
Whose beauty is our sov'reign good, and gives
Our reasons to rebel, and pow'r to reign,

---

* *Support, assist* me. So in Measure for Measure, A. I. S. v.
Can you so *stead me*—?
And, again, in The Taming of the Shrew. A. I. S. II.
You are the man
Must *stead* us all.

† The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase. *As You Like It.* A. II. S. I.

‡ And when *Old Time* shall lead him to his end.
Henry the VIIIth. A. II. S. I.

What could we more than to behold a Monarch,
Lovely, renown'd, a conqueror, and young,
Bound in our chains, and sighing at our feet?

J. Sho. 'Tis true, the royal Edward was a wonder,
The goodly pride of all our English youth;
He was the very joy of all that saw him,
Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade.
But what had I to do with Kings and Courts?
My humble lot had cast me far beneath him;
And that he was the first of all mankind,
The bravest and most lovely, was my curse.

Alic. Where could his greatness, and his gracious form,
Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the sweetness
And beauty of my friend.

J. Sho. Name him no more:
He was the bane and ruin of my peace.
This anguish and these tears, these are the legacies
His fatal love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
Believe me, my Alicia, thou wilt see me,
Ere yet a few short days pass o'er my head,
Abandon'd to the very utmost wretchedness.
The hand of pow'r has seiz'd almost the whole
Of what was left for needy life's support;
Shortly thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling
Before thy charitable door for bread.

Alic. Joy of my life, my dearest Shore, forbear
To wound my heart with thy foreboding sorrows.
Raise thy sad soul to better hopes than these;
Lift up thy eyes, and let them shine once more,
Bright as the morning sun above the mists.
Exert thy charms, seek out the stern protector,
And sooth his savage temper with thy beauty:
Spite of his deadly unrelenting nature,
He shall be mov'd to pity and redress thee.

J. Sho. My form, alas! has long forgot to please;
The scene of beauty and delight is chang'd,
No roses bloom upon my fading cheek;
But haggard grief, lean-looking sallow care,
And pining discontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.

One only shadow of a hope is left me:
The noble-minded Hastings, of his goodness,
Has kindly underta'en to be my advocate,
And move my humble suit to angry Gloster.
Alic. Does Hastings undertake to plead your cause?
But wherefore should he not? Hastings has eyes;
The gentle Lord has a right tender heart,
Melting and easy, yielding to impression,
And catching the soft flame from each new beauty;
But yours shall charm him long.
J. Sho. Away, you flatterer!
Nor charge his gen'rous meaning with a weakness,
Which his great soul and virtue must disdain.
Too much of love thy hapless friend has prov'd,
Too many giddy foolish hours are gone,
And in fantastic measures danc'd away;
May the remaining few know only friendship.
So thou, my dearest, truest, best Alicia,
Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle heart,
A partner there, I will give up mankind,
Forget the transports of increasing passion,
And all the pangs we feel for its decay.
Alic. Live! live and reign for ever in my bosom;
[*Embracing.*
Safe and unrivall'd there possess thy own!
Accept my truth, accept my holy friendship,
Which here to thee, my other self, I vow.
If I not hold thee nearer to my soul
Than ev'ry other joy the world can give,
May poverty, deformity and shame,
Distraction and despair seize me on earth,
Nor may my faithless soul have peace hereafter,
Nor taste the bliss intended for the faithful.
J. Sho. Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true;
Therefore these jewels, once the lavish bounty
Of royal Edward's love, I trust to thee;
[*Giving a casket.*
Receive this, all that I can call my own,
And let it rest unknown and safe with thee:
That if *the state's injustice* should oppress me,

Strip me of all, and turn me out a wanderer,
My wretchedness may find relief from thee,
And shelter from the storm.

Alic. My all is thine;
One common hazard shall attend us both,
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
But let thy fearful doubting heart be still,
Heav'n and his Angels have thee in their charge,
And all things shall be well. Think not, the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the pris'ner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,*
Shall cry to Heav'n, and pull a blessing on thee;†
Ev'n man, the merciless insulter man,
Man, who rejoices in our sex's weakness,
Shall pity thee, and with unwonted goodness,
Forget thy failings and record thy praise.

J. Sho. Why should I think that man will do for me,
What yet he never did for wretches like me?
Mark by what partial justice we are judg'd;
Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse intail'd upon our kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestion'd through the wilds of love;
While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,

---

* See before, p. 113.

† To *pull* down *a blessing* is an unusual phrase. Perhaps the author had in mind the circumstance of Jacob *wrestling* for *a blessing*, (Genesis xxxii.) and also the following words in Matt. xi. 12. "the "kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by "force." See also Luke xi. 8. and xviii. 5, 7.

Jane Shore's bounty and charities are mentioned both by Sir T. More, and in the Old Ballad: in the latter it is said,

But yet a gentle mind I bore
To helplesse people, that were poore;
I still redrest the orphans crye,
And sav'd their lives condemn'd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
I succour'd babes of tender years;
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thanks for all my paine.

If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray;
Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame.
In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,
In vain look back on what she was before,
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter ALICIA, *speaking to* JANE SHORE *as entering.*

Alic. No farther, gentle friend; may angels guard you,*
And spread their gracious wings about your slumbers.
The drowsy night grows on the world, and now
The busy craftsman and o'er-labour'd hind,
Forget the travail of the day in sleep:†
Care only wakes, and moping pensiveness;
With meagre discontented looks they sit,
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.
Such vigils must I keep; so wakes my soul,
Restless and self-tormented. Oh! false Hastings!
Thou hast destroy'd my peace. [*Knocking without.*
What noise is that?
What visitor is this, who, with bold freedom,
Breaks in upon the peaceful night and rest,
With such a rude approach?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. One from the court,
Lord Hastings (as I think) demands my Lady. [him
Alic. Hastings! Be still, my heart, and try to meet
With his own arts; with falsehood—But he comes.

---

* Good angels tend thee! Richard III. A. IV. S. I.

† Man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Cymbeline. A. II. S. II.
"This sore *travail* hath God given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith." Eccles. i. 13.

Enter LORD HASTINGS. *Speaks to a servant as entering.*

Hast. Dismiss my train, and wait alone without.
Alicia here! unfortunate encounter!
But, be it as it may. *(Aside.)*

Alic. When, humbly, thus,
The great descend to visit the afflicted,
When, thus, unmindful of their rest, they come
To sooth the sorrows of the midnight mourner,
Comfort comes with them; like the golden sun,
Dispels the sullen shades with her sweet influence,
And chears the melancholy house of care.*

Hast. 'Tis true, I would not over-rate a courtesy,
Nor let the coldness of delay hang on it
To nip and blast its favour, like a frost;
But rather chose, at this late hour, to come,
That your fair friend may know I have prevail'd;
The Lord Protector has receiv'd her suit,
And means to shew her grace.

Alic. My friend! my Lord.

Hast. Yes, Lady, yours: None has a right more ample
To task† my pow'r than you.

Alic. I want the words,
To pay you back a compliment so courtly;
But my heart guesses at the friendly meaning,
And wo'not die your debtor.‡

Hast. 'Tis well, Madam.
But I would see your friend.

Alic. Oh! thou false Lord!
I would be mistress of my heaving heart,
Stifle this rising rage, and learn from thee
To dress my face in easy dull indifference:
But 'two'not be; my wrongs will tear their way,
And rush at once upon thee.

---

* "It is better to go to *the house of mourning*, than to go to the "house of feasting." Eccles. vii. 2.

† Therefore, let every man now *task* his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
Henry Vth. A. I. S. II.

‡ Fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to *die* well and not my master's *debtor*.
As You Like It. See before, p. 23. Note.

Hast. Are you wise?
Have you the use of reason? Do you wake?
What means this raving? this transporting passion?
Alic. O thou cool traitor! thou insulting tyrant!
Dost thou behold my poor distracted heart,
Thus rent with agonizing love and rage,
And ask me what it means? Art thou not false?
Am I not scorn'd, forsaken and abandon'd,
Left, like a common wretch, to shame and infamy,
Giv'n up to be the sport of villains' tongues,
Of laughing parasites, and loose buffoons;
And all because my soul has doated on thee
With love, with truth, and tenderness unutterable?
Hast. Are these the proofs of tenderness and love?
These endless quarrels, discontents, and jealousies,
These never-ceasing wailings and complainings,
These furious starts, these whirlwinds of the soul,
Which ev'ry-other moment rise to madness?
Alic. What proof, alas! have I not giv'n of love?
What have I not abandon'd to thy arms?
Have I not set at nought my noble birth,
A spotless fame, and an unblemish'd race,
The peace of innocence, and pride of virtue?
My prodigality has giv'n thee all;
And now I've nothing left me to bestow,
You hate the wretched bankrupt you have made.
Hast. Why am I thus pursu'd from place to place,
Kept in the view, and cross'd at ev'ry turn?
In vain I fly, and like a hunted deer,
Scud o'er the lawns, and hasten to the covert;
Ere I can reach my safety, you o'ertake me
With the swift malice of some keen reproach,
And drive the winged shaft deep in my heart.
Alic. Hither you fly, and here you seek repose;—
Spite of the poor deceit, your arts are known,
Your pious, charitable, midnight visits.
Hast. If you are wise, and prize your peace of mind,
Yet take the friendly counsel of my love;
Believe me true, nor listen to your jealousy.
Let not that monster, which undoes your sex,
That baneful curiosity seduce you,

To hunt for needless secrets, which, neglected,
Shall never hurt your quiet; but, once known,
Shall sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
And banish the sweet sleep for ever from you.
Go to——be yet advis'd———

Alic. Dost thou in scorn
Preach patience to my rage? And bid me tamely
Sit like a poor contented idiot down,
Nor dare to think thou'st wrong'd me?—
Have I the least remaining cause to doubt?
Hast thou endeavour'd once to hide thy falsehood?
To hide it, might have spoke some little tenderness,
And shewn thee half unwilling to undo me:
But thou disdain'st the weakness of humanity.
Thy words, and all thy actions, have confess'd it;
Ev'n now thy eyes avow it, now they speak,
And insolently own the glorious villany. [chains.

Hast. Well then, I own my heart has broke your
Patient I bore the painful bondage long,
At length my gen'rous love disdains your tyranny;
The bitterness and stings of taunting jealousy,
Vexatious days, and jarring, joyless nights,
Have driv'n him forth to seek some safer shelter,
Where he may rest his weary wings in peace.

Alic. You triumph! do! and with gigantic pride,
Defy impending vengeance. Does Heav'n wink?
His justice visits the false sons of men,
And perjury, like thine, will meet its doom.

Hast. Whatever may befall in time to come,
I would avoid the storm which threatens now.
Let any other kind of plague o'ertake me,
So I escape the fury of that tongue. [Lord,

Alic. Thou hast thy wish—I go—but know, proud
Howe'er thou scorn'st the weakness of my sex,
This feeble hand may find the means to reach thee.
Howe'er sublime in pow'r and greatness plac'd,
With royal favour guarded round and grac'd;
On eagles' wings* my rage shall urge her flight,
And hurl thee headlong from thy topmost height. [*Exit.*

* "*How I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself.*" *Exod.* xix. 4. See also Isaiah xl. 31.

Hast. How fierce a fiend is passion? With what wild-
What tyranny, it reigns in feebler natures! [ness,
Among the sex there are, whose yielding temper
Gives way to ev'ry appetite alike;
'Each gust of inclination, uncontroul'd,
'Sweeps thro' their souls, and sets them in an uproar;
'Each motion of the heart rises to fury,'
And love in their weak bosoms is a rage
As terrible as hate, and as destructive.
'So the wind roars o'er the wide fenceless ocean,
'And heaves the billows of the boiling deep;
'Alike from north, from south, from east, from west,
'With equal force the tempest blows by turns
'From ev'ry corner of the seaman's compass.'*
But, soft ye, now,——for here comes one disclaims
Strife and her wrangling train; of equal elements,
Without one jarring atom was she form'd,
And gentleness and joy make up her being.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Forgive me, fair one, if officious friendship
Intrudes on your repose, and comes thus late,
To greet you with the tidings of success.
The princely Gloster has vouchsaf'd you hearing,
To-morrow he expects you at the court;
There plead your cause with never-failing beauty,
Speak all your griefs, and find a full redress.

J. Sho. Thus humbly let your lowly servant bend;
[*Kneeling.*
Thus let me bow my grateful knee to earth,
And bless your noble nature for this goodness.

Hast. Rise, gentle dame, you wrong my meaning much,
Think me not guilty of a thought so vain,
To sell my courtesy for thanks like these.

J. Sho. 'Tis true, your bounty is beyond my speaking:
But tho' my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you;

---

* And the very ports they blow
All *the quarters that they know*
I' the shipman's card. Macbeth, A. 1. S. III.

And, when it melts before the throne of mercy,
Mourning and bleeding for my past offences,
My fervent soul shall breathe one pray'r for you,
(If pray'rs of such a wretch are heard on high,)
That Heav'n will pay you back, when most you need,
The grace and goodness you have shewn to me.

Hast. If there be ought of merit in my service,
Impute it there where most 'tis due, to love;——

J. Sho. Alas! my Lord———

Hast. Why bend thy eyes to earth?
Wherefore these looks of heaviness and sorrow?
Why breathes that sigh, my love? And wherefore falls
This trickling show'r of tears, to stain thy sweetness?

J. Sho. If pity dwells within your noble breast,
(As sure it does) Oh speak not to me thus.

Hast. Can I behold thee, and not speak of love?
Ev'n now, thus, sadly, as thou stand'st before me,
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy softness steals upon me.

J. Sho. Cast round your eyes
Upon the high-born beauties of the court;
Behold, like op'ning roses, where they bloom,
Sweet to the sense, unsully'd all, and spotless;
There choose some worthy partner of your heart
To fill your arms, and bless your virtuous bed;*
Nor turn your eyes this way, where sin and mis'ry,
Like loathsome weeds, have over-run the soil,
And the destroyer shame has laid all waste.

Hast. What means this peevish, this fantastic change?
Where is thy wonted pleasantness of face?
Thy wonted graces, and thy dimpled smiles?
Where hast thou lost thy wit, and sportive mirth?†

---

* Hastings was married. See Preface, p. 97.

† Sir Thomas More speaks of the wit and mirth of Jane Shore. Having spoken of her beauty, he adds, "yet delited not men so "much in her beauty as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper "wit had she, and could both rede wel and write; mery in com-"pany, redy and quick of aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable; "sometimes taunting without displeasure, and not without disport. "The king would say, That he had three concubines, which in three "divers properties diversly excelled. One the merriest," &c. "the "*meriest* was the Shoris wife, in whom the king therefore toke "*special pleasure.*" Percy, vol. II. p. 256. 2d. Edn.

That cheerful heart, which us'd to dance for ever,
And cast a day of gladness all around thee?
J. Sho. Yes, I will own I merit the reproach;
And for those foolish days of wanton pride,
My soul is justly humbled to the dust:
All tongues, like yours, are licens'd to upbraid me,
Still to repeat my guilt, to urge my infamy,
And treat me like that abject thing I have been.
Yet, Heaven, be witness to this solemn truth,
That now, tho' late, I look with horror back,
That I detest my wretched self, and curse
My past polluted life. All-judging Heav'n,
Who knows my crimes, has seen my sorrow for them.
Hast. No more of this dull stuff. 'Tis time enough
To whine and mortify thyself with penance,
When gone the lustre of thy starry eyes,
And failing palsies shake thy wither'd hand.
J. Sho. Never!
My soul shall never know pollution more;
Forbear, my Lord!———Here let me rather die,
[*Kneeling.*
And end my sorrows and my shame for ever.
Hast. Away with this perverseness,—'tis too much.
With one who knows you too.
J. Sho. For mercy's sake——
Hast. Ungrateful woman! Is it thus you pay
My services?——
J. Sho. Abandon me to ruin——
Rather than urge me——
Hast. This way.——
J. Sho. Help! Oh gracious Heav'n!——
Help! Save me! Help! [*Crying out.**

Enter DUMONT, *he interposes.*

Dum. My Lord! for honour's sake——
Hast. Ha! what art thou? Be gone!
Dum. My duty calls me
To my attendance on my mistress here.

* As this play is now acted, Jane Shore goes off the stage at this place, and *returns as soon as Hastings is gone.*

J. Sho. 'For pity let me go———'
Hast. Avaunt! Base groom——
At distance wait, and know thy office better.
Dum. No, my Lord—
The common ties of manhood call me now,
And bid me thus stand up in the defence
Of an oppress'd, unhappy, helpless woman.
Hast. And dost thou know me, slave?
Dum. Yes, thou proud Lord!
I know thee well, know thee with each advantage
Which wealth, or power, or noble birth can give thee.
I know thee, too, for one who stains those honours,
And blots a long illustrious line of ancestry,
By poorly daring thus to wrong a woman.
Hast. 'Tis wond'rous well! I see, my saint-like dame,
You stand provided of your braves and ruffians,
To man your cause, and bluster in your brothel.
Dum. Take back the foul reproach, unmanner'd railer!
Nor urge my rage too far, lest thou should'st find
I have as daring spirits in my blood
As thou, or any of thy race e'er boasted;
And tho' no gaudy titles grac'd my birth,—
Hast. Insolent villain! henceforth let this teach thee,
[*Draws and strikes him.*
The distance 'twixt a peasant and a prince.
Dum. Nay, then, my Lord! [*drawing.*] learn you by this, how well
An arm resolv'd can guard its master's life.
[*They fight.*
J. Sho. Oh my distracting fears! hold, for sweet Heaven.
[*They fight, Dumont disarms Lord Hastings.*
Hast. Confusion! baffled by a base-born hind!
Dum. Now, haughty Sir, where is our difference now?
Your life is in my hand, and did not something,
Of which the highest need not be asham'd,
(How'er unworthy I may seem to you)
Plead in my bosom, I should take the forfeit.
But wear your sword again; and, know, a Lord
Oppos'd against a man is but a man.

Hast. Whence is my failing hand! And what is it
Has given you 'vantage o'er me? but perhaps
Your triumph may be bought with dear repentance.
[*Exit.*

J. Sho. Alas; what have you done? know you the power,
The mightiness that waits upon this Lord?

Dum. Fear not, my worthiest mistress; 'tis a cause,
In which Heaven's guard will wait you. O pursue,
Pursue the sacred counsels of your soul,
Which urge you on to virtue; let not danger,
Nor the incumbring world, make faint your purpose.
Assisting Angels will conduct your steps,
Bring you to bliss, and crown your end with peace.

J. Sho. O that my head were laid, my sad eyes clos'd,
And my cold corse wound in my shroud to rest!
My painful heart will never cease to beat,
Will never know a moment's peace till then.

Dum. Would you be happy, leave this fatal place,
Fly from the court's pernicious neighbourhood;
Where innocence is sham'd, and blushing modesty
Is made the scorner's jest; where hate, deceit,
And deadly ruin, wear the masques of beauty,
And draw deluded fools with shows of pleasure.

J. Sho. Where should I fly, thus helpless and forlorn,
Of friends, and all the means of life bereft?

Dum. Belmour, whose friendly care still wakes to serve you,
Has found you out a little peaceful refuge,
Far from the court and the tumultuous city.
Within an ancient forest's ample verge,
There stands a lonely, but a healthful dwelling,
Built for convenience, and the use of life:
Around it fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
A little garden, and a limpid brook,
By nature's own contrivance seem dispos'd;
No neighbours, but a few poor simple clowns,
Honest and true, with a well-meaning Priest:
No faction or domestick fury's rage,
Did e'er disturb the quiet of that place,
When the contending nobles shook the land
With York and Lancaster's disputed sway.

Your virtue there may find a safe retreat
From the insulting powers of wicked greatness.
J. Sho. Can there be so much happiness in store?
A cell like that is all my hopes aspire to.
Haste, then, and thither let us take our flight,
Ere the clouds gather, and the wintry sky
Descends in storms to intercept our passage.*
Dum. Will you then go? You glad my very soul!
Banish your fears, commit yourself to me;
Plenty, and ease, and peace of mind shall wait you,
And make your latter days of life most happy.
Oh, lady! but I must not, cannot tell you,
How anxious I have been for all your dangers,
And how my heart rejoices at your safety.
So, when the spring renews the flowery field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build,
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood;
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow;
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the grove no more:
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE *the Court.*†

Enter ALICIA *with a paper.*

Alic. This paper, to the great Protector's hand,
With care and secrecy must be convey'd;

* "And I said, Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would "I flee away and be at rest. Lo, then would I get me away afar "off, and remain in the wilderness. I would make haste to escape, "because of the stormy wind and tempest." Psalm LV. 6—8.

† At the Tower. See A. I. S. I.

His bold ambition now avows its aim
To pluck the crown from Edward's infant brow,
And fix it on his own. I know he holds
My faithless Hastings, adverse to his hopes,
And much devoted to the orphan King;
On that I build: This paper meets his doubts,
And marks my hated rival as the cause
Of Hastings' zeal for his dead master's sons.
Oh jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship,
'Thou dire invader of our tender bosoms;'
How does thy rancour poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness?
See where she comes! Once my heart's dearest blessing.
Now my chang'd eyes are blasted with her beauty,
Loath that known face, and sicken to behold her.

Enter JANE SHORE.

J. Sho. 'Now whither shall I fly, to find relief?
'What charitable hand will aid me now?
'Will stay my failing steps, support my ruins,
'And heal my wounded mind with balmy comfort?'
Oh, my Alicia!

Alic. What new grief is this?
What unforeseen misfortune has surpris'd thee,
That racks thy tender heart thus?

J. Sho. Oh! Dumont!

Alic. Say? what of him?

J. Sho. That friendly, honest man,
Whom Belmour brought of late to my assistance,
On whose kind cares, whose diligence and faith,
My surest trust was built, this very morn
Was seiz'd on by the cruel hand of power,
Forc'd from my house, and born away to prison.

Alic. To prison, said you! can you guess the cause?

J. Sho. Too well, I fear. His bold defence of me,
Has drawn the vengeance of Lord Hastings on him.

Alic. Lord Hastings! ha!

J. Sho. Some fitter time must tell thee
The tale of my hard hap. Upon the present
Hang all my poor, my last remaining hopes.
Within this paper is my suit contain'd;

Here, as the princely Gloster passes forth,
I wait to give it on my humble knees,
And move him for redress.

[*She gives the paper to Alicia, who opens and seems to read it.*

Alic. [*Aside*] Now for a wile,
To sting my thoughtless rival to the heart;
To blast her fatal beauties, and divide her
For ever from my perjur'd Hastings' eyes:
The wanderer may then look back to me,
And turn to his forsaken home again:
Their fashions are the same, it cannot fail.

[*Pulling out the other paper.*

J. Sho. But, see, the great protector comes this way,
'Attended by a train of waiting courtiers.'
Give me the paper, friend.

Alic. [*Aside*] For love and vengeance!

[*She gives her the other paper.*

Enter the Duke of GLOSTER, *Sir Richard* RATCLIFFE, *Sir William* CATESBY, *Courtiers, and other attendants.*

J. Sho. [*Kneeling.*] O noble Gloster, turn thy gracious eye,
Incline thy pitying ear to my complaint.
A poor, undone, forsaken, helpless woman,
Intreats a little bread for charity,
To feed her wants, and save her life from perishing.

Glos. Arise, fair dame, and dry your wat'ry eyes.

[*Receiving the paper and raising her.*

It were no sign of pity in his heart,
That could refuse a boon to such a suitress.
You've got a noble friend to be your advocate;
A worthy and right-gentle Lord he is,
And to his trust most true. This present now,
Some matters of the state detain our leisure;
These once dispatch'd, we'll call for you anon,
And give your griefs redress. Go to, be comforted.

J. Sho. Good Heav'n repay your Highness for this pity
And show'r down blessings on your princely head.
Come, my Alicia, reach thy friendly arm,

And help me to support this feeble frame,
That, nodding, totters with oppressive woe,
And sinks beneath its load.

[*Exeunt Jane Shore and Alicia.*

Glos. Heavy of heart she seems, and sore afflicted.
But thus it is when rude calamity
Lays its strong gripe upon these mincing minions;
The dainty gew-gaw forms dissolve at once,
And shiver at the shock. What says her paper?

[*Seeming to read.*

Ha! What is this? Come nearer, Ratcliffe! Catesby!
Mark the contents, and then divine the meaning:

[*He reads.*

Wonder not, princely Gloster, at the notice
This paper brings you from a friend unknown;
Lord Hastings is inclin'd to call you master,
And kneel to Richard, as to England's King;
But Shore's bewitching wife misleads his heart,
And draws his service to King Edward's sons:
Drive her away, you break the charm that holds him,
And he, and all his powers attend on you.

Ratc. 'Tis wonderful!

Cate. The means by which it came
Yet stranger too!

Glos. You saw it giv'n but now.

Ratc. She could not know the purport.

Glos. No, 'tis plain
She knows it not, it levels at her life;
Should she presume to prate of such high matters,
The meddling harlot! dear she should abide it.*

Cate. What hand soe'er it comes from, be assur'd,
It means your Highness well——

Glos. Upon the instant,
Lord Hastings will be here; this morn I mean
To prove him to the quick; then, if he flinch,
No more but this, away with him at once,

---

* This phrase is from Milton, in Satan's speech to the Sun:

Ay me, they little know
How *dearly I abide* that boast so vain.

Par. Lost. B. iv. l. 87.

He must be mine, or nothing—But he comes!
Draw nearer this way and observe me well.
[*They whisper.*

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

Hast. This foolish woman hangs about my heart,
Lingers and wanders in my fancy still;
This coyness is put on, 'tis art and cunning.
The groom, who lift his saucy hand against me,
Ere this, is humbled, and repents his daring.
Perhaps e'en she may profit by th' example,
And teach her beauty not to scorn my power.

Glos. This do, and wait me ere the council sits.
[*Exeunt Ratcliffe and Catesby.*

My Lord, you're well encounter'd; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:
Alas! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended;
How much for your good sake we meant to do,
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

Hast. Your Highness binds me ever to your service.

Glos. You know your friendship is most potent with us,
And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matters for your ear.
The state is out of tune, distracting fears
And jealous doubts jar in our public councils;
Amidst the wealthy city, murmurs rise,
Loud railings and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government; hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man are broke,
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,
Who clamour 'gainst the great, and threat rebellion.

Hast. The resty knaves are over-run with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction:
If, in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton and repine, it is
Because the reins of power are held too slack,

reverend authority of late
vorn a face of mercy more than justice.
os. My good Lord Hastings, you have well divin'd
ource of these disorders. Who can wonder
ɔt and misrule o'erturn the realm,
ı the crown sits upon a baby brow?*
ly to speak, hence comes the general cry,
sum of all complaint: 'twill ne'er be well
England (thus they talk) while children govern.
ast. 'Tis true, the King is young; but what of that?
eel no want of Edward's riper years,
e Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom
ell supply our infant Sov'reign's place,
youth's support and guardian of his throne.
los. The council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for it)
ɔ plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
en of power, and subject to control,
n'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.
worthy Lord! were mine the rule indeed,
nk, I should not suffer rank offence
arge to lord it in the common-weal;
would the realm be rent by discord thus,
s fear and doubt betwixt disputed titles.
last. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
oubt like this——
los. Ay, but there is, believe me,——
that of much concern. Have you not heard
r on a late occasion, Dr. Shaw
mov'd the people much about the lawfulness
Edward's issue? By right grave authority
learning and religion, plainly proving,
astard scion never should be grafted
ɔn a royal stock; from thence, at full
ɔoursing on my brother's former contract

---

* What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

Macbeth, A. IV. S. I.

To Lady Elizabeth Lucy,* long before
His jolly match with that same buxom widow
The Queen he left behind him——
Hast. Restless tribe
Of meddling priests! who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples;
My Lord 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
Did not the King,
Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sov'reign rule should take henceforward?
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody, malecontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar?
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day with some fantastic giddy change?
Glos. What if some patriot for the public good
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the state?
Hast. Woe to the innovating hand attempts it!
The villain, righteous Heav'n will sure remember
In his great day of vengeance, blast the traitor,
And his pernicious counsels, who, for wealth,
For power, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars.

* "This objection to king Edward's marriage with lady Grey, is "said by Sir Thomas More to have been made by the dutchess "dowager of York, Edward's mother, who was averse to the "match, before he espoused that lady. But Elizabeth Lucy, the "daughter of one Wyat, and the wife of one Lucy, being sworn to "speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to "her, though she owned she had been his concubine. Philip de "Comines, a contemporary historian, says that Edward, previous "to his marriage with lady Grey, was married to an English lady "by the bishop of Bath, who revealed the secret; and according "to the Chronicle of Croyland this was lady Eleanor Butler, widow "of Lord Butler, of Sudley, and daughter to the great earl of "Shrewsbury. On this ground the children of Edward were de-"clared illegitimate by the only parliament assembled by K. Richard "III.; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.
"*Shakspeare* followed Holinshed, who copied Hall, as Hall "*transcribed* the account given by Sir Thomas More. MALONE."
This note is from Malone's Shakspeare, Richard the IIId. A. III. S. VII. Vol. VI. p. 545.
See also Walpole's Historic Doubts, 2nd. Edn. p. 40.

Glos. You go too far, my Lord.
Hast. Your Highness' pardon—
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles;
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
' And cast beside some common way a spectacle
' Of horror and affright to passers by,'
Our groaning country bled at every vein;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction; peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles; low were laid
The reverend crosier and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to bring the faithless wretch to justice,
Whose dire ambition would renew those horrors,
And set, once more, that scene of blood before us?
Glos. How now! so hot!
Hast. So brave, and so resolv'd.
Glos. Is then our friendship of so little moment,
That you could arm yourself against my life?
Hast. I hope your Highness does not think I meant it.
No, Heaven forefend that e'er your princely person
Should come within the scope of my resentment.
Glos. Oh noble Hastings! nay, I must embrace you.
[*Embraces him.*
I see, in truth, you're a right honest man!
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If, when I meant to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live your King and country's best support:
For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.
' *Hast. Accept what* thanks a grateful heart should
[pay.

'Oh! princely Gloster! judge me not ungentle,
'Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
'If, when the public safety is in question,
'My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.
'*Glos.* Enough of this: To deal in wordy compliment
'Is much against the plainness of my nature;
'I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit,
'And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.
'Farewel, and be my friend.' [*Exit Gloster.*
Hast. I am not read,
Not skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion:
The Duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
E'en on the tenderest point; the master-string
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confest;
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter the Duke of GLOSTER, *Sir Richard* RATCLIFFE, *and Sir William* CATESBY.

Glos. This was the sum of all; that he would brook
No alteration in the present state.
At last, forsooth! the testy gentleman
Was almost mov'd to bid us bold defiance:
But there I dropt the argument, and changing
The first design and purport of my speech,
I prais'd his good affection to young Edward,
And left him to believe my thoughts like his.
Proceed we, then, in this fore-mention'd matter,
As nothing bound or trusting to his friendship.

Ratc. Ill does it thus befall. I could have wish'd
This Lord had stood with us. ' His friends are wealthy,
' Thereto, his own possessions large and mighty;
' The vassals and dependants on his power
' Firm in adherence, ready, bold, and many;'
His name had been of 'vantage to your Highness,
And stood our present purpose much in stead.

Glos. This wayward and perverse declining from us,
Has warranted at full the friendly notice
Which we this morn receiv'd. I hold it certain
This puling whining harlot rules his reason,
And prompts his zeal for Edward's bastard brood.

Cate. If she have such dominion o'er his heart,
And turn it at her will, you rule her fate;
And should by inference and apt deduction,
Be arbiter of his. Is not her bread
The very means immediate to her being,
The bounty of your hand? Why does she live,
If not to yield obedience to your pleasure,
To speak, to act, to think as you command?

Ratc. Let her instruct her tongue to bear your message,
And teach each grace to smile in your behalf;
His ductile reason will be wound about,
Be led and turn'd again, say and unsay,
Receive the yoke and yield exact obedience.

Glos. Your counsel likes me well,* it shall be follow'd;
She waits without, attending on her suit.
Go, call her in, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt Ratcliffe and Catesby.*
How poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,
Who leaves the guidance of imperial manhood
To such a paltry piece of stuff as this is!
A moppet, made of prettiness and pride;
That oftner does her giddy fancies change,
Than glittering dew-drops in the sun do colours.—

---

* *Pleases* me well. So in K. Lear. A. II. S. II.
His countenance *likes me* not. And again
There's some conceit or other *likes* him not.
Richard III. A. III. S. IV.

Now, shame upon it! Was our reason given
For such a use! To be thus puff'd about
' Like a dry leaf, an idle straw, a feather,
' The sport of every whiffling blast that blows?
' But so it is—and it is wond'rous strange;'†
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them,
That masters e'en the wisest of us all.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Oh! you are come most fitly. We have ponder'd
On this your grievance. And tho' some there are,
Nay, and those great ones too, who would enforce
The rigour of our power to afflict you,
And bear a heavy hand, yet fear not you,
We've ta'en you to our favour; our protection
Shall stand between, and shield you from mishap.

J. Sho. The blessings of a heart with anguish broken,
And rescu'd from despair, attend your Highness.
Alas! my gracious Lord! what have I done
To kindle such relentless wrath against me?
' If in the days of all my past offences,
' When most my heart was lifted with delight,
' If I withheld my morsel from the hungry,
' Forgot the widow's want, and orphan's cry;
' If I have known a good I have not shar'd,
' Nor call'd the poor to take his portion with me,
' Let my worst enemies stand forth, and now
' Deny the succour which I gave not then.'‡

Glos. Indeed there are, tho' I believe them not,

---

† O day and night, but this is wond'rous strange!
Hamlet, A. I. S. V.

‡ See before p. 113. Note.

Again,

" If I have withheld *the poor* from their desire, or have caused the " eyes of the *widow* to fail; or have eaten *my morsel* myself alone, " and *the fatherless* hath not eaten thereof;"—" If I have seen any " perish for want of cloathing, or any *poor* without covering;"— " If I have lifted up my hand against *the fatherless*, when I saw my " help in the gate, then let", &c.

Job. XXXI. 16, 17, 19, 21, 22.

" Then *let mine enemy* persecute my soul and take me: yea, let " him tread my life down in the earth, and lay mine honour in the " dust."

Psalm VII. 5.

Who say you meddle in affairs of state:
That you presume to prattle, like a busy-body
Give your advice, and teach the Lords o' th' council
What fits the order of the common-weal.
J. Sho. Oh that the busy world, at least, in this,
Would take example from a wretch like me!
None, then, would waste their hours in foreign thoughts,
Forget themselves, and what concerns their peace,
' To tread the mazes of fantastic falshood,
' To haunt* her idle sounds, and flying tales,
' Thro' all the giddy noisy courts of rumour;
' Malicious slander never would have leisure'
To search with prying eyes for faults abroad,
If all, like me, consider'd their own hearts,
And wept the sorrows which they found at home.
Glos. Go to! I know your power, and tho' I trust not
To ev'ry breath of fame, I am not to learn
That Hastings is profess'd your loving vassal.
But, fair befall your beauty: Use it wisely,
And it may stand your fortunes much in stead,
Give back your forfeit land with large increase,
And place you high in safety and in honour:
Nay, I could point a way, the which pursuing,
You shall not only bring yourself advantage,
But give the realm much worthy cause to thank you.
J. Sho. Oh! where, or how?—Can my unworthy hand
Become an instrument of good to any?
Instruct your lowly slave, and let me fly
To yield obedience to your dread command.
Glos. Why, that's well said—Thus, then,—Observe me well,
The state for many high and potent reasons
Deeming my brother Edward's sons unfit
For the imperial weight of England's crown——
J. Sho. Alas! for pity. [*Aside.*
Glos. Therefore have resolv'd
To set aside their unavailing infancy,
And 'vest the sov'reign rule in abler hands.
This, tho' of great importance to the public,

* *It is so also in the* 4to. but I would read hunt.

Hastings, for very peevishness and spleen,
Does stubbornly oppose.

J. Sho. Does he! does Hastings!

Glos. Ay, Hastings.

J. Sho. Reward him for the noble deed, just Heaven:
For this good action guard him and distinguish him
With signal mercies; and, with great deliverance,
Save him from wrong, adversity, and shame;
Let never-fading honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his name, e'en to time's end:
'Let him know nothing else but good on earth,
'And everlasting blessedness hereafter.'

Glos. How now!

J. Sho. The poor, forsaken, royal little ones!
Shall they be left a prey to savage power?
Can they lift up their harmless hands in vain,
Or cry to heaven for help, and not be heard?
Impossible! O gallant, generous Hastings,
Go on, pursue, assert the sacred cause:
Stand forth, thou proxy of all-ruling Providence,
And save the friendless infants from oppression.
The good will aid thee with prevailing prayers,
And warring angels combat on thy side.

Glos. You're passing rich in this same heav'nly speech,
And spend it at your pleasure.* Nay, but mark me!
My favour is not bought with words like these.
Go to—you'll teach your tongue another tale.

J. Sho. No, tho' the royal Edward has undone me,
He was my King, my gracious master, still;
'He lov'd me too, tho' 'twas a guilty flame,
'And fatal to my peace; yet, still, he lov'd me;
'With fondness, and with tenderness he doated,
'Dwelt in my eyes, and liv'd but in my smiles."
And, can I—oh my heart abhors the thought!
Stand by, and see his children robb'd of right?

Glos. Dare not, e'en for thy life, to thwart me further;
None of your arts, your feigning, and your foolery,

* Spend it at thy will.
Hamlet, A. i. S. ii.

Your dainty squeamish coying it to me.
Go—to your Lord, your paramour, begone!
Lisp in his ear, hang wanton on his neck,
And play your monkey gambols o'er to him:
You know my purpose, look that you pursue it,
And make him yield obedience to my will.
Do it—or woe upon thy harlot's head.

J. Sho. Oh, that my tongue had every grace of speech,
Great and commanding as the breath of Kings,
'Sweet as the poet's numbers, and prevailing
'As soft persuasion to a tender ear,'
That I had art and eloquence divine,
To pay my duty to my master's ashes,
And plead, till death, the cause of injur'd innocence!

Glos. Ha! dost thou brave me, minion! dost thou know
How vile, how very a wretch, my pow'r can make thee?
'That I can let loose fear, distress, and famine,
'To hunt thy heels, like blood-hounds, thro' the 'world;'*
That I can place thee in such abject state,
As help shall never find thee; where, repining,
Thou shalt sit down, and gnaw the earth for anguish,
Groan to the pitiless winds without return,
Howl like the midnight wolf amidst the desart,
And curse thy life in bitterness and misery?

J. Sho. Let me be branded for the public scorn,
Turn'd forth, and driven to wander like a vagabond,
Be friendless and forsaken, seek my bread
Upon the barren wild, and desolate waste,
Feed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears;†
Ere I consent to teach my lips injustice,
Or wrong the orphan who has none to save him.

---

* At his heels
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment.
Henry V. A. I. Chorus.
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels.
Richard III. A. IV. S. I.

† "*Thou feedest them* with the bread of tears, and givest them "*plenteousness of tears* to drink." Psalm LXXX. 5.

Glos. 'Tis well—we'll try the temper of your heart.
What, hoa! who waits without?

Enter RATCLIFFE, CATESBY, *and other attendants.*

Ratc. Your Highness' pleasure—

Glos. Go, some of you, and turn this strumpet forth!*
Spurn her into the street; there let her perish,
And rot upon a dunghill.† Thro' the city
See it proclaim'd, That none, on pain of death,
Presume to give her comfort, food, or harbour;
Who ministers the smallest comfort, dies.
Her house, her costly furniture and wealth,
'The purchase of her loose luxurious life,'
We seize on for the profit of the state.
Away! be gone!

J. Sho. O thou most righteous judge—
Humbly, behold, I bow myself to thee,
And own thy justice in this hard decree:
No longer, then, my ripe offences spare,
But what I merit, let me learn to bear.
Yet, since 'tis all my wretchedness can give,
For my past crimes my forfeit life receive;
No pity for my sufferings here I crave,
But hope redeeming mercy in the grave.

[*Exit Jane Shore, guarded by Catesby and others.*

Glos. So much for this. Your project's at an end:
[*To Ratcliffe.*
This idle toy, this hilding‡ scorns my power,
And sets us all at nought. See that a guard
Be ready at my call.

Ratc. The council waits
Upon your Highness' leisure.

---

* It has been shewn before that the penance of Jane Shore was not the immediate act of Gloster, and that she survived it many years. See Preface, p. 92, 93.

† "They that did feed delicately are desolate in the streets: they "that were brought up in scarlet embrace dunghills."
Lamentations, IV. 5.

‡ A *hilding* is a *mean woman.*
"Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots;"
Romeo and Juliet, A. II. S. IV.
"Out on her, hilding." Do. A. III. S. V.

Glos. Bid them enter.

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, *Earl of* DERBY, *Bishop of* ELY, *Lord* HASTINGS, *and others, as to the council. The Duke of* GLOSTER *takes his place at the upper end, then the rest sit.**

Der. In happy time are we assembled here,
T' appoint the day, and fix the solemn pomp,
For placing England's crown with all due rites,
Upon our sovereign Edward's youthful brow.

Hast. Some busy meddling knaves, 'tis said, there are,
As such will still be prating, who presume
To carp and cavil at his royal right;
Therefore, I hold it fitting, with the soonest
T' appoint the order of the coronation;
So to approve our duty to the King,
And stay the babbling of such vain gainsayers.

Der. We all attend to know your Highness' pleasure.
[*To Gloster.*

Glos. My Lords, a set of worthy men you are,
Prudent and just, and careful for the state:
Therefore to your most grave determination
I yield myself in all things; and demand
What punishment your wisdom shall think meet
T' inflict upon those horrible contrivers,
Who shall with potions, charms, and witching drugs,
Practice against our person and our life?

Hast. So much I hold the King your Highness' debtor,
So precious are you to the common-weal,
That I presume, not only for myself,
But in behalf of these my noble brothers,
To say, whoe'er they be, they merit death. [truth,

Glos. Then judge yourselves, convince your eyes of
Behold my arm thus blasted, dry, and wither'd,
[*Pulling up his sleeve.*
Shrunk like a foul abortion, and decay'd,
Like some untimely product of the seasons,

---

* *The reader may like to compare this with Shakespeare's management of the same Scene, it is the* IVth. *of the* IIId. *Act of Richard the III., and to read the Notes of the Commentators upon it.*

Robb'd of its properties of strength and office.
This is the sorcery of Edward's wife,
Who, in conjunction with that harlot, Shore,
And other-like confederate midnight hags,*
Thus torture and despoil me of my life.
Hast. If they have done this deed——
Glos. If they have done it!
Talk'st thou to me of *if's*, audacious traitor!
Thou art that strumpet-witch's chief abettor,
The patron and comptroller of her mischiefs,
And join'd in this contrivance for my death.
Nay, start not, Lords—What ho! a guard there, S

Enter a GUARD.

Lord Hastings, I arrest thee of high treason.
Seize him, and bear him instantly away;
He shall not live an hour. I am resolv'd
I will not dine before his head be brought me:
Ratcliffe, stay you, and see that it be done.
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.†
[*Exeunt Gloster, and Lords follo*

Manent Lord HASTINGS, *Sir Richard* RATCL
and guard.

Hast. What! and no more,‡ but this—how, t
scaffold!
Oh gentle Ratcliffe!§ tell me, do I hold thee?

* How now, you secret, black, and *midnight hags?*
Macbeth, A. IV.

† This is copied from Shakespeare:
Off with his head:— * * *
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done:—
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.
Rd. IIId. A. III.

‡ No more, but so. *Hamlet*, A. I. S. III.

§ Shakspeare has made Sir Richard Ratcliffe the attendan
the execution of Rivers, Vaughan and Grey, at Pomfret, wh
has been before stated, happened on the very same day w
execution of Lord Hastings, (see p.92.) He could not, theref
at both. Shakspeare makes Catesby the attendant on Hastin
is true that in the Vth. Scene of the IIId. A. of Richard th
Shakspeare makes Lovel and Ratcliffe enter with Hastings' he
this was probably, as stated by Mr. Malone, a mistake of the
editors. The part of Ratcliffe in this play might be assig
Lord LOVEL.

Or, if I dream, what shall I do to wake,
To break, to struggle thro' this dread confusion?
For surely death itself is not so painful
As is this sudden horror and surprise. [absolute.

Ratc. You heard, the Duke's commands to me were
Therefore, my Lord, address you to your shrift,*
With all good speed you may. Summon your courage,
And be yourself; for you must die this instant.

Hast. Yes, Ratcliffe, I will take thy friendly counsel,
And die as a man should; 'tis somewhat hard
To call my scatter'd spirits home at once:
But,—since what must be, must be,——let necessity
Supply the place of usual preparation,——
Of preparation?—That must be our life.
Were that all right, we should lie safely down:
'Twere but the certainty of that which oft
I've run the hazard of in heat of battle:
'Twere but to close my eyes, and shut out day-light,
To view no more the wicked ways of men,
No longer to behold the tyrant Gloster,
And be a weeping witness of the woes,
The desolation, slaughter, and calamities,
Which he shall bring on this unhappy land.
But it is not the blow, which severs us
From this our nether world, which is the pang:
It is the entering on a world unknown,
The awful judgment for our deeds in this:
It is to go encumber'd with our sins,
Without repentance, without mercy ask'd
From Him who died to ransom us from death.
'Tis thus with me, and Heaven have mercy on me.

Enter ALICIA.

Alic. Stand off! and let me pass—I will, I must
Catch him once more in these despairing arms,
And hold him to my heart—Oh Hastings, Hastings!

Hast. Alas! why com'st thou at this dreadful moment
To fill me with new terrors, new distractions,

* *Shrift* is confession made to a priest, and sometimes means confession only. So, in Richard the III. A. III. S. IV. Catesby says to Hastings, "Make a short *shrift*, he longs to see your head."

To turn me wild with thy distemper'd rage,
And shock the peace of my departing soul?
Away! I prithee leave me!
Alic. Stop a minute.—
Till my full griefs find passage.—Oh the tyrant!
Perdition fall on Gloster's head and mine.
Hast. What means thy frantic grief?
Alic. I cannot speak———
But I have murder'd thee—Oh! I could tell thee—
Hast. Speak, and give ease to thy conflicting passi
Be quick, nor keep me longer in suspense.
Time presses, and a thousand crouding thoughts
Break in at once; this way and that they snatch,
They tear my hurry'd soul. All claim attention,
And yet not one is heard. Oh! speak, and leave m
For I have business would employ an age,
And but a minute's time to get it done in.
Alic. That, that's my grief—'tis I that urge thee
Thus hunt thee to the toil, sweep thee from earth,
And drive thee down this precipice of death.
Hast. Thy reason is grown wild. Could thy
Bring on this mighty ruin? If it could,
What have I done so grievous to thy soul,
So deadly, so beyond the reach of pardon,
That nothing but my life can pay the forfeit?
Alic. Thy cruel scorn had stung me to the heart,
And set my burning bosom all in flames:
Raving and mad, I flew to my revenge,
And writ, I know not what——told the Protector
That Shore's detested wife, by wiles, had won thee
To plot against his greatness——He believ'd it,
(Oh, dire event of my pernicious counsel!)
And, while I meant destruction on her head,
H' has turn'd it all on thine.
' *Hast.* Destructive jealousy!
' O merciless, wild, and unforgiving fiend!
' Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd mischief,
' *And* murders all it meets. Baneful its rage,
' *None* can be found so deadly; unhappy they,
' *Those* easy fools who give the dæmon harbour

'Who turn a monster loose among mankind,
'Fiercer than famine, war, or spotted pestilence.*
'*Alic.* If thou wilt curse, curse rather thine own falshood;
'The wanton maxims of thy perjur'd sex,
'Which taught thee first to laugh at faith and justice,
'To scorn the solemn sanctity of oaths,
'And make a jest of a poor woman's ruin:
'Curse thy proud heart, and thy insulting tongue,
'That rais'd this fatal fury in my soul,
'And urg'd my vengeance to undo us both.'
Hast. Oh, thou inhuman! turn thy eyes away,
And blast me not with their destructive beams.
I will not curse thee with my dying breath.
Be gone! and let me sigh it out in peace.
Alic. Can'st thou—oh cruel Hastings, leave me thus?
Hear me, I beg thee——I conjure thee, hear me!
While, with an agonizing heart, I tell thee,
In all the pangs I feel, and dreading worse
The terrors and despair thy loss shall give me,
My hate was on my rival bent alone.
Oh! had I once divin'd, false as thou art,
A danger to thy life, I would have died,
I would have met it for thee, and made bare
My ready, faithful breast to save thee from it.
Hast. Now, mark! and tremble at Heav'n's just award;
While thy insatiate wrath and fell revenge
Pursu'd the innocence which never wrong'd thee,
Behold! the mischief falls on thee and me:†
Remorse and heaviness of heart shall wait thee,

---

* See p. 141. Note *.

† The following passages will serve as a Comment upon this and upon each other:

in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of the poison'd chalice
To our own lips. *Macbeth*, A. I. S. VII.

"He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which "he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his "violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."
PSALM VII. 15, 16. Bible translation.

And unremitting anguish be thy portion:*
For me, the snares of death are wound about me,†
And now, in one poor moment, I am gone.
Oh! if thou hast one tender thought remaining,
Fly to thy closet, fall upon thy knees,
And recommend my parting soul to mercy.

Alic. Oh! yet, before I go for ever from thee,
Turn thee in gentleness and pity to me, [*Kneeling*
And, in compassion of my strong affliction,
Say, is it possible you can forgive
The fatal rashness of ungovern'd love?
For, oh! 'tis certain, if I had not lov'd thee,
Beyond my peace, my reason, fame and life,
This day of horror never should have known us.

Hast. Oh! rise, and let me hush thy stormy sorrow:
[*Raising her*
Assuage thy tears, for I will chide no more,
No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy fair one.
I see the hand of Heav'n is arm'd against me;
And, in mysterious providence, decrees
To punish me by thy mistaking hand.
Most righteous doom! for, Oh! while I behold thee
Thy wrongs rise up in terrible array,
And charge thy ruin on me; thy fair fame,
Thy spotless beauty, innocence, and youth,
Dishonor'd, blasted and betray'd by me.

Alic. And does thy heart relent for my undoing?
Oh! that inhuman Gloster could be mov'd
But half so easily as I can pardon!

Hast. Here, then, exchange we mutually forgiveness
So may the guilt of all my broken vows,
My perjuries to thee be all forgotten,
As here my soul acquits thee of my death,
As here I part without one angry thought,
As here I leave thee with the softest tenderness,

---

* The quarto reads *potion*. The following verse, however, fro
Psalm xi. 7. may, perhaps, support the reading of *portion*: "Up
"*the ungodly* he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, storm and tem
"*pest*: *this* shall be their portion to drink."

† "*The sorrows of death* compassed me, and the overflowings
"*ungodliness* made me afraid. The pains of hell came about
"*the snares of death* overtook me." PSALM XVIII. 3, 4.

Mourning our guilty loves, and our deep woes,
And begging Heav'n to bless and to support thee.
[*During this speech a Messenger enters and speaks to Ratcliffe.*
Ratc. My Lord, dispatch; the Duke has sent to chide me
For loitering in my duty.
Hast. I obey.
Alic. Insatiate, savage monster! Is a moment
So tedious to thy malice? Heav'n will repay him,
The great avenger will have blood for blood:†
'Some horrid kind of death will sure o'ertake him,
'Sudden, and in the fulness of his sins!'
Then he may know how terrible it is,
To want that moment he denies thee now.
Hast. 'Tis all in vain, 'this rage that tears thy bosom;
'Like a poor bird that flutters in its cage,
'Thou beat'st thyself to death.' Retire, I beg thee;
To see thee thus, thou know'st not how it wounds me;
Thy agonies are added to my own,
And make the burthen more than I can bear.
Farewell—Good angels visit thy afflictions,
And bring thee peace and comfort from above. [*Exit.*
Alic. How have I strength, under this parting stroke,
To live,—to breathe!—
Hast. [*Returning.*] One thing I had forgot—
I charge thee, by our present common miseries,
By our past loves, if I may dare to name them,
By all thy hopes of peace here and hereafter,
Let not the rancour of thy hate pursue
The innocence of thy unhappy friend: [her,
Thou know'st who 'tis I mean; oh! should'st thou wrong
Just Heaven shall double all thy woes upon thee,
And make them know no end—Remember this
As the last warning of a dying man:
Farewel, for ever! [*The guards conduct Hastings off.*

† It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood.
Macbeth, A. III. S. IV.

"And, surely, your blood of your lives will I require; at the "hand of every beast will I require it; and at the hand of man, at "the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man.— "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."
GENESIS IX. 5, 6.

Alic. For ever? oh! for ever!
And am I, then, to be a wretch for ever!
My rival too! his last thoughts hung on her:
And, as he parted, left a blessing for her.
Shall she be blest, and I be curst, for ever!
Ah! woe is me! of ev'ry joy forlorn,
I rue the hour when such a wretch was born!
With cries distracted now I fill the air;
Tear my poor bosom, rend my frantic hair;
And prove the torments of the last despair.* [*E*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter BELMOUR *and* DUMONT *as* SHORE.

Shore. You saw her, then?
Bel. I met her as returning
In solemn penance from the public cross:
Before her, certain officers of justice
Proclaim'd the tyrant Gloster's cruel orders.
Around her, numberless, the rabble flow'd,
Should'ring each other, crowding for a view,
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling;
Some pitying, but those, alas! how few!
The most, such iron hearts we are, and such
The base barbarity of human kind,
With insolence and loud reproach pursu'd her,
Hooting and railing, and with villanous hands
Gath'ring the filth from out the common ways
To hurl upon her head.
Shore. Inhuman dogs!
How did she bear it?

* I have altered this speech, thinking that the performe he unwilling to give up altogether a speech, which, being at of an act, commonly (to use a theatrical phrase) *tells.* Bu pears to me that it would have a much better effect, were A come in, in this scene, with her two female attendants, as i *and, on Hastings* being led off by the guards, to utter a shri *faint in the arms* of her attendants; it would also vary her e *other scenes.*

Bel. With the gentlest patience.
Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look;
A burning taper in her hand she bore,
And on her shoulders, carelessly confus'd,
With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung;
Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread,
Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with pain;
While bare-foot as she trod the flinty pavement,
Her footsteps all along were mark'd with blood.
Yet, silent still she pass'd and unrepining;
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except when, in some bitter pang of sorrow,
To Heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise them,
And beg that mercy man denied her here.
Shore. When was this piteous sight?
Bel. These last two days,
You know, my care was wholly bent on you,
To find the happy means of your deliv'rance,
Which, but for Hastings' death, I had not gain'd.
During that time, altho' I have not seen her,
Yet divers trusty messengers I've sent,
To wait about, and watch a fit convenience
To give her some relief; but all in vain:
A churlish guard attends upon her steps,
Who menace those with death that bring her comfort,
And drive all succour from her.
Shore. Let them threaten:
Let proud oppression prove its fiercest malice;
So Heaven befriend my soul, as here I vow
To give her help, and share one fortune with her.
Bel. Mean you to see her, thus, in your own form?
Shore. I do.
Bel. And have you thought upon the consequence?
Shore. What is there I should fear?
Bel. Have you examin'd
Into your inmost heart, and tried at leisure
The sev'ral secret springs that move the passions?
Has mercy fix'd her empire there so sure,
That *wrath and vengeance* never may return?
Can you resume a husband's name, and bid
That wakeful dragon, fierce resentment, sleep?

'*Shore.* Why dost thou search so deep and urge my
' To set in dread array my wrongs again? [memory
' I have long labour'd to forget myself,
' To think on all time, backward, like a space,
' Idle and void, where nothing e'er had being;
' But thou hast peopled it again; revenge
' And jealousy renew their horrid forms,
' Shoot all their fires, and drive me to distraction.
' *Bel.* Far be the thought from me! my care was only
' To arm you for the meeting: Better were it
' Never to see her, than to let that name
' Recall forgotten rage, and make the husband
' Destroy the gen'rous pity of Dumont.'
Shore. Oh! thou hast set my busy brain at work,
And now she musters up a train of images,
Which to preserve my peace I had cast aside,
And sunk in deep oblivion—Oh, that form!
That lovely face on which my dotage hung!
How have I gaz'd upon her! till my soul
With very eagerness went forth towards her,
And issu'd at my eyes—Was there a gem
Which the sun ripens in the Indian mine,
Or the rich bosom of the ocean yields,
What was there art could make or wealth could buy,
Which I have left unsought to deck her beauty?
What could her King do more?—And yet she fled.
Bel. Away with that sad fancy.—
Shore. Oh! that day!
The thought of it must live for ever with me.
I met her, Belmour, when the royal spoiler
Bore her in triumph from my widow'd home!
Within his chariot, by his side, she sate,
And listen'd to his talk with downward looks;
'Till, sudden as she chanc'd aside to glance,
Her eyes encounter'd mine—Oh! then, my friend!
Oh! who can paint my grief and her amazement!
As at the stroke of death, twice turn'd she pale,
And twice a burning crimson blush'd all o'er her;
Then, with a shriek heart-wounding, loud she cried,
While down her cheeks the gushing torrents ran

Fast-falling on her hands, which, thus, she wrung—
Mov'd at her grief, the tyrant ravisher,
With courteous action, woo'd her oft to turn;
Earnest he seem'd to plead; but all in vain;
E'en to the last she bent her sight towards me,*
And follow'd me—till I had lost myself.

Bel. Alas! for pity! Oh! those speaking tears!
Could they be false? Did she not suffer with you?
And tho' the King by force possess'd her person,
Her unconsenting heart dwelt still with you?
If all her former woes were not enough,
Look on her now; behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to death, distress'd on every side,
With no one hand to help; and tell me, then,
If ever misery were known like her's?†

Shore. And can she bear it? Can that delicate frame
Endure the beating of a storm so rude?
Can she, for whom the various seasons chang'd
To court her appetite, and crown her board,
For whom the foreign vintages were press'd,
For whom the merchant spread his silken stores,
Can she——
Intreat for bread, and want the needful raiment,
To wrap her shiv'ring bosom from the weather?
When she was mine, no care came ever nigh her.
I thought the gentlest breeze that wakes the spring
Too rough to breathe upon her;‡ cheerfulness
Danc'd all the day before her; and at night
Soft slumbers waited on her downy pillow——
Now, sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,
Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill rain
Drops from some pent-house on her wretched head,

* And, to the last, bended their light on me.
Hamlet, A. II. S. I.

† "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold and see, if "there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, "wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger."
Lamentations I, 12.

‡ *So loving to my mother,*
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Hamlet, A. I. S. II.

Drenches her locks, and kills her with the cold.
It is too much—Hence with her past offences,
With me they are no more—Why stay we, then?
Oh! let us haste, my friend, and find her out.
Bel. Somewhere about this quarter of the town,
I hear the poor abandon'd creature lingers:
Her guard, though set with strictest watch to keep
All food and friendship from her, yet permit her
To wander in the streets, there choose her bed,
And rest her head on what cold stone she pleases.
Shore. Here let us, then, divide, each in his round
To search her sorrows out; whose hap it is
First to behold her, this way let him lead
Her fainting steps, and meet we here together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Street.*

*JANE SHORE is discovered leaning against an archway in the middle of the stage, her hair hanging loose on her shoulders, and bare-footed.**

J. Sho. Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, oh! my soul!
For are not thy transgressions great and numberless!
Do they not cover thee like rising floods,
And press thee like a weight of waters down?†
Does not the hand of righteousness afflict thee?
And who shall plead against it? who shall say
To Power Almighty, Thou hast done enough:

---

* It appears an impropriety when this play is acted and the scene draws and discovers Jane Shore, in *a clean white dress*, (as, I believe, is invariably the case,) though Belmour has been giving an account of her sufferings in the streets for three days, and the rabble "gathering the filth from out the common ways to hurl upon her head." Something is certainly due to *decent appearance* in the character, and *allowance* may be justly made for the stage selecting and requiring the *least disgusting* modes of exhibiting *real life*. Perhaps a dark coloured dress of flowing picturesque drapery might come nearer to a compromise between *reality* and what an audience would *bear*.

† "Abundance of waters cover thee." Job, XXII. 11. See before p. 113. Note*.
"Take me out of the mire, that I sink not: O let me be de-
"livered from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters.
"Let not the water flood drown me, neither let the deep swallow
"me up." Psalm LXIX. 15, 16.

Or bid his dreadful rod of vengeance, stay?
Wait, then, with patience, till the circling hours
Shall bring the time of thy appointed rest,
And lay thee down in death. 'The hireling thus
'With labour drudges out the painful day,*
'And often looks with long-expecting eyes
'To see the shadows rise, and be dismiss'd.'
And, hark! methinks the roar that late pursu'd me
Sinks like the murmurs of a falling wind,
And softens into silence. Does revenge
And malice, then, grow weary, and forsake me?
My guard, too, that observ'd me still so close,
Tire in the task of their inhuman office,
And loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,
My spirits fail at once——This is the door
Of my Alicia——Blessed opportunity!
I'll steal a little succour from her goodness,
Now, while no eye observes me.

[*She knocks at the door.*

Enter a SERVANT.

Is your lady,
My gentle friend, at home? Oh! bring me to her.

[*Going in.*

Serv. Hold, mistress, whither would you?

[*Putting her back.*

J. Sho. Do you not know me?

Serv. I know you well, and know my orders, too.
You must not enter here.

J. Sho. Tell my Alicia,
'Tis I would see her.

Serv. She is ill at ease,†
And will admit no visitor.

J. Sho. But, tell her
'Tis I, her friend, the partner of her heart,
Wait at the door, and beg——

---

* "Turn from him that he may rest, till he shall accomplish as "an hireling his day." Job, XIV. 6.

† I am very ill at ease.
Othello, A. III. S. III.

Serv. 'Tis all in vain,
Go hence, and howl to those that will regard you.
[*Exit, shutting the door.*

J. Sho. It was not always thus; the time has been,
When this unfriendly door, that bars my passage,
Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its hinges,
To give me entrance here; 'when this good house,
'Has pour'd forth all its dwellers to receive me;'
When my approach has made a little holy-day,
And ev'ry face was dress'd in smiles to meet me:
But now* 'tis otherwise; and those who bless'd me,
Now curse me to my face. Why should I wander,
Stray further on, for I can die e'en here!
[*She sits down at the door.*

Enter ALICIA *in disorder; two Servants following.*

Alic. What wretch art thou? whose misery and baseness
Hangs on my door; whose hateful whine of woe
Breaks in upon my sorrows, and distracts
My jarring senses with thy beggar's cry?

J. Sho. A very beggar, and a wretch, indeed;
One driven by strong calamity to seek
For succour here; one perishing for want;
Whose hunger has not tasted food these three days;
And humbly asks, for charity's dear sake,
A draught of water and a little bread.

Alic. And dost thou come to me, to me for bread?
I know thee not—Go—hunt for it abroad,
Where wanton hands upon the earth have scatter'd it,
Or cast it on the waters†—Mark the eagle,
And hungry vulture, where they wind‡ the prey;
Watch where the ravens of the valley§ feed,
And seek thy food with them——I know thee not.

---

* The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: *but now*, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.
Macbeth, A. III. S. IV.

† "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after "many days." Eccles. XI. I.

‡ To *wind* is to *scent*.
"The dam will wake; and, if she *wind* you once," &c.
Titus Andronicus, A. IV. S. I.

§ "The ravens of the valley". Prov. XXX. VI.

J. Sho. And yet there was a time, when my Alicia
Has thought unhappy Shore her dearest blessing,
And mourn'd that live-long day she pass'd without me;
'When, pair'd like turtles, we were still together,
'When, often as we prattled arm-in-arm,'
Inclining fondly to me she has said,
She lov'd me more than all the world beside.

Alic. Ha! say'st thou! let me look upon thee well—
'Tis true—I know thee now—Yes, now I know thee!
Thou art that fatal fair, that hated she,
That set my brain a madding. Thou hast robb'd me;
Thou hast undone me—murder! Oh my Hastings!
See his pale bloody head shoots glaring by me!
'Give me him back again, thou soft deluder,
'Thou beauteous witch——

'*J. Sho.* Alas I never wrong'd you—
'O! then be good to me; have pity on me;
'Thou never-knew'st the bitterness of want,
'And may'st thou never know it. Oh! bestow
'Some poor remain, the voiding of thy table,*
'A morsel to support my famish'd soul.'

Alic. Avaunt! and come not near me——

J. Sho. To thy hand
I trusted all, gave my whole store to thee;
Nor do I ask it back; allow me but
The smallest pittance, give me but to eat,
Lest I fall down, and perish here before thee.

Alic. Nay! tell not me! Where is thy King, thy Edward,
And all the smiling cringing train of courtiers,
That bent the knee before thee?

J. Sho. Oh! for mercy!

Alic. Mercy! I know it not—for I am miserable.
I'll give thee misery, for here she dwells;
This is her house, where the sun never dawns,
The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof,
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.
Hark! something cracks above; it shakes, it totters!

* "Desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich "man's table." Luke xvi. 21.

And, see, the nodding ruin falls to crush me!
'Tis fall'n, 'tis here! I feel it on my brain!
' 1 *Serv.* This sight disorders her——
' 2 *Serv.* Retire, dear lady——
' And leave this woman——'
Alic. Let her take my counsel!
Go to him, woman, thou did'st steal him from me.
I wo' not linger long behind thee here.
A waving flood of blueish fire swells o'er me;
And now 'tis out, and I am drown'd in blood.
Ha! what art thou! thou horrid headless trunk?
It is my Hastings! See! he wafts me on!
Away! I go! I fly! I follow thee.
' But come not thou with mischief-making beauty
' To interpose between us, look not on him,
' Give thy fond arts and thy delusions o'er;
' For thou shalt never, never part us more.'
[*She runs off, her Servants following.*
J. Sho. Alas! she raves; her brain, I fear, is turn'd.
In mercy look upon her, gracious Heaven,
Nor visit her for any wrong to me.
Sure I am near upon my journey's end;
My head runs round, my eyes begin to fail,
And dancing shadows swim before my sight:
I can no more, [*lies down*] receive me, thou cold earth!
Thou common parent, take me to thy bosom,*
And let me rest with thee.

Enter BELMOUR.

Bel. Upon the ground!
Thy miseries can never lay thee lower.
Look up, thou poor afflicted one! thou mourner
Whom none has comforted!† Where are thy friends,

* Timon of Athens, when digging the earth, A. IV. S. III. calls it "common mother," and talks of its "plenteous *bosom*".

† "She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; "among all her lovers *she hath none to comfort her*; all her friends "have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies."
Lament. I. 2. See also v. 21.
"I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man; "*neither found I any to comfort me.*"
Psalm LXIX. 21.

The dear companions of thy joyful days,
Whose hearts thy warm prosperity made glad,
Whose arms were taught to grow like ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their bosoms? *Thus, with thee,*
Thus let us live, and let us die. (they said)
'*For, sure, thou art the sister of our loves,*
'*And nothing shall divide us.*'—Now where are they?
J. Sho. Ah! Belmour, where indeed! They stand aloof,
And view my desolation from afar;*
'When they pass by, they shake their heads in scorn,
'And cry, behold the harlot and her end!'†
And yet thy goodness turns aside to pity me!
Alas! there may be danger, get thee gone!
Let me not pull a ruin on thy head,
Leave me to die alone, for I am fall'n
Never to rise, and all relief is vain.
Bel. Yet raise thy drooping head; for I am come
To chase away despair: behold! where yonder
That honest man, that faithful, brave, Dumont,
Is hasting to thy aid——
J. Sho. Dumont! ha! where!
[*Raising herself and looking about.*
Then Heaven has heard my prayer. His very name
Renews the springs of life, and chears my soul.
Has he, then, 'scap'd the snare?
Bel. He has, but see——
He comes unlike to that Dumont you knew,
For now he wears your husband's better form,
And comes to visit you with peace and pardon.

---

* "My lovers and my neighbours did stand looking upon my "trouble, and my kinsmen stood afar off." Psalm XXXVIII. 11. See also XXII. 17. Matt. XXVII. 55.

† "All that see me laugh me to *scorn;* they shoot out their "lips, and *shake their heads,*" Psalm XXII. 7.

"All they that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag "their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, Is this the city "that men called The perfection of beauty, The joy of the whole "earth?" Lament. II. 15.

"*Standing afar off* for the fear of her torment, saying, Alas, alas, "that great city Babylon," ("the mother of *harlots,*" XVII. 5.) "that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come." Rev. XVIII. 10.

Enter SHORE.

J. Sho. Speak, tell me! which is he? And oh! what would
This dreadful vision! See, it comes upon me——
It is my husband—Ah! [*She swoons.*

Shore. She faints! support her!
'Sustain her head, while I infuse this cordial
'Into her dying lips—from spicy drugs,
'Rich herbs and flowers, the potent juice is drawn;
'With wond'rous force it strikes the lazy spirits,
'Drives them around, and wakens life anew.'

Bel. Her weakness could not bear the strong surprize.
But, see, she stirs! and the returning blood
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy cheek——

Shore. So—gently raise her—— [*Raising her up.*

J. Sho. Ha! what art thou? Belmour!—

Bel. How fare you, lady?

J. Sho. My heart is thrill'd with horror—

Bel. Be of courage——
Your husband lives! 'Tis he, my worthiest friend—

J. Sho. Still art thou there!—still dost thou hover round me!
Oh, save me, Belmour, from his angry shade!*

Bel. 'Tis he himself!—he lives!—look up——

J. Sho. I dare not!
Oh! that my eyes could shut him out for ever——

Shore. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I am grown
A burthen to the world, myself, and thee,†
Would I had ne'er surviv'd to see thee more.

J. Sho. Oh! thou most injur'd—dost thou live indeed?
Fall, then, ye mountains, on my guilty head;
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;

---

* My Uncle Clarence' angry ghost.
Richard III. A. III. S. I.

† That with *the world, myself and thee,*
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
Bp. Kenn's Evening Hymn.

Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever.*
Shore. Why dost thou turn away?—Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy fears? And, in despair,
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?
Forget all guilt 'gainst me, cast it behind thee,
And let it never vex thy quiet more.
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
With tender joy, and fond forgiving love.
'*J. Sho.* No, arm thy brow with vengeance; and appear
'The Minister of Heaven's inquiring justice.
'Array thyself all-terrible for judgment,
'Wrath in thy eyes, and thunder in thy voice;
'Pronounce my sentence; and, if yet there be
'A woe I have not felt, inflict it on me.
'*Shore.* Thy sorrows fain I'd hope are now completed;
'And I am come to snatch thee from injustice.
'The hand of power no more shall crush thy weakness,
'Nor proud oppression grind thy humble soul.
'*J. Sho.* Hast thou, my lost, much injur'd, lawful husband
'Restor'd thyself to me, and art thou come
'The messenger of grace and goodness to me,
'To seal my peace, and bless me ere I go?
'Oh! let me, then, fall down beneath thy feet,
'And weep my gratitude for ever there;
'Give me your drops, ye soft descending rains,
'Give me your streams, ye never-ceasing springs,
'That my sad eyes may still supply my duty,
'And feed an everlasting flood of sorrow.†
'*Shore.* Waste not thy feeble spirits—I have long
'Beheld, unknown, thy mourning and repentance;
'My heart has set aside all inj'ry past,

---

* And the kings of the earth," &c. "hid themselves in the dens, "and in the rocks of the mountains; 'and said to the mountains "and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us" &c. Revel. VI. 15, 16. See also Isaiah II. 21. Hosea X. 8. Luke XXIII. 30.

† "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of "tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter "of my people." Jerem. VIII. 1.

'To me thou'rt white, as unoffending innocence:*
'Therefore, in spite of cruel Gloster's rage,
'Soon as my friend had ope'd my prison-doors,
'I flew to thy assistance.' Let us haste
Now, while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.
J. Sho. What shall I say to you? but I obey——
Shore. Lean on my arm——
J. Sho. Alas! I'm wond'rous faint:
But that's not strange, I have not eat these three days.
Shore. Oh merciless! 'look here, my love, I've [brought thee
'Some rich conserves——
'*J. Sho.* How can you be so good?
'But you were ever thus. I well remember
'With what fond care, what diligence of love,
'You lavish'd out your wealth to buy me pleasures,
'Preventing every wish: have you forgot
'The costly string of pearl you brought me home,
'And tied about my neck?—How could I leave you?
'*Shore.* Taste some of this, or this——
'*J. Sho.* You're strangely alter'd——
'Say, gentle Belmour, is he not? How pale
'Your visage is become? Your eyes are hollow;
'Nay, you are wrinkled, too—Alas the day?
'My wretchedness has cost you many a tear,
'And many a bitter pang, since last we parted. [eat.'
'*Shore.* No more of that—thou talk'st, but dost not
J. Sho. 'My feeble jaws forget their common office,
'My tasteless tongue cleaves to the clammy roof,
'And now a general loathing grows upon me.'
Oh! I am sick at heart!
Shore. Thou murd'rous sorrow!
Wo't thou still drink her blood, pursue her still?
Must she, then, die! Oh, my poor penitent!
Speak peace to thy sad heart. She hears me not;
Grief masters ev'ry sense—'help me to hold her—'

---

* "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Isaiah i. 18.

Enter Sir William CATESBY, *with a guard.*

Cate. Seize on them both, as traitors to the state—

Bel. What means this violence!

[*Guards lay hold on Shore and Belmour.*

Cate. Have we not found you,
In scorn of the Protector's strict command,
Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?

Shore. Nay, say not infamy!
When vice has ceas'd, pow'r should not persecute.
To me she's virtuous.—But thou heedest not.
An engine of high pow'r, thou but fulfill'st
Thine office.

Cate. Elsewhere this——Away with them.

Shore. Is charity grown treason to your court?
I am content that we should die together——

Cate. Convey the men to prison; but for her,
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.

J. Sho. I will not part with him—for me!—for me!
Oh! must he die for me?

[*Following him as he is carried off—She falls.*

Shore. Unhand, unhand me!

[*Breaks from the guard.*

Stand off! the agonies of death are on her——
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.

J. Sho. Was this blow wanting to complete my ruin?
Oh! let him go, ye ministers of terror.
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield obedience to your cruel master.
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last breath with you.

Shore. Oh my love!
'Alas! alas! to see this bitter moment,
'This grief by far surpassing all my former!'
Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me
With such an earnest, such a piteous look,
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning
Thou could'st not speak?——

J. Sho. Forgive me!—but forgive me!

Shore. Such mercy and such pardon as my soul

Accords* to thee, and begs of Heaven to show thee;
May such befall me at my latest hour,
And make my portion bless'd or curs'd for ever.

J. Sho. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace—
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now——
'Was there not something I would have bequeath'd you?
'But I have nothing left me to bestow,
'Nothing but one sad sigh.' Oh mercy, Heaven! [*Dies.*

Bel. There fled the soul,
And left her load of misery behind.

Shore. Oh, my heart's treasure! Is this pale sad visage
All that remains of thee? 'are these dead eyes
'The light that cheer'd my soul?' O heavy hour!
But I will fix my trembling lips to thine,
Till I am cold and senseless quite, as thou art.
What, must we part then?—will you——
[*To the guards taking him away.*
Fare thee well—— [*Kissing her.*
Now execute your tyrant's will, and lead me
To bonds, or death, 'tis equally indifferent.

Bel. Let those, who view this sad example, know,
What 'tis e'en here to break the marriage vow;
And teach their children in succeeding times,
What temporal evils follow on such crimes;
When such severe repentance could not save
From want, from shame, and an untimely grave.

---

* Gives with his *whole heart.*

THE END.

THE

LONDON MERCHANT;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF

GEORGE BARNWELL.

A TRAGEDY.

BY

GEORGE LILLO.

FIRST PERFORMED

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY LANE,

In the Year 1731.

To deliver thee from the strange woman, even from the stranger which flattereth with her words; which forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God. For her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life. PROVERBS II. 16—19.

THE EDITOR's PREFACE.*

GEORGE LILLO, the author of the Tragedy of THE LONDON MERCHANT, or THE HISTORY OF GEORGE BARNWELL, was born on the 4th of February 1693, somewhere near Moorfields. His father was a Dutch jeweller, who married an English woman. George was brought up to his father's business, and was his partner in the same trade several years.

In the year 1730, his Opera of *Silvia, or the Country Burial*, was performed at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The general tendency of this piece is good, as it is intended to encourage virtue and discourage illicit love. It contains many valuable passages and some good songs; but the incident of *the Country Burial* is making too light of serious matters, and shocks my feelings.—There is also much grossness in the dialogue: But this fault is perhaps rather to be attributed to the time in which he lived than to the author himself. These observations would not have been made but that the piece is preserved in Lillo's Works.

In 1731, he produced *George Barnwell;* but of this I shall speak more fully hereafter.

In the year 1734, his Tragedy of *The Christian Hero*, taken from the History of Scanderbeg, King of Epirus, was acted at Drury Lane; this also contains many excellent passages, but the language is sometimes harsh and prosaic.

In 1737, *Fatal Curiosity!* a Tragedy in three Acts, was performed at the Hay-market Theatre. It is a play of great interest and in general well written; but in many

* These particulars of the Life of Lillo are taken principally from Davies's Memoirs of him prefixed to his edition of Lillo's Works in 2 vols. 12mo. in 1775, a second edition of which was published by Lowndes in 1810.

places the sentiments of the bad characters have no antidote to them, and the catastrophe is too horrid for representation. The moral of it is good, Patience under affliction, and a trust in the goodness of Providence. The father who had murdered his son, not knowing him to be so, when he was coming to relieve his distresses, says,

> Proud and impatient under our afflictions,
> While Heaven was labouring to make us happy,
> We brought this dreadful ruin on ourselves.

This play was altered by Mr. COLMAN (the Elder) and acted at the Haymarket in 1782, and Mr. MACKENZIE (the author of *The Man of Feeling*, &c.) extended it to five acts, and it was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, under the name of *The Shipwreck, or Fatal Curiosity*, in the year 1784. He has altered it in some respects for the better, but still the bad sentiments of Old Wilmot and Agnes want their antidote.

In the following year (1738) Lillo produced, at Covent Garden, *Marina*, a Play in three acts. It is taken from *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, one of the Plays which it is supposed that Shakspeare revised but did not wholly write. Though called a *Play*, which is, I believe, generally understood to imply something less deep than a *Tragedy*, that is, not having any *death* in it, yet there are two deaths in the second act. The same may be said of this play as of Silvia, that the author evidently appears to have intended to write a moral piece, yet some of the dialogue is so gross, that it would not be tolerated by an audience in the present day; this was the fault of that time; and it is a proof I trust that the stage is improved in its decency at least, and I think also in its morality.

Lillo died in 1739; but I shall proceed in the list of his works, and return to his own history afterwards.

In 1740 was published *Britannia and Batavia*, a Masque, written on the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Princess Royal, a strange mixture of Angels and Allegorical Personages. It does not appear to have been performed.

The Tragedy of Elmerick was finished by Lillo before *his death*, and left in the care of his friend John Gray,

a bookseller, who was first a dissenting minister, and afterwards admitted into the Church of England, and made Rector of a living at Rippon in Yorkshire. The author had made it his dying request to Mr. Gray that he would dedicate it to Frederick Prince of Wales; and, from Mr. Gray's Dedication prefixed to the Play, we learn that his Royal Highness interested himself in the success of it by honouring the performance with his presence. The Prologue and Epilogue were written by Hammond, the author of the Love Elegies, who was Equerry to the Prince of Wales. This Tragedy, evidently written by an author fond of liberty and justice, yet consists of incidents too gross and too shocking for public representation. That the author's mind was deeply tinctured with religion is also evident; but it was not a religion directed by clear views, it is not the religion of The Bible. Ismena, having been violated by *Conrade*, says to her husband Elmerick,

> Had not religion
> Withheld my hand, whose law forbids self-murder,
> (That short and easy cure for shame and anguish,)
> These sorrows ne'er had reached you.

The incident of Elmerick, though Regent, taking the punishment of the perpetrator and instrument of his wife's dishonour into his own hands, would not do in real life, and is a great impropriety in the author. In the 5th Act Justice is twice *deified* and invoked, and Elmerick becomes a Duellist:

> Give me to meet this impious Prince in battle;
> There, in the crouded lists, dread scene of justice,
> There only can I sue for retribution,
> Wrong'd as I am, without a soldier's shame.

When *Conrade* in remorse *stabs himself*, the *King* says,

> This is t' atone one error by another.
> *Conr.* Nothing but error: I was born to err:

which is *fatalism*.

The last speech of *Elmerick* is good,

> Unerring Power! whose deep and secret counsels
> No finite mind can fathom and explore;
> *It must be just to leave your creatures free,*
> *And wise to suffer what you most abhor;*

Supreme and absolute of these your ways
You render no account—We ask for none.
For mercy, truth, and righteous retribution
Attend at length your high and awful throne.

The Tragedy of *Arden of Feversham* is said to have been written by Lillo before the year 1736; but, being left imperfect, it was finished by *Dr. John Hoadley*, and was performed at Drury Lane, July 12, 1759; the house being opened for that night only. This Play is of the same class with the other productions of Lillo, being intended to expose the evils which attend on infidelity to the marriage vow. The adulterer and the adulteress are pourtrayed with great force, proceeding from sin to sin, till the end is their imbruing their hands in murder, and that brings on their own destruction: but it is too full of horrors; and the low instruments of murder are too frequently and too prominently exhibited on the stage. "The diabolical ministers of vengeance" (says Davies) "should be just seen and dismissed; though they may "be spoken of with propriety, an audience will not "long endure their company." (p. 37.)

This Play was altered and reduced into 3 Acts by Mr. Holman, and acted for his benefit in 1790. It has not been printed, so that I cannot judge of the value of the alteration.

A few passages may be given from this Play as specimens.

Arden had married *Alicia* by the influence of her parents, knowing that he had not her affections. These are his dying reflections:

How have I doated to Idolatry!
Vain, foolish wretch! and thoughtless of hereafter,
Nor hop'd nor wish'd a Heav'n beyond her love.
Now, unprepar'd, I perish by her hate.

The reflections of *Mosby* on accomplishing his wicked design are a fine lesson:

Mosby, thou hast thy wish.
Arden is dead; now count thy gains at leisure.
Dangers without, on every side suspicion;
Within, my starting conscience makes such wounds
As hell can equal, only murderers feel.—
This, this the end of all my flatt'ring hopes!

Oh! happiest was I in my humble state:
Tho' I lay down in want, I slept in peace:
My daily toil begat my night's repose,
My night's repose made day-light pleasing to me.
But now I've climb'd the top-bough of the tree,
And sought to build my nest among the clouds,
The gentlest gales of summer shake my bed,
And dreams of murder harrow up my soul.
But, hark! not yet: 'Tis dreadful being alone.
This awful silence, that unbroken reigns
Thro' earth and air, awakes attention more
Than thunder bursting from ten thousand clouds.

And, again,

Ambition, av'rice, lust,
That drove me on to murder, now forsake me.

Franklin makes the following exclamation on the discovery of the murderers:

Eternal Providence, to whose bright eye
Darkness itself is as the noon-day blaze,
Who brings the midnight murd'rer and his deeds
To light and shame, has, in their own security,
Found thee.

Alicia says,—

I adore
Th' unerring hand of justice; and with silence
Had yielded to my fate: but for this maid,
Who, as my soul dreads justice on her crimes,
Knew not, nor e'er consented to this deed——
Mayor. But did she not consent to keep it secret?
Mosby. To save a brother and most wretched friend.
Mayor. She has undone herself,—Behold how innocence
May suffer in bad fellowship.

In the Biographia Dramatica and in Egerton's Theatrical Remembrancer mention is made of a *Comedy* written by Lillo and left in M. S. called *The Regulators*, but this appears now to be lost.

To return to the account of Lillo: It appears from an assignment of the copy-right of George Barnwell to Gray the bookseller, dated Nov. 25, 1735, that Lillo was at that time living at Rotherhithe near London. I thought it not improbable, therefore, that he had died there, as Davies informs us that he ended his life September the 3d, 1739, in the 47th year of his age; but, on making inquiry there, the name of Lillo does not appear in th

Register of Burials, from 1730 to 1740, nor in those for Marriages and Baptisms; so that he was not married there, nor had any children baptized; neither is there any monument to him in the church or church-yard.

Hammond in his Prologue to Elmerick has stated that Lillo died in want and misery:

> Deprest by want, afflicted by disease,
> Dying he wrote, and dying wish'd to please.

But it appears from his Will, that, besides an estate of £60. *per annum* which he bequeathed to a nephew of the name of Underwood, subject to payments to different persons, he died possessed of several effects by no means inconsiderable. He had also accumulated by his plays, in the course of seven years, about £800. He had always lived a very temperate life, and was not addicted to any vice or extravagance.

Davies mentions a curious anecdote respecting our author, in the latter part of his life. He determined, either from judgment or humour, to put the sincerity of his friends, who professed a very high regard for him, to a trial. In order to do this he asked one of his intimate acquaintance to lend him a considerable sum of money, and declared that he would give no bond for it, nor any other security, except a note of hand; the person to whom he applied, not liking the terms, civilly refused him. Soon after, Lillo met his nephew Mr. Underwood, with whom he had been at variance for some time; he made the same application to him. His nephew, either from a sagacious apprehension of his uncle's real intention, or from generosity of spirit, immediately offered to comply with his request. Lillo was so well pleased with this ready compliance, that he immediately declared that he was fully satisfied with the love and regard his nephew bore him; he was convinced that his friendship was entirely disinterested, and assured him that he should reap the benefit such generous behaviour deserved. In consequence of this promise, he bequeathed him the bulk of his fortune.

This incident is quite in the manner of a dramatic *author* accustomed to plots and contrivances. Such trials

may certainly sometimes be allowable, but Lillo, in his *Fatal Curiosity!* has shewn that the consequences are sometimes attended with great evil, and they are seldom practised without falsehood on the side of the proposer.

Lillo, though strongly attached to poetry, and to the Drama in particular, seems ever to have kept in mind that it ought to tend to the promotion of virtue, morality and religion. "A love of truth, innocence, and virtue," (says his Biographer) "a firm resignation to the will of "Providence, and a detestation of vice and falsehood, "are constantly insisted upon, and strongly inculcated "in all the compositions of honest Lillo." (p. 31.) He was "a most valuable and amiable man in his moral con- "duct, and in the candour, generosity, and openness of "his temper, resembling the character of Thorowgood "in his own Barnwell". (p. 38.) A few months after his death Henry Fielding gave a character of him in *The Champion*, in which he says, that "He had the "spirit of an old Roman, joined to the innocence of a "primitive Christian; he was content with his little state "of life, in which his excellent temper of mind gave "him a happiness beyond the power of riches, and it "was necessary for his friends to have a sharp insight "into his want of their services, as well as good incli- "nation or abilities to serve him. In short, he was one "of the best of men, and those who knew him best will "most regret his loss." (Life by Davies, p. 32.)

In his person he was lusty, but not tall, of a pleasing aspect, though unhappily deprived of the sight of one eye.

The Tragedy of THE LONDON MERCHANT, or THE HISTORY of GEORGE BARNWELL, is taken from the old Ballad of *George Barnwell*, but varies from it in several particulars which tend to make the piece more interesting and more instructive. Davies says that it was offered "to Mr. Theophilus Cibber, manager of a company of "comedians then acting at the Theatre in Drury Lane, "during the summer season. The author's friends,

" though they were well acquainted with the merit of " Barnwell, could not be without their fears for the " success of a play, which was formed on a new plan— " A history of manners deduced from an old ballad; " and which the witlings of the time called a Newgate " Tragedy. It is true some of our best dramatic poets, " in their most affecting pieces, had lowered the buskin, " and fitted it to characters in life inferior to Kings and " Heroes; yet no writer had ventured to descend so low " as to introduce the character of a merchant, or his " clerk, into a tragedy.—However the author's attempt " was fully justified by his success; plain sterling sense, " joined to many happy strokes of nature and passion, " supplied the imagined deficiencies of art, and more " tears were shed at the representation of this home-spun " drama, than at all the elaborate imitations of ancient " fables and ancient manners by the learned moderns. " Mr. Pope, who was present at the first acting of " Barnwell, very candidly observed that Lillo had never " deviated from propriety, except in a few passages in " which he aimed at a greater elevation of language than " was consistent with character and situation. (See " Lillo, in Cibber's Lives, Vol. 1.)

" Barnwell was acted about twenty nights in the hottest " part of the year to crouded houses. The great success of " this play excited the attention of Queen Caroline, who " desired to see it in MS. (Gentleman's Magazine, July " 1731.) A message was dispatched to Drury Lane " Theatre, and July 2nd 1731, Mr. Wilks waited upon " her Majesty at Hampton Court with the play."—" One " circumstance which happened the first night that Barn- " well was acted, is so singular that it ought not to be " forgotten. Certain witty and facetious persons, who " call themselves The Town, bought up thousands of " the ballad of George Barnwell, with an intent to make " a ludicrous comparison between the old song, and the " new tragedy; but so forcible and so pathetic were the " scenes of the London Merchant, that these merry " *gentlemen* were quite disappointed and ashamed; they " *were obliged* to throw away their ballads and take out

" their handkerchiefs. (Cibber's Life of Lillo.)"—Davies, p. 8, 9.

The author of the Biographia Dramatica says of this play, " It is written in prose, and although the language " is consequently not so dignified as that of the buskin " is usually expected to be, yet it is well adapted to the " subject it is written on, and exalted enough to express " the sentiments of the characters, which are all thrown " into domestic life. The plot is ingenious, the catastrophe just, and the conduct of it affecting. And no " lesson surely can be more proper or indeed more " necessary to inculcate among that valuable body of " youths, who are trained up to the branches of mercantile business, so eminently estimable in a land of " commerce such as England, and who must necessarily " have large trusts confided to their care, and consequently large temptations thrown into the way of their " integrity, than the warning them how much greater " strength will be added to these temptations, how " almost impossible it will be for them to avoid the snares " of ruin, if they suffer themselves but once to be drawn " aside into the paths of the harlot, or permit their eyes " once to glance on the allurements of the wanton, " where they will be sure to meet with the most insatiable " avarice to cope with on one hand, and an unguarded " sensibility proceeding at first from the goodness of their " own hearts, on the other, which will excite the practice " of the most abandoned artifices in the first, and render " the last most liable to be imposed on by them, and " plunge headlong into vice, infamy and ruin. This " warning is strongly, loudly given in this play; and " indeed I cannot help wishing that the performance of " it was more frequent, or at least that the managers " would make it a rule constantly to have it acted once " at least in each house during the course of every period " of those holidays in which the very youth to whom " this instruction is addressed almost always form a " considerable part of the audience." Vol. 2. p 192.

This advice, originally given in the first edition of that work under the title of The Companion to the Play-

House, published in 1764, was, I believe, followed for many years, and George Barnwell was regularly acted during the Christmas Holidays. If this practice has been remitted of late years, yet the piece has continued a stock play; and though the character of Milwood is in general disliked by female performers of the first cast, yet Mrs. Siddons has not disdained to personate her.*—The play is performed by almost every company throughout the kingdom.

In a fragment of a country play-bill, of the Tragedy of GEORGE BARNWELL, which I have now before me, but from what place or company I cannot tell, both the top and the names of the performers below being cut off and only the account of the play preserved, the following curious circumstance is stated:

"A story is recorded, and the fact can be proved by "many living witnesses, that a young gentleman of the "city of London, having embezzled part of his master's "property, was providentially at a representation of "George Barnwell, at Drury Lane, when that ad-"mirable actor, Mr. Ross, personated the character of "George Barnwell; at whose fate he was so struck, "that it occasioned his immediate contrition and re-"formation. The gentleman so benefited by this ex-"cellent tragedy, was not ashamed to acknowledge his "obligations to the play, and the performers; for at "every subsequent yearly benefit Mr. Ross received one "hundred pounds with a card to the following effect.

* Mr. Ensor says "Milwood's character is a great effort, and "seems to have exhausted in that respect the powers of the dramatist." (*Independent Man*, Vol. II. p. 169.) I agree with Mr. Ensor as to the character of Milwood being a great effort, but not as to its having exhausted the powers of the dramatist. Barnwell is well drawn; and so is Thorowgood, it is a part which no performer need disdain to play; Trueman and Maria are also good, and Lucy requires no inconsiderable abilities in the performer to give effect to the account of the interview between G. Barnwell and Milwood when she instigates him to the murder of his Uncle. Though the Uncle appears only in one scene, yet he requires a very respectable representative. The characters, when the play is performed, are seldom filled by the best performers, who too often seek for opportunities of *display* rather than of legitimate and useful acting, which will procure respect and esteem, though it may not draw down *thunders of applause*.

" *DEAR SIR,*

" *He who is indebted to your admirable* " *representation of George Barnwell for more than* " *life, for his redeemed honour and credit, begs your* " *acceptance of the inclosed; which sum you will receive* " *yearly, so long as you continue in the line of your* " *profession. Happy am I to acknowledge, that the* " *stage has prevented me from ruin and disgrace.* " *George Barnwell stopped me in my mad career, and* " *saved me from an ignominious death.*

" *I am your grateful friend and servant,*

A CONVERT."*

As the authority on which this is stated is not given, I shall produce a fuller, and, probably, a more correct statement of the circumstance from an account of Mr. Ross in *The Thespian Dictionary* and also in *Gilliland's Dramatic Mirror*, Vol. II. p. 958.

" In the year 1752, during the Christmas Holidays, " he played George Barnwell, and Mrs. Pritchard per- " sonated Milwood. Soon after, Dr. Barrowby, phy- " sician to St. Bartholomew's hospital, was sent for by " a young gentleman in Great St. Helen's, an apprentice " to a merchant of eminence. He found him very ill " with a slow fever, and a heavy hammer pulse, that no " medicine could touch. The nurse told him that he " sighed at times so deeply, that she was sure there was " something on his mind. The Doctor sent every one " out of the room, and told his patient, he was certain " there was a secret distress which lay so heavy on his " spirits, that it would be in vain to order him medicine " unless he would open his mind freely.

* I have another fragment of a Country Play-Bill of *George Barnwell* now before me, without either the name of the place where it was performed or any of the actors' names, but with the date of Oct. 21, 1806, which states, that " The late celebrated Dr. Samuel " Johnson says in his review of it, that he firmly believes this Play " has saved many a youth from an untimely end; and he considers it " highly proper for every youth to see it, for it shews at once the " dreadful consequences of deviating from the path of virtue."

I do not recollect where Johnson has said this, and I cannot find any reference to it either in the Index to the edition of his Works by Murphy, *or in that to his Life* by Boswell.

" After much solicitation on the part of the Doctor, " the youth confessed there was indeed something lay " heavy at his heart, but that he would sooner die than " divulge it, as it must be his ruin if it was known. " The Doctor assured him, if he would make him his " confidant, he would by every means in his power serve " him; that the secret, if he desired it, should remain " so to all the world, but to those who might be ne- " cessary to relieve him.

" After much conversation, he told the Doctor he was " the second son of a gentleman of good fortune in " Hertfordshire; that he had made an improper ac- " quaintance with the kept mistress of a Captain of an " Indiaman, then abroad; that he was within a year of " the expiration of his apprenticeship; that he had been " entrusted with cash, drafts, and notes, with which " he had made free, to the amount of £200; that going " two or three nights before to Drury Lane theatre, to " see Ross and Mrs. Pritchard in their characters of " George Barnwell and Milwood, he was so forcibly " struck, that he had not enjoyed a moment's peace " since, and wished to die, to avoid the shame he saw " hanging over him.

" The Doctor asked where his father was. He replied, " that he expected him there every minute, as he was " sent for by his master upon his being taken ill. The " Doctor desired the young gentleman to make himself " perfectly easy, as he would undertake his father should " make all right; and to get his patient in a promising " way, assured him if his father made the least hesitation, " he should have the money from *him*.

" The father soon arrived: the Doctor took him into " another room, and after explaining the whole cause of " his son's illness, begged him to save the honour of his " family, and the life of his son. The father, with tears " in his eyes, gave him a thousand thanks; said he " would step to his banker, and bring the money. " While the father was gone, Dr. Barrowby went to his " *patient*, and told him every thing would be settled in " *a few minutes* to his satisfaction.

"On the return of his father, every thing was happily "settled. The young man immediately recovered, and "lived to be a very eminent merchant.

"Dr. Barrowby never divulged his name, but the "story he often mentioned in the green-room of Drury "Lane theatre; and after telling it one night when "Mr. Ross was standing by, he said to him, "You "have done some good in your profession, more, per- "haps, than many a clergyman who preached last "Sunday;" for the patient told him that the play had "raised such horror and contrition in his soul, that he "would, if it should please God to raise a friend to "extricate him out of his distress, dedicate the rest of "his life to religion and virtue.

"Though Ross never knew his name, nor saw him "to his knowledge, he received for nine or ten years at "his benefit, a note sealed up with ten guineas, and "these words: "A tribute of gratitude from one who "was highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing "Mr. Ross's performance of Barnwell."

DAVIES, in his *Dramatic Miscellanies*, (Vol. III. p. 64.) briefly mentions this story, and says, it "has been told "me with such proofs of authenticity that I cannot "disbelieve it."

Mr. GILPIN, in his *Dialogues on the Amusements of Clergymen*, which are supposed to take place between Dr. Stillingfleet, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, and Dr. Frampton, then curate of Wroxal in Warwickshire, makes Dr. S. say "I should wish to turn the play-house "into a mode of amusing instruction; and to suffer no "theatrical performance, which did not eminently con- "duce to this end. Young men, for instance, are apt "to be led away by vicious pleasures; and to supply "their profligacy, are often carried from one degree of "wickedness to another. A play on such a subject* "might perhaps deter many a young man in the be- "ginning of his career. Or a good effect might be pro- "duced by placing some virtue in opposition to its con- "trary vice; as *contrasts* generally have more force, than "*simple exhibitions.*" p. 119.

To this passage a note is annexed " * There was afterwards a play formed on this very plan, intitled George Barnwell; the moral of which is good, though the execution is far from being faultless."

As Mr. Gilpin has not specified what he conceives to be the faults of the play, it is impossible to guess precisely what they are; but I hope that in the alterations which have now been made in it nothing material has been over-looked.

Among those excellent little Tracts, the *Cheap Repository*, there is one entitled *The Cheapside Apprentice, or the History of Mr. Francis H* * * * *. Whether this is taken from some more recent and true story, as the initial with the four asterisks would seem to imply, I do not know, or whether it takes its origin from this play. It differs from it, certainly, in many particulars, though the general outline is the same. The apprentice, however, suffers, not for murder, but for *forgery*, which is perhaps the great crime of the present day with dissipated young men in that line of life. The Tract forms an excellent companion to this play.

The copy from which this play is printed is one Printed by J. Roach, Russel-court, Drury-lane, in 1808, which has been compared with the copy in Davies's Edition of Lillo's Works, see p. 167. Note.

Clare Hall, Aug. 14, 1811.

THE AUTHOR's DEDICATION.

TO

Sir JOHN EYLES, Bart.

Member of Parliament for, and Alderman of the city of London, and Sub-Governor of the South-Sea Company.

SIR,

If tragic poetry be, as Mr. Dryden has somewhere said, the most excellent and most useful kind of writing, the more extensively useful the moral of any tragedy is, the more excellent that piece must be of its kind.

I hope I shall not be thought to insinuate, that this, to which I have presumed to fix your name, is such: that depends on its fitness to answer the end of tragedy, the exciting of the passions, in order to the correcting such of them as are criminal, either in their nature, or through their excess. Whether the following scenes do this in any tolerable degree is, with the deference that becomes one, who would not be thought vain, submitted to your candid and impartial judgment.

What I would infer is this, I think, evident truth, that tragedy is so far from losing its dignity by being accommodated to the circumstances of the generality of mankind, that it is more truly august, in proportion to the extent of its influence, and the numbers that are properly affected by it, as it is more truly great to be the instrument of good to many who stand in need of our assistance, than to a very small part of that number.

If princes, &c. were alone liable to misfortunes arising from vice or weakness in themselves or others, there would be good reason for confining the characters in tragedy to those of superior rank; but since the contrary is evident, nothing can be more reasonable than to proportion the remedy to the disease.

I am far from denying that tragedies founded on any instructive and extraordinary events in history, or well-invented fable, where the persons introduced are of the highest rank, are without their use, even to the bulk of the audience. The strong contrast between a Tamerlane and a Bajazet may have its weight with an unsteady people, and contribute to the fixing of them in the interest of a prince of the character of the former; when through their own levity, or the arts of designing men, they are rendered factious and uneasy, though they have the highest reason to be satisfied. The sentiments and example of a Cato may inspire his spectators with a just sense of the value of liberty, when they see that honest patriot prefer death to an obligation from a tyrant, who would sacrifice the constitution of his country, and the liberties of mankind, to his ambition and revenge. I have attempted, indeed, to enlarge the province of the graver kind of poetry, and should be glad to see it carried on by some abler hand. Plays founded on moral tales in private life may be of admirable use, by carrying conviction to the mind with such irresistible force, as to engage all the faculties and powers of the soul in the cause of virtue, by stifling vice in its first principles. They who imagine this to be too much to be attributed to Tragedy must be strangers to the energy of that noble species of poetry. Shakspeare, who has given such amazing proofs of his genius, in that, as well as in comedy, in his Hamlet has the following lines:

> "Had he the motive and the cue for passion
> That I have, he would drown the stage with tears,
> And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech;
> Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
> Confound the ign'rant, and amaze indeed
> The very faculties of eyes and ears."

And farther, in the same speech:

> I have heard,—
> "That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
> Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
> Been struck so to the soul, that presently
> They have proclaim'd their malefactions."

Prodigious! yet strictly just. But I shall not take up your valuable time with my remarks: only give me leave just to observe, that he seems so firmly persuaded of the power of a well-written piece to produce the effect here ascribed to it, as to make Hamlet venture his soul on the event, and rather trust that than a messenger from the other world, tho' it assumed, as he expresses it, his "noble father's form," and assured him that it was his spirit. I'll have, (says Hamlet,) grounds more relative:*

> ——— "the Play's the thing,
> Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

Such plays are the best answers to them who deny the lawfulness of the stage.

Considering the novelty of this attempt, I thought it would be expected from me to say something in its excuse; and I was unwilling to lose the opportunity of saying something of the usefulness of Tragedy in general, and what may be reasonably expected from the farther improvement of this excellent kind of poetry.

Sir, I hope you will not think I have said too much of an art, a mean specimen of which I am ambitious enough to recommend to your favour and protection. A mind, conscious of superior worth, as much despises flattery, as it is above it. Had I found in myself an inclination to so contemptible a vice, I should not have chosen Sir John Eyles for my patron. And indeed the best written panegyric, tho' strictly true, must place you in a light much inferior to that in which you have long been fixed by the love and esteem of your fellow-citizens, whose choice of you for one of their representatives in parliament, has sufficiently declared their sense of your merit. Nor has the knowledge of your worth been confined to the city; the proprietors of the South-Sea Company, in which are included numbers of persons as considerable for their rank, fortune, and understanding, as any in the kingdom, gave the greatest proof of their confidence in your capacity and probity,

* *See a remarkable instance of this effect produced by this very Play, Preface p. 176. &c.* Editor.

when they chose you Sub-governor of their Company, at a time when their affairs were in the utmost confusion, and their properties in the greatest danger. Neither is the court insensible of your importance. I shall not, therefore, attempt your character, nor pretend to add any thing to a reputation so well-established.

Whatever others may think of a Dedication wherein there is so much said of other things, and so little of the person to whom it is addressed, I have reason to believe that you will the more easily pardon it upon that very account.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

humble Servant,

GEORGE LILLO.

PROLOGUE.

THE tragic Bard, sublime, delights to show
Princes distress'd, and scenes of royal woe;
In awful pomp, majestic, to relate
The fall of nations, or some hero's fate;
That scepter'd chiefs may, by example, know
The strange vicissitudes of things below;
What dangers on security attend;
How pride and cruelty in ruin end;
Hence, Providence supreme to know, and own
Humanity, adds glory to a throne.
In ev'ry former age, and foreign tongue,
With native grandeur thus the Bards have sung.
Yet have you sometimes seen, with wish'd success,
The tragic actor, in an humbler dress;
Great only in distress, when he complains
In Southern's, Rowe's, or Otway's moving strains,
The brilliant drops that fall from each bright eye,
The absent pomp with brighter gems supply.
Forgive us, then, if we attempt to show,
In artless strains, a tale of private woe.
A London 'Prentice ruin'd is our theme,
Drawn from the fam'd old song that bears his name.
We hope your taste is not so high to scorn
A moral tale esteem'd ere you were born;
Which for a century of rolling years,
Has fill'd a thousand-thousand eyes with tears.
If thoughtless youth to warn, and shame the age
From vice destructive, well becomes the stage;
If this example innocence insure,
Prevent our guilt, or by reflection cure,
If Millwood's dreadful guilt, and sad despair,
Commend the virtue of the good and fair,
Tho' *art be wanting*, and our numbers fail,
Indulge th' attempt in justice to the tale.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

THOROWGOOD,.....*The Merchant.*
OLD BARNWELL, ...*Uncle to George.*
GEORGE BARNWELL, *Apprentice to Thorowgood*
TRUEMAN,.....*His fellow-Apprentice.*
BLUNT, ...*Servant to Millwood.*
Servant to Thorowgood.
Keeper of the Prison.

WOMEN.

MARIA,.....*Daughter to Thorowgood.*
MILLWOOD,...*A woman of the town.*
LUCY,.....*Servant to Millwood.*

Officers with their Attendants and Footmen.

Scene, London, and an adjacent Village.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room in Thorowgood's House.*

Enter THOROWGOOD *and* TRUEMAN.

Trueman. Sir, the packet from Genoa is arrived.

[*Gives letters.*

Thor. Heaven be praised! The storm that threatened our royal mistress, pure religion, liberty, and laws, is for a time diverted. The haughty and revengeful Spaniard, disappointed of the loan on which he depended from Genoa, must now attend the slow return of wealth from his new world, to supply his empty coffers, ere he can execute his proposed invasion of our happy island. By this means time is gain'd to make such preparations on our part, as may, Heaven concurring, prevent his malice, or turn the meditated mischief on himself.

True. He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the safety of his country is concerned. Sir, may I know by what means?——If I am not too bold——

Thor. Your curiosity is laudable; and I gratify it with the greater pleasure, because from thence you may learn, how honest merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the safety of their country, as they do at all times to its happiness; that if, hereafter, you should be tempted to any action that has the appearance of vice or meanness in it, upon reflecting on the dignity of our *profession you may, with* honest scorn, reject whatever *is unworthy of it.*

True. Should Barnwell, or I, who have the benefit of your example, by our ill conduct bring any imputation on that honourable name, we must be left without excuse.

Thor. You compliment, young man. [*Trueman bows respectfully.*] Nay, I am not offended. As the name of merchant never degrades the gentleman, so by no means does it exclude him; only take heed not to purchase the character of complaisant at the expence of your sincerity. ——But to answer your question: the bank of Genoa was solicited to advance, at an excessive interest, and on good security, to the king of Spain a sum of money sufficient to equip his vast armada; of which our peerless Elizabeth (more than in name the mother of her people) being well informed, sent Walsingham, her wise and faithful secretary, to consult the merchants of this loyal city; who all agreed to direct their several agents to influence, if possible, the Genoese to break off the negociation with the Spanish court. 'Tis done: the state and bank of Genoa having maturely weighed, and rightly judged of their true interest, prefer the friendship of the merchants of London to that of the monarch who proudly styles himself king of both Indies.

True. Happy success of prudent counsels! What an expence of blood and treasure is here sav'd! 'Excellent 'queen! O how unlike the princes who make the danger 'of foreign enemies a pretence to oppress their subjects 'by taxes great, and grievous to be borne!

'*Thor.* Not so our gracious queen, whose richest 'Exchequer is her people's love, as their happiness her 'greatest glory.

'*True.* On these terms to defend us, is to make our 'protection a benefit worthy of her who confers it, and 'well worth our acceptance.'* Sir, have you any commands for me at this time!

* This conversation between Thorowgood and Trueman fixes the *era of the* play to the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and yet, whenever *I have seen* it acted, and in all the prints I have seen of performers in *it, they have* always been dressed in the costume of the time in which *it has been* performed. This is evidently an incongruity. But, it's

Thor. Only to look carefully over the files, to see whether there are any tradesmen's bills unpaid; and if there are, send and discharge them. We must not let artificers lose their time, so useful to the public and their families, in unnecessary attendance. [*Exit Trueman.*

Enter MARIA.

Well, Maria, have you given orders for the entertainment? I would have it in some measure worthy the guests. Let there be plenty, and of the best, that the courtiers, 'though they should deny us citizens politeness,' may at least commend our hospitality.

Mar. Sir, I have endeavoured not to wrong your well-known generosity by an ill-timed parsimony.

Thor. Nay, 'twas a needless caution: I have no cause to doubt your prudence.

Mar. Sir, I find myself unfit for conversation at present; I should but increase the number of the company without adding to their satisfaction.

Thor. Nay, my child, this melancholy must not be indulged.

Mar. Company will but increase it: I wish you would dispense with my absence. Solitude best suits my present temper.

Thor. You are not insensible that it is chiefly on your account these noble lords do me the honour so frequently to grace my board. Should you be absent, the disappointment may make them repent their condescension, and think their labour lost.

Mar. He that shall think his time or honour lost in visiting you, can set no real value on your daughter's company, whose only merit is, that she is yours. The man of quality who chooses to converse with a gentleman and merchant of your worth and character, may confer honour by so doing, but he loses none.

---

better, perhaps, that the costume of the present day should always be preserved to bring the story more home to the business and the bosoms of the audience. The conversation is good and gives an interest and *reality* to the *piece*; but I think it may better be spared *than the conversation between the* same characters at the beginning of *the third act.*

Thor. Come, come, Maria, I need not tell you, that a young gentleman may prefer your conversation to mine, and yet intend me no disrespect at all: for though he may lose no honour in my company, 'tis very natural for him to expect more pleasure in yours. I remember the time when the company of the greatest and wisest men in the kingdom would have been insipid and tiresome to me, if it had deprived me of an opportunity of enjoying your mother's.

Mar. Your's, no doubt, was as agreeable to her; for generous minds know no pleasure in society but where 'tis mutual.

Thor. Thou knowest I have no heir, no child, but thee; the fruits of many years successful industry must all be thine. Now it would give me pleasure, great as my love, to see on whom you will bestow it. I am daily solicited by men of the greatest rank and merit for leave to address you; but I have hitherto declined it, in hopes, that, by observation, I should learn which way your inclination tends; for, as I know love to be essential to happiness in the married state, I had rather my approbation should confirm your choice than direct it.

Mar. What can I say? How shall I answer, as I ought, this tenderness, so uncommon even in good parents? But you are without example: yet, had you been less indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the crowd of courtiers that visit here, with equal esteem, but equal indifference, you have observ'd, and I must needs confess; yet, had you asserted your authority, and insisted on a parent's right to be obey'd, I had submitted, and to my duty sacrificed my peace.

Thor. From your perfect obedience in every other instance, I feared as much; and therefore would leave you without a bias in an affair wherein your happiness is so immediately concern'd.

Mar. Whether from a want of that just ambition that would become your daughter, or from some other cause, I know not; but I find high birth and titles do not recommend the man who owns them to my affections.

Thor. I would not that they should, unless his merit

recommends him more. A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light.

Mar. I cannot answer for my inclinations, but they shall ever be submitted to your wisdom and authority; and as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, so love shall never make me act contrary to my duty. Sir, have I your permission to retire?

Thor. I'll see you to your chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Millwood's house.*

Millwood discovered at her toilet, Lucy attending.

Mil. How do I look to-day, Lucy?

Lucy. Oh, killingly, madam! A little more red, and you'll be irresistible.——But why this more than ordinary care of your dress and complexion! What new conquest are you aiming at!

Mil. A conquest would be new indeed.

Lucy. Not to you who make them every day——but to me——Well, 'tis what I am never to expect—unfortunate as I am——But your wit and beauty——

Mil. First made me a wretch, and still continue me so. Men, however generous and sincere to one another, are all selfish hypocrites in their affairs with us; we are no otherwise esteem'd or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their satisfaction.

Lucy. You are certainly, madam, on the wrong side in this argument. Is not the expence all theirs? And I am sure it is our own fault if we have not our share of the pleasure.

Mil. We are but slaves to men.

Lucy. Nay, 'tis they that are slaves most certainly, for we lay them under contribution.

Mil. Slaves have no property; no, not even in themselves: all is the victor's.

Lucy. You are strangely arbitrary in your principles, madam.

Mil. I would have my conquests complete, like those of the Spaniards in the new world; who first plundered the natives of all the wealth they had, and then condemned the wretches to the mines for life, to work for more.

Lucy. Well, I shall never approve of your scheme of government: I should think it much more politic, as well as just, to find my subjects an easier employment.

Mil. It is a general maxim among the knowing part of mankind, that a woman without virtue, like a man without honour or honesty, is capable of any action, though never so vile: and yet what pains will they not take, what arts not use, to seduce us from our innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own opinion? Then is it not just the villains, to their cost, should find us so? But guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their guard; therefore we can take advantage only of the young and innocent part of the sex, who having never injur'd women, apprehend no injury from them.

Lucy. That indeed gives you an advantage.

Mil. Such a one, I think, I have found. As I have pass'd through the city, I have often observ'd him receiving and paying considerable sums of money; from thence I conclude he is employ'd in affairs of consequence.

Lucy. Is he handsome?

Mil. Ay, ay, the stripling is well made, and has a good face.

Lucy. About——

Mil. Eighteen.

Lucy. Innocent, handsome, and about eighteen!—You'll be vastly happy. Why, if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three years.

Mil. If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner. Having long had a design on him, and meeting him yesterday, I made a full stop, and gazing wishfully in his face, ask'd his name. He blush'd, and bowing very low, answer'd, *George Barnwell.* I begged *his pardon* for the freedom I had taken, and told him *that he* was the person I had long wish'd to see, and to

[had an affair of importance to communicate at a time and place. He nam'd a tavern; I talk'd of and reputation, and invited him to my house. llow'd the bait, promis'd to come, and this is e I expect him. [*Knocking at the door.*] Some nocks——D'ye hear: I am at home to nobody but him. [*Exit Lucy.*] Less affairs must give those of more consequence; and I am strangely n if this does not prove of great importance to d him too, before I have done with him. Now, hat manner shall I receive him? Let me consider -What manner of person am I to receive? He is innocent, and bashful; therefore I must take t to put him out of countenance at first. 'But if I have any skill in physiognomy, he is amo- and, with a little assistance, will soon get the of his modesty.' I'll e'en trust to nature, who onders in these matters. 'If to seem what one is in order to be the better liked for what one really to speak one thing and mean the direct contrary, in a woman—I know nothing of nature.'

r BARNWELL, *bowing very low.* LUCY, *at a distance.*

Sir, the surprise and joy———
n. Madam!
This is such a favour—— [*Advancing.*
n. Pardon me, madam.
So unhop'd for! [*Still advances.*
[*Barnwell bows again, and retires in confusion.*
you here——Excuse the confusion——
i. I fear I am too bold——
Alas! Sir, I may justly apprehend you think me lease, sir, to sit. I am as much at a loss how to this honour as I ought, as I am surpris'd at your ss in conferring it.
n. I thought you had expected me: I promis'd to

That is the more surprising! few men are such *s observers of their* word.

Barn. All who are honest are.

Mil. To one another; but we simple women are seldom thought of consequence enough to gain a place in their remembrance.

[*Laying her hand on his, as by accident.*

Barn. Her disorder is so great, she don't perceive she has laid her hand on mine. How she trembles!—What can this mean? [*Aside.*

Mil. The interest I have in all that relates to you, (the reason of which you shall know hereafter) excites my curiosity; and were I sure you would pardon my presumption, I should desire to know your real sentiments on a very particular subject.

Barn. Madam, you may command my poor thoughts on any subject, I have none that I would conceal.

Mil. You'll think me bold.

Barn. No, indeed.

Mil. What then are your thoughts of *love?*

Barn. If you mean the love of woman, I have not thought of it at all. My youth and circumstances make such thoughts improper in me yet. But if you mean the general love we owe to mankind, I think no one has more of it in his temper than myself. I do not know that person in the world, whose happiness I do not wish and would not promote, were it in my power. In an especial manner I love my uncle, and my master; but, above all, my friend.

Mil. You have a friend, then, whom you love?

Barn. As he does me, sincerely.

Mil. He is, no doubt, often bless'd with your company and conversation?

Barn. We live in one house, and both serve the same worthy merchant.

Mil. Happy, happy youth! Whoe'er thou art, I envy thee, 'and so must all who see and know this youth.' What have I lost, by being form'd a woman! I hate my sex, myself. Had I been a man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy in your friendship as he who now enjoys it, but as it is——Oh!——

Barn. I never observ'd woman before, or this is sure

the most beautiful of her sex. [*Aside.*] You seem disordered, madam—may I know the cause?

Mil. Do not ask me——I can never speak it, whatever is the cause. I wish for things impossible, I would be a servant, bound to the same master, to live in one house with you.

Barn. How strange, and yet how kind, her words and actions are! And the effect they have on me is as strange. I feel desires I never knew before. I must be gone, while I have power to go. [*Aside.*] Madam, I humbly take my leave.

Mil. You will not, sure, leave me so soon.

Barn. Indeed I must.

Mil. You cannot be so cruel! I have prepar'd a poor supper, at which I promis'd myself your company.

Barn. I am sorry I must refuse the honour you design'd me: but my duty to my master calls me hence. I never yet neglected his service. He is so gentle, and so good a master, that should I wrong him, though he might forgive me, I should never forgive myself.

Mil. Am I refus'd, by the first man, the second favour I ever stoop'd to ask? Go, then, thou proud hard-hearted youth; but, know, you are the only man that could be found, who would let me sue twice for greater favours.

Barn. What shall I do? How shall I go, or stay?

Mil. Yet do not, do not leave me. I wish my sex's pride would meet your scorn; but when I look upon you, when I behold those eyes—Oh! spare my tongue and let my blushes speak—this flood of tears too, that will force its way, declare—what woman's modesty should hide.

Barn. Oh! she loves me, worthless as I am. Her looks, her words, her flowing tears confess it. And can I leave her, then? Oh, never, never! Madam, dry up your tears: you shall command me always; I will stay here for ever, if you would have me.

Lucy. So: she has wheedled him out of his virtue of obedience already; and will strip him of all the rest one

after another, 'till she has left him as few as her ladyship or myself. [*Aside.*

Mil. Now you are kind, indeed: but I mean not to detain you always: I would have you shake off all slavish obedience to your master; but you may serve him still.

Lucy. Serve him still! Aye, or he'll have no opportunity of fingering his cash; and then he'll not serve your end. [*Aside.*

Enter BLUNT.

Blunt. Madam, supper's on the table.

Mil. Come, Sir, you'll excuse all defects. My thoughts were too much employed on my guest to observe the entertainment. [*Exeunt Barn. and Mil.*

Blunt. What! is all this preparation, this elegant supper, variety of wines, and music, for the entertainment of this young fellow?

Lucy. So it seems.

Blunt. How! is our mistress turn'd fool at last? She's in love with him, I suppose.

Lucy. I suppose not. But she designs to make him in love with her, if she can.

Blunt. What will she get by that? He seems under age, and can't be supposed to have much money.

Lucy. But his master has, and that's the same thing, as she'll manage it.

Blunt. I don't like this fooling with a handsome young fellow; while she's endeavouring to ensnare him, she may be caught herself.

Lucy. Nay, were she like me, that would certainly be the consequence: for, I confess, there is something in youth and innocence that moves me mightily.

Blunt. Yes; so do they move our mistress too: but it is to their destruction, and to gather plunder for herself.

Lucy. Yet, as you observed, we are sometimes caught ourselves, But that, I dare say, will never be the case with our mistress.

Blunt. I wish it may prove so; for you know we all depend upon her. Should she trifle away her time with

a young fellow that there's nothing to be got by, we must all starve.

Lucy. There's no danger of that; for I am sure she has no view in this affair but interest.

Blunt. Well, and what hopes are there of success in that?

Lucy. The most promising that can be. 'Tis true the youth has his scruples; but she'll soon teach him to answer them, by stifling his conscience. Oh, the lad is in a hopeful way, depend upon it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.*

Draws and discovers BARNWELL *and* MILLWOOD *at supper. Entertainment of music and singing. After which they come forward.*

'*Barn.* What can I answer? All that I know is, 'that you are fair, and I am miserable.

'*Mil.* We are both so, and yet the fault is in our-'selves.

'*Barn.* To ease our present anguish by plunging into 'guilt, is to buy a moment's pleasure with an age of 'pain.

'*Mil.* I should have thought the joys of love as last-'ing as they are great: if ours prove otherwise, 'tis your 'inconstancy must make them so.

'*Barn.* The law of Heaven will not be reversed, and 'that requires us to govern our passions.

'*Mil.* To give us sense of beauty and desires, and yet 'forbid us to taste and be happy, is a cruelty to nature. 'Have we passions only to torment us?

'*Barn.* To hear you talk, though in the cause of 'vice, to gaze upon your beauty, press your hand,——

---

* I am decidedly of opinion that this scene is not fit for representation on the stage; and I was pleased to find, when this play was performed here by the Norwich Company, October the 8th. 1810, that it was omitted; but, when G. Barnwell went off with Milwood in the former scene, he repeated the lines at the end of this, '*I would not—yet must on—*" &c. The scene, however, does not appear to me improper to be retained for perusal.

'Yet, for a moment's guilty pleasure, shall I lose my 'innocence, my peace of mind, and hopes of solid hap-'piness?

'*Mil.* Chimeras all!

'*Barn.* I would not——yet must on——

'Reluctant thus the merchant quits his ease,
'And trusts to rocks and sands, and stormy seas;
'In hopes some unknown golden coast to find,
'Commits himself, though doubtful, to the wind,
'Longs much for joys to come—yet mourns those
'left behind.

'*Mil.* Along with me, and prove
'No joys like woman-kind, no joys like love.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in Thorowgood's house.*

Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. How strange are all things around me! Like some thief who treads forbidden ground, and fain would lurk unseen, fearful I enter each apartment of this well-known house. To guilty love, as if that were too little, already have I added breach of trust——A thief!——Can I know myself that wretched thing, and look my honest friend and injur'd master in the face? Though hypocrisy may awhile conceal my guilt, at length it will be known, and public shame and ruin must ensue. In the mean time, what must be my life? Ever to speak a language foreign to my heart; hourly to add to the number of my crimes, in order to conceal them. Sure such was the condition of the grand apostate, when first he lost his purity. Like me, disconsolate, he wander'd; and, while yet in heaven, bore all his future hell about him.

Enter TRUEMAN.

True. Barnwell, oh, how I rejoice to see you safe! So will our master and his gentle daughter, who, during your absence, often enquir'd after you.

Barn. Would he were gone! his officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul. [*Aside.*

True. Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you can't conceive how much you are belov'd. But why thus cold and silent? When my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away? Why thus avoid me? What have I done? How am I alter'd since you saw me last? Or rather, what have you done? and why are you thus chang'd? for I am still the same.

Barn. What have I done, indeed? [*Aside.*

True. Not speak!——nor look upon me!——

Barn. By my face he will discover all I would conceal; methinks I already begin to hate him. [*Aside.*

True. I cannot bear this usage from a friend; one whom till now I ever found so loving; whom yet I love, though this unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breast but mine.

Barn. I am not well. [*Turning to him*] Sleep has been a stranger to these eyes since you beheld them last.

True. Heavy they look, indeed, and swoln with tears; ——now they overflow. Rightly did my sympathising heart forebode last night, when thou wast absent, something fatal to our peace.

Barn. Your friendship engages you too far. My troubles, whate'er they are, are mine alone: you have no interest in them, nor ought your concern for me give you a moment's pain.

True. You speak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief, I felt it. 'Since 'we parted last I have slept no more than you, but 'pensive in my chamber sat alone, and spent the tedious 'night in wishes for your safety and return:' e'en now, though ignorant of the cause, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

Barn. 'Twill not be always thus. Friendship and all engagements cease, as circumstances and occasions vary: and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both that now you lov'd me less.

True. Sure I but dream! Without a cause would

Barnwell use me thus? Ungenerous and ungrateful youth, farewell: I shall endeavour to follow your advice. [*Going.*] Yet stay, perhaps I am too rash and angry, when the cause demands compassion. Some unforeseen calamity may have befallen him, too great to bear.

Barn. What part am I reduced to act! 'Tis vile and base to move his temper thus, the best of friends and men. [*Aside.*

True. I am to blame; pr'ythee, forgive me, Barnwell. Try to compose your ruffled mind; and let me know the cause that thus transports you from yourself; my friendly counsels may restore your peace.

Barn. All that is possible for man to do for man, your generous friendship may effect; but here even that's in vain.

True. Something dreadful is labouring in your breast. Oh! give it vent, and let me share your griefs; 'twill ease your pain, should it admit no cure, and make it lighter by the part I bear.*

Barn. Vain supposition! my woes increase by being observed; should the cause be known, they would exceed all bounds.

True. So well I know thy honest heart, guilt cannot harbour there.

---

* The following passages so very beautifully illustrate this sentiment, that I introduce them with the confidence that they will not be thought too numerous.

"It is not the tears of our own eyes only, but of our friends also, "that do exhaust the current of our sorrows; which falling into "many streams, runs more peaceably, and is contented with a narrower channel. It is an act within the power of charity, to "translate a passion out of one breast into another, and to divide a "sorrow almost out of itself; for an affliction, like a dimension, may "be so divided, as if not indivisible, at least to become insensible: "Now with my friend I desire not to share or participate, but to "engross his sorrows, that by making them my own, I may the "more easily discuss them; for in mine own reason, and within myself, I can command that, which I cannot intreat without myself, "and within the circle of another."

Sir Thomas Browne's RELIGIO MEDICI, Part II. Sect. 5.

"I think there is no man but would willingly unfold his griefs if "*either* shame of the cause, or distrust of his friend did not deter "*him from* declaring them."

Owen Felltham's RESOLVES, Edn. by Cumming, p. 66.

Barn. Oh, torture insupportable! [*Aside.*

True. Then, why am I excluded? have I a thought I would conceal from you?

Barn. If still you urge me on this hated subject, I'll never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

True. 'Tis strange——but I have done, say but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you! I am not that monster yet.

True. Shall our friendship still continue?

Barn. It is a blessing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on terms, and but upon conditions can confirm it.

True. What are they?

Barn. Never, hereafter, though you should wonder at my conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

True. 'Tis hard; but upon any conditions I must be your friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am yours. [*Embracing.*

True. Be ever so, and may Heaven restore your peace!

Barn. 'Will yesterday return? We have heard the 'glorious sun, that till then incessant roll'd, once 'stopp'd his rapid course, and once went back. The

---

who divide,
They weaken, too, the torrent of their grief.
Young's NIGHT THOUGHTS. N. 1. l. 304.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a Friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend;
Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.

See a Song on FRIENDSHIP in the Editor's Collection of Songs, Vol. I. p. 279.

Joy imparted still increases,
Griefs, when *told*, soon disappear.
Do. p. 288.

I have many cares
You have not heard of.
Let me know them, Sir;
Trouble is ever lighten'd by complaint.
Reveal the *grief that preys* upon your heart;
And it shall half expire.
Tragedy of SIR THOMAS MORE, by Hurdis, A. IV. S. I.

'dead have risen, and parched rocks pour'd forth a 'liquid stream to quench a people's thirst. The sea 'divided, and form'd walls of water, while a whole 'nation passed in safety through its sandy bosom. 'Hungry lions have refused their prey! and men un-'hurt have walk'd amidst consuming flames; but never 'yet did time, once past, return.'

True. 'Though the continued chain of time has never 'once been broke, nor ever will, but uninterrupted 'must keep on its course, till, lost in eternity, it ends 'where it first began; yet, as Heaven can repair what-'ever evils time can bring upon us, we ought never to 'despair.' But business requires our attendance; busi-ness, the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness his worst of snares. Will you go with me?

Barn. I'll take a little time to reflect on what has past, and follow you. [*Exit Trueman.*] I might have trusted Trueman, and engaged him to apply to my uncle to repair the wrong I have done my master; but what of Millwood? 'Must I expose her too? Heaven requires 'that I forsake her. What! never to see her more? 'Does Heaven require that? Yes. Dearly already have 'I prov'd my frailty. Should I once more tempt Heaven, 'I may be left to fall, never to rise again. Yet,' shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause? She who loves me with such boundless passion! Can cruelty be duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. The love of life, and fear of shame, opposed by inclination strong as death or shame, like wind and tide in raging conflict met, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt. How then can I determine?

Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thor. Without a cause assign'd, or notice given, to absent yourself last night was a fault, young man, for which I must chide you.

Barn. Sir, I know I am greatly to blame.

Thor. I shall be glad to be prevented saying more upon this first great fault of yours.

Barn. Your goodness, sir,—

Thor. That modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, persuade me you feel both grief and shame. When we have offended Heaven, repentance is accepted; shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease? If my pardon or love be of moment to your peace, look up secure of both.

Barn. This goodness has o'ercome me. Though racks could not have forc'd the guilty secret from my breast, his kindness has. [*Aside.*] Oh, sir, your generous treatment must open my mouth to tell——

Thor. Enough: I will be satisfied for the present. But, take my forbearance the right way: to make you not less careful, but more so for the future.——Sure I am right in passing over the fault this one time: but, though willingly indulgent, I must not give up the reins of government. [*Aside.*]

Barn. You will learn particulars, and then repent of having pardon'd me.

Thor. Never, I hope. Yet be upon your guard in this gay thoughtless season of your life; when vice becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is lost.

Barn. Hear me, on my knees, confess——

Thor. Not a syllable more upon this subject; it were not mercy, but cruelty, to hear what must give you such torment to reveal.

Barn. This generosity amazes and distracts me.

Thor. This remorse makes thee dearer to me, than if thou had'st never offended. Whatever is your fault, of this I am certain, it was harder for you to offend, than me to pardon. [*Exit.*

Barn. Villain, villain, villian! basely to wrong so excellent a man. Should I again return to folly?—Detested thought!—But what of Millwood, then!—Why, I renounce her; I give her up—the struggle's over, and virtue has prevailed.* Reason may convince, but gra-

* Here the want of a *religious* principle in G. Barnwell appears, his resolutions are merely formed on virtue and in his own strength, and in renewed temptation he again falls.

Mr. Ensor, in his Independent Man, (Vol. II. p. 168), says—

"The defects of this piece are not few: it is very credible that a

titude compels. This unlook'd-for generosity has sav'd me from destruction. [*Going.*

Enter a FOOTMAN.

Foot. Sir, two ladies from your uncle in the country desire to see you.

Barn. Who should they be. [*Aside.*] Tell them I'll wait upon them. [*Exit Footman.*] Methinks I dread to see them—Now every thing alarms me.——Guilt, what a coward hast thou made me! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another room in Thorowgood's house.*

Enter MILLWOOD *and* LUCY, *and to them a* FOOTMAN.

Foot. Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.

Mil. 'Tis very well.—I thank you. [*Exit Foot.*

Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. Confusion! Millwood!

Mil. That angry look tells me that here I am an unwelcome guest; I fear'd as much; the unhappy are so every where.

Barn. Will nothing but my utter ruin content you?

Mil. Unkind and cruel! Lost myself, your happiness is now my only care.

Barn. How did you gain admission?

Mil. Saying we were desir'd by your uncle to visit, and deliver a message to you, we were receiv'd by the

---

" youth should be plunged into an abyss of guilt by an insidious and " beautiful woman; but to represent Barnwell so suddenly, from " such virtuous habits, the murderer of his excellent master is an " enormity which revolts the audience."

Mr. E. has here made a mistake in putting *master* for *uncle*. With respect to the *suddenness* of Barnwell's fall it may be said, that more time is supposed to elapse than that of the representation of the play, and the murder may be supposed to be committed about the third day* from Barnwell's first acquaintance with Millwood. Allowance must be made for the necessity of concentrating in a play (the real space of about three hours) the actions of days, and sometimes weeks or longer. But, I conceive that Barnwell's sudden and comparatively easily-effected fall may be accounted for from his want of a *religious principle*. He is only good from education and *habit*, the consequence is, that having no *root*, he soon *withers away*. See Matt. XIII. 6.

* *See a farther observation on the time which this play takes up at the beginning of* Act V.

family without suspicion, and with much respect conducted here.

Barn. Why did you come at all?

Mil. I shall never trouble you more. I am come to take my leave for ever. I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This hour is all I have left; one short hour is all I have to bestow on love and you, for whom I thought the longest life too short.

Barn. Then we are met to part for ever?

Mil. It must be so. Yet think not that time or absence shall ever put a period to my grief, or make me love you less. Tho' I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

Barn. Condemn you! no, I approve your resolution and rejoice to hear it: 'tis just—'tis necessary—I have well weigh'd and found it so.

Lucy. I am afraid the young man has more sense than she thought he had. [*Aside.*

Barn. Before you came, I had determin'd never to see you more.

Mil. Confusion! [*Aside.*

Lucy. Ay, we are all out; this is a turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my part; they must e'en play the scene betwixt themselves. [*Aside.*

Mil. 'Twas some relief to think, tho' absent, you would love me still; but to find, *you* had resolved to cast me off—this, as I never could expect, I have not learn'd to bear.

Barn. I am sorry to hear you blame me in a resolution that so well becomes us both.

Mil. I have reason for what I do, but you have none.

Barn. Can we want a reason for parting, who have so many to wish we never had met?

Mil. Look on me, Barnwell. Am I deform'd or old, that you so soon are weary of me? Nay, look again; am I not she, whom yesterday you thought the fairest and the kindest of her sex?

Barn. No more: let me repent my former follies, if *possible, without remembering* what they were.

Mil. Why?

Barn. Such is my frailty, that 'tis dangerous.

Mil. Where is the danger, since we are to part?

Barn. The thought of that already is too painful.

Mil. If it be painful to part, then I may hope at least, you do not hate me?

Barn. No——no——I never said I did————Oh! my heart!

Mil. Perhaps you pity me?

Barn. I do——I do——Indeed I do.

Mil. You'll think upon me?

Barn. Doubt it not, while I can think at all.

Mil. You may judge an embrace at parting too great a favour—though it would be the last. [*He draws back.*] A look shall then suffice—Farewell—for ever.

[*Exeunt Mil. and Lucy.*

Barn. If to resolve to suffer be to conquer——I have conquer'd——Painful victory!

Re-enter MILLWOOD *and* LUCY.

Mil. One thing I had forgot;——I never must return to my own house again. This I thought proper to let you know, lest your mind should change, and you should seek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this second intrusion: I only came to give you this caution, and, that, perhaps, was needless.

Barn. I hope it was; yet it is kind, and I must thank you for it.

Mil. My friend, your arm. [*To Lucy.*] Now, I am gone for ever. [*Going.*

Barn. One thing more—Sure there's no danger in my knowing where you go? If you think otherwise—

Mil. Alas! [*Weeping.*

Lucy. We are right, I find, that's my cue. [*Aside.*] Ah, dear sir! she's going she knows not whither! but go she must.

Barn. Humanity obliges me to wish you well; why will you thus expose yourself to needless troubles?

Lucy. Nay, there's no help for it: she must quit the town immediately, and the kingdom as soon as possible. It was no small matter, you may be sure, that could make her resolve to leave you.

Mil. No more, my friend; since he for whose dear sake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer, is kind and pities me; where'er I wander, thro' wilds and deserts, benighted and forlorn, that thought shall give me comfort.

Barn. For my sake! Oh, tell me how, which way am I so cursed to bring such ruin on thee?

Mil. No matter; I am contented with my lot.

Barn. Leave me not in this uncertainty.

Mil. I have said too much.

Barn. How, how am I the cause of your undoing?

Mil. To know it will but increase your troubles.

Barn. My troubles can't be greater than they are.

Lucy. Well, well, sir, if she wont satisfy you I will.

Barn. I am bound to you beyond expression.

Mil. Remember, sir, that I desire you not to hear it.

Barn. Begin, and ease my racking expectations.

Lucy. Why, you must know, my lady here, was an only child, and her parents dying while she was young, left her and her fortune (no inconsiderable one, I assure you) to the care of a gentleman who has a good estate of his own.

Mil. Ay, ay, the barbarous man is rich enough; but what are riches when compar'd to love?

Lucy. For a while he perform'd the office of a faithful guardian, settled her in a house, hir'd her servants. But you have seen in what manner she liv'd, so I need say no more of that.

Mil. How I shall live hereafter, Heaven knows!

Lucy. All things went on as one could wish; till some time ago, his wife dying, he fell violently in love with his charge, and would fain have married her. Now the man is neither old nor ugly, but a good personable sort of a man; but, I don't know how it was, she could never endure him. In short, her ill usage so provok'd him, that he brought in an account of his executorship, wherein he makes her debtor to him———

Mil. A *trifle in itself*, but more than enough to ruin *me, whom, by this* unjust account, he had stripp'd of *all before.*

Lucy. Now, she having neither money nor friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compell'd her to pass his account, and give bond for the sum he demanded; but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his courtship, till being inform'd by his spies (truly I suspect some in her own family,) that you were entertained at her house, and staid with her all night, he came this morning, raving and storming like a madman, talks no more of marriage, (so there's no hopes of making up matters that way;) but vows her ruin, unless she'll allow him the same favour that he supposes she granted you.

Barn. Must she be ruin'd, or find her refuge in another's arms?

Mil. He gave me but an hour to resolve in; that's happily spent with you——And now I go——

Barn. To be expos'd to all the rigours of the various seasons, the summer's parching heat, and winter's cold; unhous'd, to wander, friendless, thro' the unhospitable world in misery and want; attended with fear and danger, and pursu'd by malice and revenge. Wouldst thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing to prevent it?

Lucy. 'Tis really a pity there can be no way found out.

Barn. Oh, where are all my resolutions now? 'Like 'early vapours, or the morning dew, chac'd by the 'sun's warm beams, they're vanish'd and lost, as tho' 'they had never been.'

Lucy. Now I advise her, sir, to comply with the gentleman; 'that would not only put an end to her trou-'bles, but make her fortune at once.'

Barn. Tormenting fiend, away! I had rather perish, nay, see her perish, than have her sav'd by him. I will myself prevent her ruin, though with my own. A moment's patience; I'll return immediately. [*Exit. Barn.*

Lucy. 'Twas well you came, or, by what I can perceive, you had lost him.

Mil. That I must confess, was a danger I did not foresee; I was only afraid he should have come without

money. You know, a house of entertainment, like mine, is not kept without expence.

Lucy. That's very true; but then you should be reasonable in your demands; 'tis a pity to discourage a young man.

Mil. Leave that to me.

Re-enter BARNWELL, *with a bag of money.*

Barn. What am I about to do?

Lucy. These young sinners think every thing in the way of wickedness so strange!——But I could tell him, that this is nothing but what's very common; for one vice naturally begets another. But he'll find out that himself, if he lives long enough. [*Aside.*

Barn. Here, take this, and with it purchase your deliverance; return to your house, and live in peace and safety.

Mil. So I may hope to see you there again?

Barn. Answer me not, but fly, lest in the agonies of my remorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

Mil. Say but you'll come.

Barn. Only leave me now, dispose of me hereafter as you please. [*Exeunt Mil. and Lucy.* What have I done? But why should I attempt to reason! All is confusion, horror and remorse. I find I am lost, cast down from all my late erected hope, and plunged again in guilt, yet scarce know how or why.

Such undistinguish'd horrors make my brain
The seat of fearful darkness and of pain. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in Thorowgood's House.*

THOROWGOOD and TRUEMAN *discovered (with account books) sitting at a table.*

'*Thor.* Methinks I would not have you only learn 'the *method of* merchandise, and practise it hereafter; '*merely as a means of* getting wealth: it will be well

'worth your pains to study it as a science, to see how 'it is founded in reason, and the nature of things: how 'it promotes humanity, as it has open'd and yet keeps 'up an intercourse between nations, far remote from one 'another in situation, customs, and religion; promoting 'arts, industry, peace, and plenty; by mutual benefits 'diffusing mutual love from pole to pole.

'*True.* Something of this I have consider'd, and hope 'by your assistance, to extend my thoughts much far-'ther. I have observ'd those countries where trade is 'promoted and encouraged, do not make discoveries to 'destroy, but to improve mankind by love and friend-'ship; to tame the fierce, and polish the most savage; to 'teach them the advantage of honest traffic, by taking 'from them, with their own consent, their useless super-'fluities, and giving them, in return, what, from their 'ignorance in manual arts, their situation, or some other 'accident, they stand in need of.

'*Thor.* 'Tis justly observ'd; the populous East, 'luxuriant, abounds with glittering gems, bright pearls, 'aromatic spices, and health-restoring drugs: the late 'found western world's rich earth glows with unnum-'ber'd veins of gold and silver ore. On every climate, 'and on every country, Heaven has bestow'd some good 'peculiar to itself. It is the industrious merchant's bu-'siness to collect the various blessings of each soil and 'climate; and with the product of the whole to enrich 'his native country.'*

---

* This conversation is so good and instructive, and is so pleasing a piece of *repose* amid the horrors of the other scenes, that I would wish it always to be retained in the representation. (See before, p. 188. Note.)

Bishop Horne, in his Sermon intitled *Considerations on the Sea*, has a passage to the same effect:

"By the invention of shipping, and the art of navigation, the sea "is made in reality to join those nations, which it appears to divide; "the communication being often far more easy and expeditious by "water, than it would have been by land. The riches of both the "Indies are wafted to our shores; we sit at home, and feast upon "the productions of every country under heaven; while the super-"*fluity* of our own commodities is disposed of, to advantage, abroad. "*A friendly* intercourse is opened between the most distant lands.— "*Savages* are humanized, and become proficients in the arts and

Well, I have examin'd your accounts; they are not only just, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly enter'd. I commend your diligence.—Method in business is the surest guide: 'he who neglects 'it, frequently stumbles, and always wanders perplext, 'uncertain, and in danger.' Are Barnwell's accounts ready for my inspection? He does not use to be the last on these occasions.

True. Upon receiving your orders he retir'd, I thought in some confusion. If you please, I'll go and hasten him. I hope he has not been guilty of any neglect.

Thor. I am now going to the Exchange; let him know at my return I expect to find him ready. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Room.*

MARIA with a book, sits and reads.

Mar. How forcible is truth! The weakest mind, inspir'd with love of that, fix'd, and collected in itself, beholds with a firm quietness opposing force. Such souls are almost raised above the sense of pain, or so supported that they are able to overcome it. The martyr cheaply purchases his heaven; small are his sufferings, great is his reward. Not so the wretch who combats love with duty; whose mind, weakened and dissolved by the soft passion, feeble and hopeless, opposes his own desires——What is an hour, a day, a year of pain, to a whole life of tortures such as these?

Enter TRUEMAN.

True. Oh, Barnwell! Oh, my friend! how art thou fallen!

Mar. Ha! Barnwell! What of him? Speak, say, what of Barnwell?

True. 'Tis not to be conceal'd: I've news to tell of him, that will afflict your generous father, yourself, and all who know him.

" sciences. The Gospel is preached among them, and the light of " truth made to shine upon those who sate in darkness and the shadow " of death. They are taught the art of arts, and the science of " sciences; the art of holy living, and the science of salvation."—*Discourses, 2nd. Edn. Vol. 3. p. 75.* See also a Song on The Sea, *in my Letters to Dr. Aikin on his Volume of Vocal Poetry, p. 172.*

Mar. Defend us, Heaven!

True. I cannot speak it. See there. [*Gives a letter.*

Mar. [*Reads.*] "I know my absence will surprise my honoured master and yourself; and the more, when you shall understand that the reason of my withdrawing, is my having embezzled part of the cash with which I was entrusted. After this, 'tis needless to inform you, that I intend never to return again. Though this might have been known, by examining my accounts; yet, to prevent that unnecessary trouble, and to cut off all fruitless expectations of my return, I have left this from the lost

George Barnwell."

True. Lost indeed! Yet how he should be guilty of what he there charges himself withal, raises my wonder equal to my grief. Never had youth a higher sense of virtue. Justly he thought, and as he thought he practis'd; never was life more regular than his.—An understanding uncommon at his years, an open, generous manliness of temper, his manners easy, unaffected, and engaging.

Mar. This, and much more you might have said with truth. He was the delight of every eye, and joy of every heart that knew him.

True. Since such he was, and was my friend, can I support his loss? See, the fairest, happiest maid this wealthy city boasts, kindly condescends to weep for thy unhappy fate, poor ruin'd Barnwell!

Mar. Trueman, do you think a soul so delicate as his, so sensible of shame, can e'er submit to live a slave to vice?

True. Never, never. So well I know him, I am sure this act of his, so contrary to his disposition, must have been brought about in some way as yet quite unaccountable.

Mar. Are there no means yet to preserve him?

True. Oh, that there were! but few men recover reputation lost, a merchant never. Nor would he, I fear, though I should find him, ever be brought to look his injur'd master in the face.

Mar. I fear as much, and therefore would not have my father know it.

True. That is impossible.

Mar. What is the sum?

True. It is considerable; I have marked it here, to shew it with the letter, to your father, at his return.

Mar. If I should supply the money, could you so dispose of that and the account, as to conceal this unhappy mismanagement from my father?

True. Nothing more easy. But, can you intend it?—Will you save a helpless wretch from ruin?—Oh, 'twere an act worthy such exalted virtue as Maria's! Sure Heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspir'd the generous thought.

Mar. Doubt not but I would purchase so great a happiness at a much dearer price. But how shall he be found?

True. Trust to my diligence for that. In the mean time I'll conceal his absencé from your father, or endeavour, as far as truth allows, to prevent the real cause being suspected.

Mar. In attempting to save from shame, one whom we hope may yet return to virtue; to Heaven, and you, the only witnesses of this action, I appeal, whether I do any thing misbecoming to my sex and character.

True, Earth must approve the deed, and Heaven, I doubt not, will reward it.

Mar. If Heaven succeed it, I am well rewarded. A virgin's fame is sullied by suspicion's lightest breath; and, therefore, as this must be a secret from my father and the world, for Barnwell's sake, for mine, let it be so to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in Millwood's House.*

Enter LUCY *and* BLUNT.

Lucy. Well, what do you think of Millwood's conduct now?

Blunt. I own it is surprising: I don't know which to admire most, her feign'd, or his real passion; tho' I have sometimes been afraid that her avarice would discover her. *But his youth and want of* experience make it the easier *to impose on him.*

Lucy. No, it is his love. To do him justice, notwithstanding his youth, he don't want understanding. But you men are much easier imposed on in these affairs, than your vanity will allow you to believe. Let me see the wisest of you all as much in love with me as Barnwell is with Millwood, and I'll engage to make as great a fool of him.

'*Blunt.* And all circumstances consider'd, to make 'as much money of him too!

'*Lucy.* I cann't answer for that.' Her artifice, in making him rob his master at first, and the various stratagems by which she has obliged him to continue that course, astonish even me, who know her so well.

'*Blunt.* But, then, you are to consider that the 'money was his master's.

'*Lucy.* There was the difficulty of it. Had it been 'his own, it had been nothing. Were the world his, 'she might have it for a smile. But those golden days 'are done: he's ruin'd, and Millwood's hopes of farther 'profit there, are at an end.

'*Blunt.* That's no more than we all expected.'

Lucy. Being called by his master to make up his accounts, he was forc'd to quit his house and service, and wisely flies to Millwood for relief and entertainment.

Blunt. 'I have not heard of this before?' How did she receive him?

Lucy. As you would expect. She wonder'd what he meant, was astonish'd at his impudence, and with an air of modesty, peculiar to herself, swore so heartily that she never saw him before, that she put me out of countenance.

Blunt. That's much indeed! But how did Barnwell behave?

Lucy. He griev'd; and at length, enraged at this barbarous treatment, was preparing to be gone; and making toward the door, shew'd a sum of money, which he had brought from his master's, the last she is ever likely to have from thence.

Blunt. But then, Millwood——

Lucy. Ay, she, with her usual address, returned to

r old arts of lying, swearing, and dissembling: hung
a his neck, wept, and swore 'twas meant in jest.——
he amorous youth, melted into tears, threw the money
ito her lap, and cried out he had rather die than think
er false.

Blunt. Strange infatuation!

' *Lucy.* But what ensued was stranger still. As doubts and fears, follow'd by reconcilement, ever increase love where the passion is sincere; so in him it caused so wild a transport of excessive fondness, such joy, such grief, such pleasure, and such anguish, that nature seemed sinking with the weight, and his charm'd soul disposed to quit his breast for her's.' Just then, when every passion with lawless anarchy prevail'd, and reason was in the raging tempest lost, the cruel, artful Millwood prevail'd upon the wretched youth to promise ——what I tremble but to think of.

Blunt. I am amaz'd! What can it be?

Lucy. You will be more so, to hear it is to attempt the life of his nearest relation and best benefactor.

Blunt. His uncle! whom we have often heard him speak of as a gentleman of a large estate, and fair character in the country where he lives!

Lucy. The same. She was no sooner possess'd of the last dear purchase of his ruin, but her avarice, insatiate as the grave, demanded this horrid sacrifice. Barnwell's near relation, ' and unsuspected virtue, must give too ' easy means to seize the good man's treasure;' whose blood must seal the dreadful secret, and prevent the terrors of her guilty fears.

Blunt. Is it possible she could persuade him to do an act like that? He is by nature honest, grateful, compassionate, and generous; ' and though his love, and ' her artful persuasions, have wrought him to practise ' what he most abhors, yet we all can witness for him, ' with what reluctance he has still complied: so many ' tears he shed o'er each offence, as might, if possible, ' sanctify *theft, and make* a merit of a crime.'

Lucy. 'Tis true, at the naming of the murder of his *uncle, he started into* rage; and, breaking from her arms

(where she till then had held him with well-dissembled love, and false endearments,) call'd her cruel monster, devil, and told her she would be his destruction. She thought it not for her purpose to meet his rage with her rage, but affected a most passionate fit of grief, rail'd at her fate, and curs'd her wayward stars, that still her wants should force her to press him to act such deeds, as she must needs abhor as well as he. She told him necessity had no law, and love no bounds; that, therefore, he never truly lov'd, but meant, in her necessity, to forsake her. Then she kneel'd, and swore, that since by his refusal, he had given her cause to doubt his love, she never would see him more, unless, to prove it true, he robb'd his uncle to supply her wants, and murder'd him to keep it from discovery.

Blunt. I am astonish'd. 'What said he?'

'*Lucy.* Speechless he stood; but in his face you might 'have read that various passions tore his very soul. Oft 'he in anguish threw his eyes towards heaven, and then 'as often bent their beams on her; then wept and 'groan'd, and beat his troubled breast: at length, with 'horror not to be express'd, he cried:—Thou cursed 'fair, have I not given proofs of my love for thee? 'What drew me from my youthful innocence, and 'stain'd my then unspotted soul, but this love? What 'caus'd me to rob my worthy, gentle master, but this 'detested love? What makes me now a fugitive from 'his service, loathed by myself, and scorn'd by all the 'world, but this very love? What fills my eyes with 'tears, my soul with tortures never felt on this side 'death before? Must I indeed call it love, love, love! 'And why, above all, do I resolve (for, tearing his 'hair, he cried, I do resolve,) to kill my uncle?'

'*Blunt.* Was she not moved? It makes me weep to 'hear the sad relation.

'*Lucy.* Yes—with joy, that she had gain'd her point. 'She gave him no time to cool, but urg'd him to attempt 'it instantly. He's now gone. If he performs it, and 'escapes, there's more money for her; if not, he'll never 'return, and then she's fairly rid of him.

'*Blunt.* 'Tis time the world were rid of such a monster.

'*Lucy.* If we don't use our endeavours to prevent the murder, we are as bad as she.

'*Blunt.* I am afraid it is too late.

'*Lucy.* Perhaps not. Her barbarity to Barnwell makes me hate her. We have run too great a length with her already. I did not think her or myself so wicked, as I find upon reflection we are.

'*Blunt.* 'Tis true, we have been all too much so.' But there is something so horrid in murder, that all other crimes seem nothing when compared to that: I would not be involved in the guilt of it for all the world.

Lucy. Nor I, Heaven knows. Therefore let us clear ourselves, by doing all that is in our power to prevent it. I have just thought of a way that to me seems probable. Will not you join with me to detect this horrid design?

Blunt. With all my heart. He who knows of a murder intended to be committed, and does not discover it, in the eye of God and of the law, is a murderer.

Lucy. Let us lose no time; I'll acquaint you with the particulars as we go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*A Walk at some distance from a Country Seat.**

Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. A dismal gloom obscures the face of day. Either the sun has slipped behind a cloud, or journeys down the west of heaven with more than common speed, to avoid the sight of what I am about to act. Since I set

* Dr. Lettsom, in his description of his very beautiful Villa of *Grove Hill* at *Camberwell*, places this Scene at that place. "The "village of Camberwell is three miles from London, on the south "side of the Thames: the gradual ascent from it to the summit of "Grove Hill, is nearly a mile; through a lofty and shady avenue of "trees, from which originated the name of this beautiful hill, and "which was long since celebrated in tragedy; as it was in this "Grove that George Barnwell is said to have murdered his uncle, "an incident *which gave rise to* Lillo's tragedy of George Barnwell, "*or the London Merchant.*" (*p. 5.* See also Mr. Maurice's Poem of *Grove Hill, p. 5, and Note, p.* 37,—where there is a view in the

forth on this accurs'd design, where'er I tread, methinks the solid earth trembles beneath my feet. *Murder my uncle!*——Yonder limpid stream, 'whose hoary fall 'has made a natural cascade,' as I passed by, in doleful accents seem'd to murmur——Murder! The earth, the air, and water seem'd concern'd. My father's only brother, who, since his death, has been to me a father; who took me up an infant and an orphan, rear'd me with tenderest care, and still indulged me with most parental fondness! Yet here I stand to become his murderer——I stiffen with horror at my own impiety——'Tis yet unperform'd—What if I quit my bloody purpose, and fly the place? [*Going, then stops.*]——But whither, oh whither shall I fly? My master's once friendly doors are ever shut against me; and without money Millwood will never see me more; and she has got such firm possession of my heart, and governs there with such despotic sway, that life is not to be endur'd without her. Ay, there's the cause of all my sin and sorrow: 'tis more than love; it is the fever of the soul, and madness of desire. In vain does nature, reason, conscience, all oppose it; the impetuous passion bears down all before it, and drives me on to lust, to theft, and murder.——Ha! in yonder shady walk I see my uncle——He's alone——Now for my disguise.—[*Plucks out a vizor.*]—This is his hour of private meditation. Thus daily he prepares his soul for heaven; while I——Ha! no struggles, conscience——

Hence, hence remorse, and every thought that's good;
The storm that lust began, must end in blood.

[*Puts on the vizor, draws a pistol, and exit.*

Grove beautifully engraved on wood by Anderson.) It is to be observed, that in the Old Ballad of George Barnwell, which professedly gave rise to the play, the Uncle lived near *Ludlow*, in Shropshire; but Lillo has made his *Scene* at *London, and an adjacent village.*

In *The Globe* newspaper for Saturday, Nov. 17, 1810; it was stated, that "The Scene of the Tragedy of George Barnwell has "lately been discovered in Shropshire, a short mile from Ludlow, "where there is a plot of land called Barnwell's Green, so named "from his having waited there to rob his Uncle as he returned from "Leominster Fair. This, it appears, corresponds with the story in "the Old Ballad from which the Tragedy was taken."

This is from a memorandum given me by a Friend.

SCENE V.* *A close walk in a Wood.*

Enter Old BARNWELL.

Old Barn. What I have been reading leads me to meditate on death.—I will indulge the thought. The wise man prepares himself for death, by making it familiar to his mind. When strong reflections hold the mirror near, and the living in the dead behold their future selves, how does each inordinate passion and desire cease, or sicken at the view! The mind scarce moves; the blood, curdling and chill'd, creeps slowly through the veins: fix'd, still, and motionless we stand, so like the solemn object of our thoughts, we are almost at present what we must be hereafter; till curiosity awakes the soul, and sets it on enquiry.

Enter GEORGE BARNWELL *at a distance.*

Oh, death! thou strange, mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? The extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars,—that worlds exotic finds, or thinks it finds,—thy thick clouds attempts to pass in vain; lost and bewilder'd in the horrid gloom, defeated, she returns more doubtful than before, of nothing certain but of labour lost. All that is needful for man to know, has, no doubt, been reveal'd to him. To discover more particularly the nature of that state from which he is never to return, is perhaps beyond the powers of his mind.

[*During this speech, G. Barnwell sometimes presents the pistol, and draws it back again.*

G. Barn. Oh! 'tis impossible!

[*Throwing down the pistol.*

[*Old B. starts, attempts to draw his sword.*

---

* The Editor was for some time of opinion that this scene should not be exhibited on the stage; but on seeing the play performed last year, (see p. 197, *Notes*) he thought he saw reason to alter his opinion. *The stage being* darkened throws the whole business very *much into obscurity, and* the subsequent remorse of G. B. and his *untimely end form an antidote* to the otherwise evil exhibition.

Old B. A man so near me! arm'd and mask'd——

G. Barn. Nay, then, there's no retreat.

[*Plucks a poniard from his bosom, and stabs him.*

Old B. Oh! I am slain. All-gracious Heaven, regard the prayer of thy dying servant; bless with thy choicest blessings my dearest nephew; forgive my murderer,* and take my fleeting soul to endless mercy.

[*G. Barnwell throws off his mask, runs to him, and kneeling by him, raises and chafes him.*

G. Barn. Expiring saint! Oh, murder'd, martyr'd uncle! lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in your murderer———Oh, do not look so tenderly upon me!———Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and blast me ere you die.———O Heaven! he weeps, in pity for my woes.———Tears, tears, for blood!——— The murder'd, in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer.———Oh, speak your pious purpose; pronounce my pardon then, and take me with you——— He would, but cannot.———Oh, why, with such fond affection do you press my murdering hand?——— ——'What, will you kiss me? [*Kisses him.*' *Old B. sighs and dies.*]——Life, that hover'd on his lips but till he had seal'd my pardon, in that sigh expir'd.—He's gone for ever; '—and, oh! I follow——[*Swoons away upon his uncle's dead body.*]'——Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious breath the wholesome air?—— Let Heaven from his high throne, in justice or in mercy now look down on that dear murder'd saint, and me the murderer, and if his vengeance spares, let pity strike, and end my wretched being.———Murder! the worst of crimes, and parricide the worst of murders, and this the worst of parricides.——

Oh, may it ever stand alone accurst,
The last of murders, as it is the worst. [*Exit.*

---

* Shakespeare makes King Henry the VIth. (Pt. III. A. v. S. VI.) die with the same christian prayer for his murderer,

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in Thorowgood's house.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. 'How falsely do they judge, who censure or 'applaud, as we are afflicted or rewarded here. I know 'I am unhappy; yet cannot charge myself with any 'crime, more than the common frailties of our kind, 'that should provoke just Heaven to mark me out for 'sufferings so uncommon and severe. Perhaps by that 'we are kept from moral evils, much worse than penal, 'or more improv'd in virtue. Or may not the lesser ills 'that we sustain, be made the means of greater good to 'others? Might all the joyless days and sleepless nights 'that I have passed, but purchase peace for thee,

'*Thou dear, dear cause of all my grief and pain;*
'*Small were the loss, and infinite the gain,*
'*Though to the grave in secret love I pine,*
'*So life and fame, and happiness were thine.*'

Enter TRUEMAN.

What news of Barnwell!

True. None; I have sought him with the greatest diligence, but all in vain.

Mar. Does my father yet suspect the cause of his absence?

True. All appear'd so just and fair to him, it is not possible he ever should. But his absence will no longer be conceal'd. Your father is wise; and though he seems to hearken to the friendly excuses I would make for Barnwell, yet I am afraid he regards them only as such, without suffering them to influence his judgment.

'*Mar.* How does the unhappy youth defeat all our 'designs to serve him? yet I can never repent what we 'have done. Should he return, it will make his re-'conciliation with my father easier, and preserve him 'from the future reproach of a malicious unforgiving 'world.'

Enter THOROWGOOD *and* LUCY.

Thor. This woman, here, has given me a sad, and

('bating some circumstances,) too probable an account of Barnwell's defection.

Lucy. I am sorry, sir, that my frank confession of my former unhappy course of life, should cause you to suspect my truth on this occasion.

Thor. It is not that: your confession has in it all the appearance of truth. Among many other particulars, she informs me, that Barnwell has been influenc'd to break his trust, and wrong me, at several times, of considerable sums of money. Now, as I know this to be false, I would fain doubt the whole of her relation, too dreadful to be willingly believ'd.

Mar. Sir, your pardon; I find myself on a sudden so indispos'd, that I must retire. All attempts to save him appear fruitless. Poor ruin'd Barnwell! Wretched, lost Maria! [*Aside, and Exit.*

Thor. How am I distress'd on every side! Pity for that unhappy youth, fear for the life of a much valu'd friend——and then my child—the joy and hope of my declining life!—Her melancholy increases hourly, and gives me painful apprehensions of her loss —— Oh, Trueman, this person informs me that your friend, at the instigation of an impious woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable uncle!

True. Oh, execrable deed! I am blasted with the horror of the thought.

Lucy. This delay may ruin all.

Thor. What to do or think, I know not. That he ever wrong'd me, I know is false; the rest may be so too; there is all my hope.

True. Trust not to that; rather suppose all true, than lose a moment's time. Even now the horrid deed may be doing—dreadful imagination!——or it may be done, and we vainly debating on the means to prevent what is already past.

Thor. This earnestness convinces me that he knows more than he has yet discover'd. [*Aside.*] What, hoa! *without* there? who waits?

Enter a SERVANT.

Order the groom to saddle the swiftest horse, and pre-

pare to set out with speed; an affair of life and death demands his diligence. [*Exit Servant.*] For you, whose behaviour on this occasion I have no time to commend as it deserves, I must engage your farther assistance. Return, and observe this Millwood till I come. I have your direction, and will follow as soon as possible. [*Exit Lucy.*] Trueman, you, I am sure, will not be idle on this occasion. [*Exit Thor.*

True. He only who is a friend can judge of my distress. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Millwood's House.*

Enter MILLWOOD.

Mil. I wish I knew the event of his design. The attempt without success would ruin him.* Well; what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too much. The mischief being only intended, his friends, through pity of his youth, turn all their rage on me. I should have thought of that before. Suppose the deed done; then, and then only I shall be secure. Or what if he returns without attempting it at all!——

Enter BARNWELL, *bloody.*

But, he is here, and I have done him wrong. His bloody hands shew he has done the deed, but shew he wants the prudence to conceal it.

Barn. Where shall I hide me? Whither shall I fly to avoid the swift unerring hand of justice?

Mil. Dismiss your fears: though thousands had pursued you to the door, yet being enter'd here, you are as safe as innocence. I have a cavern, by art so cunningly contriv'd, that the piercing eyes of jealousy and revenge may search in vain, nor find the entrance to the safe retreat. There will I hide you, if any danger's near.

Barn. O, hide me——from myself, if it be possible; for while I bear my conscience in my bosom, though I were hid where man's eye never saw, nor light e'er

---

* ——————*the* attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. MACBETH, A. II. S. II.

dawn'd, 'twere all in vain. For, oh, that inmate, that impartial judge, will try, convict, and sentence me for murder, and execute me with never-ending torments. Behold these hands, all crimson'd o'er with my dear uncle's blood. Here is a sight to make a statue start with horror, or turn a living man into a statue!

Mil. Ridiculous! then it seems you are afraid of your own shadow, or, what's less than a shadow, your conscience.

Barn. Though to man unknown I did the accursed act, what can we hide from Heaven's all-seeing eye?

Mil. No more of this. What advantage have you made of his death? or what advantage may yet be made of it? Did you secure the keys of his treasure, which, no doubt, were about him? What gold, what jewels, or what else of value have you brought me?

Barn. Think you that after such a murder my mind was in a state to pilfer from his person, or to ransack his house?—Oh, had you seen him as his life flow'd from him in a crimson flood, and heard him praying for me by the double name of nephew and of murderer—(alas, alas, he knew not then, that his nephew was his murderer!) how would you have wish'd, as I did, though you had a thousand years of life to come, to have given them all to have lengthen'd his one hour! But, being dead, I fled the sight of what my hands had done; nor could I, to have gain'd the empire of the world, have violated, by theft, his sacred corpse.

Mil. Whining, preposterous, canting villain! to murder your uncle, rob him of life, nature's first, last, dear prerogative, after which there is no injury, then fear to take what he no longer wanted, and bring to me your penury and guilt. Do you think I'll hazard my reputation, nay, my life, to entertain you?

Barn. Oh, Millwood!——this from thee!——But I have done. If you hate, if you wish me dead, then are you happy; for, oh, 'tis sure my grief will quickly end me.

Mil. In his madness he will discover all, and involve me in his ruin. We are on a precipice from whence

there's no retreat for both——Then to preserve myself —[*Pauses.*]—There is no other way.——'Tis dreadful, but reflection comes too late when danger's pressing, and there's no room for choice.——It must be done. [*Aside. Rings a bell, enter Servant.*] Fetch me an officer, and seize this villain. He has confess'd himself a murderer. Should I let him escape, I might justly be thought as bad as he. [*Exit Servant.*

Barn. Oh, Millwood! sure you do not, you cannot mean it. Stop the messenger; upon my knees, I beg you'll call him back. 'Tis fit I die indeed, but not by you. I will this instant deliver myself into the hands of justice, indeed I will; for death is all I wish. But thy ingratitude so tears my wounded soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than death with torture.

Mil. Call it what you will; I am willing to live, and live secure, which nothing but your death can warrant.

Barn. If there be a pitch of wickedness that sets the author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal dungeon, hard galling fetters, an awful trial, and an ignominious death, justly to fall unpitied and abhorr'd; 'After 'death, to be suspended between heaven and earth, a 'dreadful spectacle, the warning and horror of a gaping 'crowd.' This I could bear, nay, wish not to avoid, had it but come from any hand but thine.

Enter BLUNT, *Officer and Attendants.*

Mil. Heaven defend me! Conceal a murderer! Here, sir, take this youth into your custody. I accuse him of murder, and will appear to make good my charge.

[*They seize him.*

Barn. To whom, of what, or how shall I complain? I'll not accuse her. The hand of Heaven is in it, and this the punishment of lust and parricide. 'Yet Heaven, 'that justly cuts me off, still suffers her to live; per- 'haps to punish others. Tremendous mercy! not to be 'envied!'

Be warn'd, ye youths, who see my sad despair,
Avoid lewd women, false as they are fair.

'By reason guided, honest joys pursue:
'The fair, to honour and to virtue true,
'Just to herself, will ne'er be false to you.'
By my example learn to shun my fate:
(How wretched is the man who's wise too late!)
Ere innocence, and fame, and life be lost,
Here purchase wisdom cheaply, at my cost.
[*Exeunt Barnwell, Officer and Attendants.*

Mil. Where's Lucy? Why is she absent at such a time?

Blunt. Would I had been so too! Lucy will soon be here; and I hope, thou wretch, to thy confusion.

Mil. Insolent!—this to me?

Blunt. What can we imagine worse in the great enemy of mankind, than first to seduce to sin, and then betray to punishment. [*Exit.*

Mil. They disapprove of my conduct then, 'and 'mean to take this opportunity to set up for themselves.' ——My ruin is resolv'd.——I see my danger, but scorn both it and them. I will not fall by such weak instruments. [*Going.*

Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thor. Where is the scandal of her own sex, and curse of ours?

Mil. What means this insolence? Whom do you seek?

Thor. Millwood.

Mil. Well, you have found her, then. I am Millwood.

Thor. Then you are the most wicked wretch that e'er my eyes beheld.

Mil. From your appearance I should have expected wisdom and moderation, but your manners belie your aspect. What is your business here? I know you not.

Thor. Hereafter you may know me better; I am Barnwell's master.

Mill. Then you are master to a villain, which, I think, is not much to your credit.

Thor. Had he been as much above thy arts, as my credit is superior to thy malice, I need not have blush'd to own him.

Mil. My arts! I do not understand you, sir; if he has done amiss, what is that to me? Was he my servant, or yours? You should have taught him better.

Thor. Why should I wonder to find such uncommon impudence in one arriv'd to such a height of wickedness? 'When innocence is banished, modesty soon follows.' Know, wretch, I am not ignorant of any of the arts by which you first deceiv'd the unwary youth. I know how, step by step, you've led him on, reluctant and unwilling, from crime to crime, to this last horrid act, which you contriv'd, and by your cursed wiles urg'd him to commit.

Mil. Ha! Lucy has got the advantage, and accus'd me first. Unless I can turn the accusation, and fix it upon her and Blunt, I am lost. [*Aside.*

Thor. Had I known your cruel design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punish'd, as the law directs, is all that now remains. Poor satisfaction! for he, innocent as he is, compar'd to you, must suffer too. 'But Heaven, who knows our frame, and graciously 'distinguishes between greater guilt and less, even 'where the less is great, will make a difference, though 'man cannot, who sees not the heart, but only judges 'by the outward action.'

Mil. I find, sir, we are both unhappy in our servants. I was surpris'd at such ill treatment without cause from a gentleman of your appearance, and therefore too hastily return'd it; for which I ask your pardon. I now perceive you have been so far impos'd on, as to think me engag'd in a former correspondence with your servant, and, some way or other, accessary to his undoing.

Thor. I charge you as the cause of all his guilt, and all his suffering, of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful death shall put a dreadful period to his life and miseries together.

Mil. 'Tis very strange. But who's secure from scandal and detraction? So far from contributing to his ruin, I never spoke to him till since this fatal accident, *which I lament* as much as you. 'Tis true, I have a servant, *on whose* account he hath of late frequented my

house. If she has abus'd my good opinion of her, am I to blame? Has not Barnwell done the same by you?

Thor. I hear you; pray go on.

Mil. I have been inform'd he had a violent passion for her, and she for him! but till now I always thought it innocent. I knew her poor, and given to expensive pleasures. Now, who can tell but she may have influenc'd the amorous youth to commit this murder to supply her extravagancies?——It must be so. I now recollect a thousand circumstances that confirm it. I'll have her and a man-servant whom I suspect as an accomplice, secur'd immediately. I hope, sir, you will lay aside your ill-grounded suspicions of me, and join to punish the real contrivers of the bloody deed.

[*Offers to go.*

Thor. Madam, you pass not this way: I see your design, but shall protect them from your malice.

Mil. I hope you will not use your influence, and the credit of your name, to screen such guilty wretches. Consider, sir, the wickedness of persuading a thoughtless youth to such a crime.

Thor. I do——and of betraying him when it was done.

Mil. That which you call betraying him may convince you of my innocence. She who loves him, though she contriv'd the murder, would never have deliver'd him into the hands of justice, as I, struck with horror at his crime, have done.

Thor. How should an unexperienced youth escape her snares? Even I, that with just prejudice came prepar'd, had by her artful story been deceiv'd, but that my strong conviction of her guilt makes even a doubt impossible. [*Aside.*] Those whom subtilly you would accuse, you know are your accusers; and, which proves unanswerably their innocence and your guilt, they accus'd you before the deed was done, and did all that was in their power to prevent it.

Mil. Sir, you are very hard to be convinc'd; but I have a proof, which, when produc'd, will silence all objections. [*Exit Mil.*

Enter LUCY, TRUEMAN, BLUNT, *Officers, &c.*

Lucy. Gentlemen, pray place yourselves, some on one side of that door, and some on the other; watch her entrance, and act as your prudence shall direct you. This way, [*To Thorowgood*], and note her behaviour. I have observ'd her; she's driven to the last extremity, and is forming some desperate resolution. I guess at her design.

Re-enter MILLWOOD *with a pistol;* TRUEMAN *secures her.*

True. Here thy power of doing mischief ends, deceitful, cruel, bloody woman.

Mil. Fool, hypocrite, villain, *man!* thou canst not call me that.

True. To call thee woman were to wrong thy sex.

Mil. The worst of beings is an emblem of thy cursed sex collected. A mirror, wherein each particular man may see his own likeness, and that of all mankind.

Thor. Think not, by aggravating the faults of others to extenuate thy own, of which the abuse of such uncommon perfection of mind and body is not the least.

Mil. If such I had, well may I curse your barbarous sex, who robb'd me of them ere I knew their worth; then left me, too late, to count their value by their loss. Another and another spoiler came, and all my gain was poverty and reproach. My soul disdain'd, and yet disdains, dependence and contempt. Riches, no matter by what means obtain'd, I saw secur'd the worst of men from both. I found it therefore necessary to be rich, and to that end I summon'd all my arts. You call them wicked, be it so, they were such as my conversation with your sex had furnish'd me withal.

Thor. Sure none but the worst of men convers'd with thee.

Mil. Men of all degrees, and all professions, I have known, yet found no difference, but in their several capacities; all were alike wicked to the utmost of their power.

Thor. *Woman! the worst of each profession only have you known.*

Mil. I know you, and I hate you all; I expect no mercy, and I ask for none; I followed my inclinations, and that the best of you do every day.

Thor. I say, woman, this is false! But I'll hear thee rail awhile. Yet, think not I allow all that thou sayst, if I take not the trouble to contradict thee.

Mil. What are your laws, of which you make your boast, but the fool's wisdom, and the coward's valour, the instrument and screen of all your villanies? By them you punish in others what you act yourselves, or would have acted, had you been in their circumstances. Thus you go on deceiving and being deceiv'd, harassing, plaguing, and destroying one another. But women are your universal prey.

Thor. I can no longer bear this insidious mixture of falsehood with truth.

Mil. Women, by whom you are, the source of joy,
With cruel arts you labour to destroy:
A thousand ways our ruin you pursue,
Yet blame in us those arts first taught by you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.*

SCENE I. *A Room in a Prison.*

Enter THOROWGOOD, BLUNT *and* LUCY.

'*Thor.* I have recommended to Barnwell a reverend 'divine, whose judgment and piety I am well acquainted 'with. Nor has Millwood been neglected; but she, 'unhappy woman, still obstinate, refuses his assistance.

'*Lucy.* This pious charity to the afflicted well becomes

* Some days at least must be supposed to have passed between the IVth and Vth Acts, as the *trial* and condemnation of Millwood and Barnwell, and the usual time allowed between in cases of murder *have passed*, the Vth Act commencing on the day of the execution. *But the imagination*, I think, readily allows of this. See another *remark on the time* which is supposed to pass during the action of *this play, p.* 204. Note.

'your character; yet, pardon me, sir, if I wonder you
'were not at their trial.

'*Thor.* I knew it was impossible to save him; and I
'and my family bear so great a part in his distress, that
'to have been present would but have aggravated our
'sorrow without relieving his.

'*Blunt.* It was mournful indeed. Barnwell's youth
'and modest deportment, as he passed, drew tears from
'every eye. When placed at the bar and arraigned
'before the reverend judges, with many tears and in-
'terrupting sobs, he confess'd and aggravated his of-
'fences, without accusing, or once reflecting on Mill-
'wood, the shameless author of his ruin. But she,
'dauntless and unconcern'd, stood by his side, viewing
'with visible pride and contempt the vast assembly, who,
'all with sympathising sorrow, wept for the wretched
'youth. Millwood, when call'd upon to answer, loudly
'insisted upon her innocence, and made an artful and a
'bold defence; but finding all in vain, the impartial
'jury and the learned bench concurring to find her
'guilty, how did she curse herself, poor Barnwell, us,
'her judges, all mankind. But what could that avail?
'She was condemn'd, and is this day to suffer with him.

'*Thor.* The time draws on. I am going to visit
'Barnwell, as you are Millwood.

'*Lucy.* We have not wrong'd her, yet I dread this
'interview. She is proud, impatient, wrathful, and
'unforgiving. To be the branded instruments of ven-
'geance, to suffer in her shame, and sympathize with
'her in all she suffers, is the tribute we must pay for
'our former ill-spent lives, and long confederacy with
'her in wickedness.

'*Thor.* Happy for you it ended when it did. What
'you have done against Millwood, I believe proceeded
'from a just abhorrence of her crimes, free from interest,
'malice, or revenge. Proselytes to virtue should be
'encouraged; pursue your propos'd reformation, and
'know *me hereafter for* your friend.

'*Lucy. This is* a blessing as unhop'd for as unmerited
'*But Heaven, that* snatched us from impending ruin

'sure intends you as its instrument to secure us from 'apostacy.

'*Thor.* With gratitude to impute your deliverance to 'Heaven is just. Many less virtuously dispos'd than 'Barnwell was have never fallen in the manner he has 'done. May not such owe their safety rather to Provi-'dence than to themselves? With pity and compassion 'let us judge him. Great were his faults, but strong 'was the temptation. I wish his master may not have 'been to blame in the lenity shewn to his first offence.— 'Let his ruin teach us diffidence, humility, and circum-'spection, and the fear of God; for if we, who wonder 'at his fate, had like him been tried, like him perhaps 'we had fallen. [*Exeunt.*'

SCENE II. *A Dungeon, a Table and a Lamp.*

Barnwell reading.

Enter Thorowgood at a distance.

Thor. There see the bitter fruits of passion's detested reign, and sensual appetite indulged; severe reflections, penitence and tears.

Barn. My honour'd, injur'd master, whose goodness has cover'd me a thousand times with shame, forgive this last unwilling disrespect. Indeed I saw you not.

Thor. 'Tis well: I hope you are better employ'd in viewing of yourself; your journey's long, your 'time 'for preparation almost spent.' I sent a reverend divine to teach you to improve it, and should be glad to hear of his success.

Barn. The Word of Truth, which he recommended for my constant companion in this my sad retirement, has at length remov'd the doubts I labour'd under. From thence I've learn'd the infinite extent of heavenly mercy through a Saviour; that my offences, though great, are not unpardonable; and that 'tis not my interest only, but my duty, to believe and to rejoice in that hope.* So shall Heaven receive the glory, and future penitents the *profit of* my example.

* "*Rejoicing in hope*, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer." ROMANS XII. 12.

Thor. Proceed.

Barn. 'Tis wonderful that words should charm despair, speak peace and pardon to a murderer's conscience; but truth and mercy flow in every sentence, attended with force and energy divine. How shall I describe my present state of mind? I hope in doubt, and trembling I rejoice; I feel my grief increase, even as my fears give way. Joy and gratitude now supply more tears than the horror and anguish of despair before.

Thor. These are the genuine signs of true repentance; these lead the way we trust to everlasting peace. 'Oh, 'the joy it gives to see a soul form'd and prepar'd for 'Heaven! For this the faithful minister devotes himself 'to meditation, abstinence, and prayer, shunning the 'vain delights of sensual joys, and daily dies, that 'others may live for ever. For this he turns the Sacred 'Volume o'er, and spends his life in painful search of 'truth. The love of riches and the lust of power, he 'looks upon with just contempt and detestation; he 'only counts for wealth the soul he wins, and his highest 'ambition is to serve God and benefit mankind. If the 'rewards of all his pains be to preserve one soul from 'wandering, or turn one from the error of his ways, 'how does he then rejoice, and own his little labours 'overpaid.'*

Barn. What do I owe for all your generous kindness? But though I cannot, Heaven can and will reward you.

Thor. To see thee thus, is joy too great for words. Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee!—Farewell.

Barn. Oh, sir, there's something I would say, if my sad swelling heart would give me leave.

Thor. Give it vent awhile, and try.

Barn. I had a friend—'tis true I am unworthy—yet methinks your generous example might persuade—— Could not I see him once, before I go from whence there's no return?

---

* "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." James v. 19, 20.

Thor. He's coming, and as much thy friend as e
I will not anticipate his sorrow; too soon he'll see
sad effects of this contagious ruin. This torrent of
mestic misery bears too hard upon me. I must retir
indulge a weakness I find impossible to overcome. [*Asi*
Much lov'd—and much lamented youth!——Farev
—Heaven strengthen thee.——Farewell.

Barn. The best of masters and of men,—Farev
While I live let me not want your prayers.

Thor. Thou shalt not. If, as I greatly hope, thy p
is made with Heaven, death is already vanquished. I
a little longer the pains that attend this transitory
and cease from pain for ever. [*Exit T*

Barn. Perhaps I shall. I find a power within,
strengthens my soul against the fears of death, and
of conscious shame and guilt, gives me a gentle tast
comfort more than mortal.

Enter TRUEMAN *and* KEEPER.

Keep. Sir, there's the prisoner. [*Exit Kee*

Barn. Trueman!—My friend, whom I so wish'
see, yet now he's here, I dare not look upon him.
[*We*

True. Oh, Barnwell! Barnwell!

Barn. Mercy! Mercy! gracious Heaven! For de
but not for this, I was prepar'd.

True. What have I suffer'd since I saw thee l
What pain has absence given me!—But, oh, to see
thus!

Barn. I know it is dreadful! I feel the anguish of
generous soul—But I have liv'd to murder all who
me! [*Bol*

True. I came not to reproach you; I thought to b
you comfort; but I'm deceiv'd, for I have none t
I came to share thy sorrow, but cannot bear my ow

Barn. My sense of guilt indeed you cannot kn
'tis what the good and innocent, like you, can ne'er
ceive; but other griefs at present I have none, but
I feel for you. In your sorrow I read you love
still: but yet, methinks, 'tis strange, when I con
what I am.

True. No more of that; I can remember noth

thy virtues, thy honest, tender friendship, our former happy state, and present misery. Oh, had you trusted me when first the fair seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

Barn. Alas, thou knowest not what a wretch I've been. Breach of friendship was my first and least offence. So far was I lost to goodness, so devoted to the author of my ruin, that had she insisted on my murdering thee,——I think——I should have done it.

True. Pr'ythee aggravate thy faults no more.

Barn. I think I should! Thus good and generous as you are, I should have murder'd you!

True. We have not yet embrac'd, and may be interrupted. Come to my arms.

Barn. Never, never will I taste such joys on earth; never will I so soothe my just remorse. Are those honest arms and faithful bosom fit to embrace and to support a murderer? These iron fetters only shall clasp, and flinty pavement bear me; [*throwing himself on the ground.*] even these too good for such a bloody monster.

True. Shall misfortune sever those whom friendship joined? Thy miseries cannot lay thee so low, but love will find thee. Our mutual groans shall echo to each other through the dreary vault; our sighs shall number the moments as they pass, and mingling tears communicate such anguish as words werenever made to express.

Barn. Then be it so. [*Rising.*] Since you propose an intercourse of woe, pour all your griefs into my breast, and in exchange take mine. [*Embracing.*] Where's now the anguish that you promis'd? You've taken mine and made me no return. Sure peace and comfort dwell within these arms, and sorrow cann't approach me while I am here. 'This too is the work of Heaven: which 'already has indulged me with a faint ray of hope that I 'may be pardoned hereafter, and now has added an 'unexpected moment of virtuous friendship here.' Oh, take, take some of the joy that overflows my breast!

True. I do, I do. Almighty Power! how hast thou *made us capable to bear at once the extremes of pleasure and of pain.*

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. Sir.

True. I come. [*Exit Keeper.*

Barn. Must you leave me? Death would soon have parted us for ever.

True. Oh, my Barnwell! there is yet another task behind. Again your heart must bleed for others' woes.

Barn. To meet and part with you I thought was all I had to do on earth. What is there more for me to do or suffer?

True. I dread to tell thee, yet it must be known! Maria——

Barn. Our master's fair and virtuous daughter?—

True. The same.

Barn. No misfortune, I hope, has reach'd that maid! Preserve her, Heaven, from every ill, to shew mankind that goodness is thy care.

True. Thy, thy misfortunes, my unhappy friend, have reached her. Whatever you and I have felt, and more, if possible, she feels for you.

Barn. 'I know he doth abhor a lie, and would not trifle with his dying friend.' This is indeed the bitterness of death. [*Aside.*

True. You must remember (for we all observ'd it) for sometime past, a heavy melancholy weigh'd her down. Disconsolate she seem'd, and pin'd and languish'd from a cause unknown; till hearing of your dreadful fate, the long-stifled flame blaz'd out; 'she wept, and wrung her hands, and tore her hair,' and in the transport of her grief discovered her own lost state, while she lamented yours.

Barn. 'Will all the pain I feel restore thy ease; lovely unhappy maid! [*Weeping.*'] Why did you not let me die, and never know it?

True. It was impossible. She makes no secret of her passion for you; she is determin'd to see you ere you die, and waits for me to introduce her. [*Exit Trueman.*

Barn. Vain, busy thoughts, be still! What avails it to think on what I might have been! I now am——what I have made myself.

Enter TRUEMAN *and* MARIA.

. Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal
This is the seat of misery and guilt. Here awful
reserves her public victims. This is the entrance
meful death.

To this sad place then, no improper guest, the
olate Maria brings her sorrows, and sees the
and the cause of all this world of woe. Silent and
ess he stands, as if his soul had quitted her abode,
lifeless form was alone left behind, ‘ yet that so
, that beauty and death, ever at enmity, now
nited there.’

ı ‘ I groan, but murmur not.’ Just Heaven!
y own, do with me what is best.

. Why are your streaming eyes still fix'd below,
ıgh thou'dst give the greedy earth thy sorrows,
b me of my due? Were happiness within your
you should bestow it where you pleased; but in
isery I must and will partake.

ı. Oh, say not so, but fly, abhor, and leave me
fate! Consider what you are, ‘ how vast your
ne, and how bright your fame. Have pity on
youth, your beauty, and your virtue; for which
ıny noble peers have sighed in vain.’ Bless with
harms some honourable lord, ‘ adorn with your
ty, and by your example improve the English
t, that justly claims such merit:’ so shall I quickly
ou—as though I had never been.

. When I forget you, I must be so indeed. Let
like Millwood, if there be more such women,
in prosperity, and in adversity forsake. It is the
virtue to repair, or to partake, the ruin such
ade.

e. Lovely, ill-fated maid! ‘ Was there ever such
rous distress before? How must this pierce his
ful heart, and aggravate his woes!’

n. Ere I knew guilt or shame, when fortune smiled,
hen my youthful hopes were at the highest; if then
rais'd my thoughts to you, had been presumption
never to have been pardon'd, think how much
yourself you condescend to regard me now!

'*Mar.* Let her blush, who proffering love, invades 'the freedom of your sex's choice, and meanly sues in 'hopes of a return. Your inevitable fate hath rendered 'hope impossible as vain. Then why should I fear to 'avow a passion so just, and so disinterested?

'*True.* If any should take occasion from Millwood's 'crimes to libel the best and fairest part of the creation, 'here let them see their error. The most distant hopes 'of such a tender passion from so bright a maid, might 'add to the happiness of the most happy, and make the 'greatest proud: yet here 'tis lavish'd in vain. Though 'by the rich present the generous donor is undone, he 'on whom it is bestowed receives no benefit.

'*Barn.* So the aromatic spices of the east, which all 'the living covet and esteem, are with unavailing kind-'ness wasted on the dead.'

Mar. Yes, fruitless is my love, and unavailing all my sighs and tears. Can they save thee from approaching death?—from such a death?——Oh, sorrow insupportable!——'His dreadful catastrophe virtue herself abhors. 'To give a holiday to suburb slaves, and passing enter-'tain the savage herd, who elbowing each other for a 'sight, pursue and press upon him like his own con-'demnation!——Can I endure this?

'*True.* Grief has much impaired her spirits.'

Barn. Preserve her, Heaven, and restore her peace, nor let her death be added to my crimes. [*Bell tolls.* I am summoned to my end.

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. Sir, the officers attend you. Millwood is already summon'd.

Barn. Tell them I am ready. And now, my friend, farewell. [*Embracing*] Support and comfort, the best you can, this mourning fair.—No more—Forget not to pray for me. [*Turning to Maria*] Would you, bright excellence, permit me the honour of a chaste embrace, the last happiness this world could give were mine. [*She inclines towards him, they embrace.*] Exalted goodness! Oh, turn your eyes from earth and me to Heaven, where virtue, like yours, is ever heard! Pr

or the peace of my departing soul. Early my race of wickedness began, and soon I reach'd the summit. Ere nature had finished her work, and stamped me man, just at the time when others begin to stray, my course is finish'd. Though short my span of life, and few my days: yet count my crimes for years, and I have lived whole ages.' Thus justice, in compassion to mankind, cuts off a wretch like me, by one such example to secure thousands from future ruin. 'Justice and mercy are in Heaven the same: its utmost severity is mercy to the whole: thereby to cure man's folly and presumption, which else would render even infinite mercy vain and ineffectual.'

If any youth like you in future times
Shall mourn my fate, tho' he abhors my crimes;
Or tender maid, like you, my tale shall hear,
And to my sorrows give a pitying tear;
To each such melting eye and throbbing heart,
Would gracious Heaven this benefit impart,
Never to know my guilt, nor feel my pain,
Then you must own you ought not to complain,
Since you nor weep, nor shall I die in vain.

[*Exeunt Barnwell and Officers one way, Maria and Trueman another.*

'SCENE III.

The place of Execution. The Gallows and Ladder 'at the farther end of the stage. A crowd of spectators. Blunt and Lucy.

'*Lucy.* Heavens! what a throng!

'*Blunt.* How terrible is death when thus prepar'd!

'*Lucy.* Support them, Heaven! Thou only canst support them! all other help is vain.

'*Offi.* [*Within*] Make way there; make way, and give the prisoners room.

'*Lucy.* They are here: observe them well. How humble and compos'd young Barnwell seems! but *Millwood looks wild, ruffled with passion, confounded and amaz'd.*

Enter BARNWELL, MILLWOOD, *Officers and Executioners.*

Barn. See, Millwood, see, our journey's at an end! Life, like a tale that's told,* is passed away. That short, but dark and unknown passage, death, is all the space between us and endless joys, or woes eternal.

Mil. Is this the end of all my flattering hopes? Were youth and beauty given me for a curse, and wisdom only to ensure my ruin?

Barn. Yet ere we pass the dreadful gulph of death, yet ere you're plung'd in everlasting woe—Oh, bend your stubborn knees, and harder heart, humbly to deprecate the wrath divine! Who knows, but Heaven, in your dying moments, may bestow that grace and mercy which your life despis'd?

Mil. Why name you mercy to a wretch like me? Mercy is beyond my hope, almost beyond my wish. I cann't repent, nor ask to be forgiven.

Barn. Oh, think what 'tis to be for ever, ever miserable, nor with vain pride oppose a power that is able to destroy you!

Mil. That will destroy me; I feel it will. A deluge of wrath is pouring on my soul. Chains, darkness, wheels, racks, sharp-sting'd scorpions, molten lead, and seas of sulphur, are light to what I feel.

Barn. Oh, add not to your vast account despair; a sin more injurious to Heaven, than all you 've yet committed.

Mil. Oh, I have sinn'd beyond the reach of mercy!

Barn. Oh, say not so; 'tis blasphemy to think it. As yon bright roof is higher than the earth, so, and much more, does Heaven's goodness pass our apprehension. Oh, what created being shall presume to circumscribe the mercy from on high.

---

* "For when thou art angry, all our days are gone: we bring "our years to an end as it were a tale that is told." Psalm xc. 9.

"*Life's* but a walking shadow; a poor player,
"That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
"And then is heard no more: it is a tale
"*Told* by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
"Signifying nothing." Macbeth, A. v. S. v.

'Oh, gracious Heaven! extend thy pity to her; 'let thy rich mercy flow in plenteous streams to 'chase her fears, and heal her wounded soul.

'*Mil.* It will not be: your prayers are lost in air, or 'else return'd perhaps with double blessings to your 'bosom; they help not me.*

'*Barn.* Yet hear me, Millwood.

'*Mil.* Away, I will not hear thee: [*Barnwell seems 'to pray.*] If thou wilt pray, pray for thyself, not me. 'How doth his fervent soul mount with his words, and 'both ascend to Heaven! that Heaven, whose gates are 'shut with adamantine bars against my prayers, had I 'the will to pray. I cannot bear it. Sure 'tis the worst 'of torments to behold others to enjoy that bliss which 'we must never taste.

'*Offi.* The utmost limit of your time's expired.†

'*Mil.* Encompassed with horror, whither must I go? 'I would not live—nor die—That I could cease to be ——or ne'er had been!

'*Barn.* Since peace and comfort are denied her here, 'may she find mercy where she least expects it, and this 'be all her hell! From our example may all be taught to 'fly the first approach of vice: but if o'ertaken

'*By strong temptation, weakness, or surprize,*
'*Lament their guilt, and by repentance rise;*
'*Th' impenitent alone die unforgiven:*
'*To sin 's like man, and to forgive like Heaven.*‡

[*They retire up the stage.*

'*Enter* TRUEMAN.

'*Lucy.* Heart-breaking sight!———Oh, wretched, wretched Millwood!

'*True.* How is she dispos'd to meet her fate?

'*Blunt.* Who can describe unutterable woe?

---

* "Nevertheless when they were sick, I put on sackcloth, and "humbled my soul with fasting: and my prayer shall turn into mine "own bosom." Psalm xxxv. 13.

† "Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out."
Richard III. A. III. S. III.

‡ "*To err is human, to forgive divine.*"
POPE'S *Essay on Criticism*, Part II.

'*Lucy.* She goes to death encompassed with horror, 'loathing life, and yet afraid to die. No tongue can tell 'her anguish and despair.

'*True.* Heaven be better to her than her fears.—— 'May she prove a warning to others; a monument of 'mercy in herself.

'*Lucy.* Oh, sorrow insupportable! Break, break, 'my heart!'

True. In vain,

With bleeding hearts, and weeping eyes, we show
A humane gen'rous sense of others' woe:
Unless we mark what drew their ruin on,
And, by avoiding that——prevent our own.

THE END.

DOUGLAS:

A TRAGEDY.

BY

JOHN HOME.

FIRST ACTED

At the THEATRE ROYAL in EDINBURGH,

In the Year 1756;

AND AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT GARDEN.

March 14, 1757.

Non ego sum vates, sed prisci conscius ævi.

THE EDITOR's PREFACE.*

JOHN HOME, the author of the Tragedy of DOUGLAS, was a native of Scotland, and was born in the vicinity of Ancrum in Roxburghshire, in the year 1722. In the Rebellion in the year 1745, he served as a volunteer against the Young Pretender. After this he turned his mind to the church, and was inducted into the living of Athelstonford, in Haddingtonshire, or East Lothian, the duties of which he discharged with the greatest propriety.

Having a genius for poetry, Mr. Home, in the year 1756, wrote and presented to the managers of the theatre at Edinburgh his Tragedy of Douglas. The Theatre was at that time in a more flourishing condition than it had been for many years before; and vied, as far as circumstances would permit, with the Theatres of the metropolis. The managers saw its merit, and readily accepted it, put it into rehearsal, and prepared for the performance of it in such a manner as might do honour to the author, and bring both credit and emolument to themselves. These transactions coming to the knowledge of the Elders of the Kirk, they remonstrated with the Author on the *heinous crime* he was committing. The Author, however, not being conscious of any thing wrong in the matter, and thinking that his play would meet with a success from which he would reap both fame and profit, was unwilling to desist, and to pull down with his own hands a fabric which he had been rearing at the expence of so much time and labour. The

* These particulars of the life of Home are taken principally *from The Biographia Dramatica*, and from The European Magazine, *for September, 1808*, Vol. 54, p. 240. I have made inquiries *after a fuller Memoir of him*, but without success.

Elders of the Kirk next endeavoured to prevent the performers representing it, but with no better success. The piece was brought out at Edinburgh, and met with the encouragement to which its merit very justly entitled it. In the following year it was performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden with equal success. It had been offered to Garrick for representation at Drury Lane; but he thought the plot too simple and undramatic, and rejected it. Upon the appearance of Douglas, the Elders in public convocation suspended the author from exercising the ministry, and censured those his friends who went to see his piece performed, and various pamphlets and advertisements were published against the author and the actors.

One of these was Dr. WITHERSPOON's *Serious Enquiry into the Nature and Effects of The Stage. Being an attempt to shew That contributing to the support of a Public Theatre is inconsistent with the character of a Christian.* In this the writer not only censures the abuses of the stage, but is against all attempts to amend it as being bad in itself. Of this work I have taken some notice in my *Discourses on the Stage.* Dr. W. appears to have been in many respects a very worthy man; but on the subject of the Stage he is so evidently carried away by prejudice, and so decidedly writes against the Stage in general, when his arguments apply only to the abuses of it, that the fallacies contained in his work, will naturally occasion the reader to pay less respect to those parts where he may have truth on his side. What can we say to the clearness of his views who thinks it of less consequence to commit a *gross sin* than to pass an *idle hour?* "In "proportion as a man improves in holiness of heart, he "increases in usefulness of life, and acquires a deeper "and a stronger sense of the worth and value of time. "To spend an hour unprofitably appears to such a one "a greater crime than the commission of gross sin." (Essay on The Stage, in Dr. W.'s Select Works in 2 vols. *printed* by Baynes in Paternoster Row, 1804. Vol. I. *p. 274.*) Nor should I have expected, after all that Dr. W. has said against profaneness and levity, to have

found him dedicating his "Ecclesiastical Characteristics" "To the Departed Ghost, or Surviving Spirit of the "late Reverend Mr. ....., Minister in .....";" founded on the popular superstitions respecting ghosts. To say the least of it, it appears to me to be a levity of which I think few *dramatic* authors in these days would be guilty.

But to return to the subject of this Memoir: Mr. Home was one of those distinguished literary characters who united with Mr. Allan Ramsay the painter in forming the *Select Society* in Edinburgh, in the year 1754. Amongst these were Dr. Robertson (the Historian of Queen Mary), Mr. David Hume, Mr. Adam Smith, Mr. Wedderburn (afterwards Lord Loughborough), Lord Kames, Dr. Carlyle, Mr. Andrew Stuart, Sir Gilbert Elliot, and Mr. Andrew Pringle (afterwards Lord Alemoor). This Society, says Mr. DUGALD STEWART, in his *Account of the Life and Writings of Dr. Robertson*, "subsisted in vigour for six or seven "years, and produced debates, such as have not often "been heard in modern assemblies;—debates, where the "dignity of the speakers was not lowered by the in-"trigues of policy, or the intemperance of faction; "and where the most splendid talents that have ever "adorned this country were roused to their best exer-"tions, by the liberal and ennobling discussions of lite-"rature and philosophy." (p. 15.)

Afterwards, having mentioned Home's Douglas, and the sensation excited by it, Mr. Stewart states, that "In the whole course of the ecclesiastical proceedings "connected with these incidents, Dr. Robertson dis-"tinguished himself by the ablest and most animated "exertions in defence of his friends; and contributed "greatly, by his persuasive eloquence, to the mildness "of that sentence in which the prosecution at last ter-"minated. His arguments on this occasion had, it may "be presumed, the greater weight, that he had never "himself entered within the walls of a playhouse; a re-"*markable proof*, among numberless others which the "*history of his life* affords, of that scrupulous circum-"*spection in his* private conduct, which, while it added

" so much to his usefulness as a clergyman, was essen-
" tial to his influence as the leader of a party; and
" which so often enabled him to recommend successfully
" to others the same candid and indulgent spirit that
" was congenial to his own mind." P. 18.

In one of Dr. Beattie's Letters to Dr. Blacklock, the sentiments of that excellent man on the conduct of the Elders of the Kirk towards our author may be collected. Dr. Blacklock had translated the play of " Cenie," by D'Happoncourt de Grafigny, under the title of " Sera-
" phina." Dr. Beattie, in a Letter to him, dated 9th. January, 1769, says, " I long much to see your trans-
" lation of the French poem; pray send it as soon as
" you can. You need not, I think, be under any ap-
" prehension of meeting with Mr. Home's treatment.
" To translate a dramatic poem, can never be made
" to be on a footing with composing one, and bringing
" it on the stage. Even Presbyterianism itself allows us
" to read plays; and if so, it cannot prohibit the trans-
" lating of them." See Sir William Forbes's *Account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie, LL. D.* 8vo. Edn. Vol. I. p. 176.

On these proceedings Mr. Home gave in his resignation, June the 7th. 1757, and contented himself with the income of the small paternal estate of Kelduf; nor did he ever resume his ecclesiastical functions: in the title-page to his History of the Rebellion he calls himself John Home, Esq.

In consequence of the treatment which Mr. Home had experienced in his own country, Lord Bute, then prime minister, represented the circumstances to our present beloved sovereign, then Prince of Wales, who graciously stretched out his protecting hand to the author of *Douglas*, and to him the play was dedicated; and, in the year 1762, after his Majesty's accession to the throne, a very handsome pension was settled upon him at the same time that one was given to Dr. Johnson.

The year after the performance of Douglas at Covent Garden Theatre, Garrick produced Mr. Home's second Tragedy of *Agis* at Drury Lane. It was strongly sup

ported by the author's friends, and the Prince of Wales commanded it three or four nights. (Davies's Life of Garrick, Vol. I. p. 222.) It is a piece far inferior, both in interest and in poetical merit, to the former. For the sake of preserving the unities, he has rendered it heavy and unnatural. The morality of it is not above the general run of the stage: suicide, revenge, and heathenism prevail throughout. It is not, however, without some good passages. The author of the Biographia Dramatica, (Vol. II. p. 4.) says that Mr. Home intended in this play to censure his countrymen for having sold King Charles the First to his rebellious subjects, a circumstance which I should not have discovered in the reading; and, if intended by the author, too remote and too slightly mentioned to be generally understood, as Agis is not *sold* to his own more immediate subjects by another power, but is put to death by his own subjects in rebellion; so that, if any thing, it applies more to the English than to the Scotch.

In two years more (1760) Mr. Home produced the Tragedy of *The Siege of Aquileia*, at Drury Lane. This play is founded, not upon the events which took place at that siege, but at the siege of Berwick in the reign of Edward III. It bears very much the character of the former piece; the unities are preserved to the injury of probability and interest. Some of the passages are good, and some of the situations interesting; yet, it is, upon the whole, but a heavy play, at least it is so to read.

Mr. Home was always, as far as his means would admit, the friend and liberal patron of literature and merit. One instance of this was the patronage he gave to Mr. Macpherson, the person who first produced to public notice the poems of Ossian. While Mr. Macpherson was Schoolmaster of Ruthven, in Badenock, he occupied his leisure hours in collecting from the native but illiterate bards of the mountains of Scotland, fragments of those poems; a few of them he translated, and inserted them occasionally in a weekly miscellany, then conducted at Edinburgh by the learned Walter Ruddiman. These specimens soon attracted the notice of Mr. Home

Dr. Robertson and Dr. Blair; and it was resolved by these gentlemen to send for Mr. Macpherson from his retreat. He accordingly came to Edinburgh, and had an interview with these literary characters, the result of which was, that he resigned his situation as schoolmaster, and by means of a subscription*, procured very much by their patronage, he travelled all over the Highlands, and collected the materials of Fingal and those other poems, which have since been the subject of so much controversy.† Macpherson, at his death, left Mr. Home £2000. as a mark of grateful recollection of the acts of kindness he had received from him in early life.

It was not till nine years after the performance of The Siege of Aquileia, nor till after the Poems of Ossian had been some time before the public, and that by Mr. Home's assistance, that the Tragedy of *The Fatal Discovery* was performed at Drury Lane. And it shews very forcibly the effect those poems had taken upon the poet's mind. He has departed both from his usual simplicity of plot and of language in this play, and introduced the scenery, and the language, and images of Ossian. Nor is the morality at all superior to that of his former plays; perfidy, revenge and suicide prevail throughout.

In the Tragedy of *Alonzo*, performed at Drury Lane, in 1773, the reader is very much reminded of the play of Douglas. The situation of Ormesinda, secretly married to Alonzo, and finding her lost son Alberto, bears a great resemblance to that of Lady Randolph in Douglas. Indeed, throughout Mr. Home's pieces there is a great sameness. In The Fatal Discovery we have the Lady married against her will like Lady Randolph; and the character of the Recluse Orellan, is very much that of the Hermit from whom Douglas had learned the art of war. In Douglas, the youthful ardour of Y. Norval is imitated from that of David in his combat with Goliath;

* See Dr. Finlayson's Life of Dr. Blair, at the end of Dr. B.'s 5th volume of Sermons, p. 500.

† Macpherson's first translations of the Poems of Ossian were published in July, 1760. The same year he took his journey into the Highlands and Islands to make farther collections.

and, in Alonzo, Alberto's valour still nearer approaches to that of the Bethlehemitish youth, being tried in a single combat with a Moorish *Giant.*

" If this gigantic champion of the Moors,
" Clad in the glory of his battles won,
" Dazzles the Warriors, and confounds their valour;
" Let me, tho' young in arms, the combat claim,
" On me his fame has no impression made.
" I'll meet the giant with a fearless heart.
" It beats for battle now. Oft have I kill'd
" The wolf, the boar, and the wild mountain bull,
" For sport and pastime. Shall this Moorish dog
" Resist me fighting in my country's cause?" A. II.

At the beginning of the third act the following false view of things, an arraigning of Nature, which is in fact a murmuring against Providence, is suffered to remain without contradiction or explanation:

" Why, nature, why!
" Art thou so watchful o'er the brutal tribes,
" And yet so careless of the human race?
" By certain instinct beasts and birds discern
" Their proper food: for them the fairest fruit
" Untouch'd, if pois'nous, withers on the bough:
" But man, by a fair outside still deceiv'd,
" And by his boasted reason more betray'd,
" Gives the affection of his soul to beauty,
" Devours the deadly bane.

It is not that *reason* is *inferior* to *instinct;* but that man, through indolence or passion, makes a wrong use of reason, and then charges it with his own folly. The same character afterwards talks of himself as

" Born and destin'd to perdition." A. V.

In five years more (1778) Mr. H. produced his Tragedy of *Alfred* at Covent Garden. This play is not founded upon any incident in the life of that Prince brought down to us by history; but is the invention of the poet; or is rather formed by analogy from Alfred's entering into the Danish camp in the disguise of a minstrel to find out the state of the enemy. Mr. H. supposes the wife of Alfred, whom he calls Ethelswida, to have *been taken prisoner* by the Danish King, and Alfred *enters his camp in* disguise to find her. He is discovered:

and, after several changes of fortune, the piece ends with their restoration to their people and throne. Ethelswida, however, when meditating deceit and suicide, says,

> " Yes, I am inspir'd.
> " Heaven, that suggests the thought, will give me strength
> " To act the generous deed." A. III.

and yet she talks of her *holy faith*, which is christian; and in the fifth act she addresses a prayer to angels and saints.

The author of the Biographia Dramatica, speaking of Mr. H. says, " whether through an eagerness to prove " still farther his inclination to deserve the favour he " has met with, he has not allowed himself a suffi- " cient time for the planning, digesting, reconsidering, " and correcting his works, or that in his first play the " diffidence of a young author might make him more " ready to ask and to pursue the judgment of others, or " from any other cause I know not, but *Douglas* seems " still to stand as Mr. Home's master-piece in dramatic " writing."

If we consider the age and the education of Mr. H. till he produced his Douglas: that at the age of twenty-three he was in the army, that he then turned his mind to the church, and, at thirty-four produced this play; the nationality of the Scotch character, his military ardour, and his after studies as a clergyman, will all concur to account for the interest, the chivalric character, and the great portion of piety, (though mixed with poetic error), which prevail in the piece; and it should seem, as if, in this, the poet had exhausted his mind, and that he never afterwards replenished it. The sameness so evident in his other pieces, and the one almost constant tenor of his female characters, sufficiently prove this. His other plays were produced at a sufficient distance of time from each other to have allowed for the expansion of genius, had genius existed. Had Mr. H. never produced any other play than Douglas, his fame would have stood higher in the annals of the Drama than it does now; *though for* the sake of that, it still ranks very high.

Mr. Home was a member of the Consistory Court in otland, from which situation, however, he derived tle or no emolument.

In the year 1802 he published, in one vol. 4to., his *istory of the Rebellion in the year* 1745. In the Decation To THE KING, he adverts to his Majesty's forer patronage, and says, "the first book I published was dedicated to your Majesty, then Prince of Wales: and when his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland presented my petition, for leave to dedicate this History to your Majesty, the petition was granted, in terms that I shall be proud of as long as I live."

In the first chapter of this work the author says, "In those days, I carried arms, (though not a military man by profession,) and, serving with the king's troops, underwent part of their adverse fortune; for I was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk, and during my captivity was an eye-witness of some memorable events, an account of which I committed to writing, whilst the facts were recent, and fresh in my memory; and have taken no small pains for many years, to procure authentic information of what I did not see, visiting every place which was the scene of any remarkable occurrence, and examining the accounts which I had collected of each battle, upon the field where it was fought, accompanied and assisted by persons who had been present upon every occasion, and sometimes principally concerned." p. 2.

Mr. Home died at Merchieston-bank near Edinburgh, ptember the 4th. 1808, in the 86th year of his age.

The Tragedy of DOUGLAS is founded upon the incident a mother finding her son whom she had lost for any years. The Tragedies of *Merope* (acted in 1749) d of *Barbarossa*, (acted in 1754) produced prior to is, and *Cyrus*, subsequent to it, (in 1768) all turn *on the same incident;* but the palm must be allowed to *Home for simplicity* of plot, and the excitement of

the tender feelings, and for the beauties of his poetry: Douglas abounds in scenes and passages which may be selected as excellencies independent of the general tenor of the piece. The great fault appears to be in the catastrophe, in which the lives of Douglas and of Lady Randolph are unnecessarily taken off. The author of The Dramatic Censor says, "The young hero's situation "is interesting, and his fall claims pity, but we wish it "had been effected by some other means, or rather that "he had been saved; as his death is a violent breach of "poetical justice, and might have been avoided, even to "an amendment of the plot." (Vol. II. p. 134.) and the author of the Biographia Dramatica observes, that "Dr. Johnson blames Mr. Gray for concluding his "celebrated Ode with Suicide, a circumstance borrowed "perhaps from *Douglas*, in which Lady Randolph, "otherwise a blameless character, precipitates her-"self, like the *Bard*, from a cliff into eternity." (Vol. II. p. 93.)

The catastrophe, however, as far as relates to Douglas, is the same with that in the Scotch Ballad of *Child Maurice** whence it is taken; and, perhaps, the author thought himself in some degree forced into this measure from the two former plays above-mentioned ending happily, for I have been informed, on good authority, that Mr. H. himself, after the publication of the piece, wished that he had given it a different termination. When the play was performed at Lady De Crespigny's Private Theatre at Camberwell, in the year 1790, she altered it to save the lives of Lady Randolph and her son.

On the subject of *Poetical Justice* it may not be improper to say a few words in this place. By this term is commonly understood, that, in every play, the good characters should be rewarded, and the bad punished. But, as a play is, or should be, a representation of nature; and, as it is not always agreeable to the dispensations of Providence that the good should be pros-

* *This* Ballad is to be met with in Percy's Reliques of Ancient *Poetry*, Vol. III. It is also prefixed to the Play of Douglas in Bell's *British Theatre*, 1791; and in Cooke's British Drama.

perous in this world, and that the wicked should be punished, but rather that He frequently tries the good by afflictions and the wicked by prosperity,—so it may justly be done in representations on the stage. But, then, the moral should be made clear; it should be pointed out, that prosperity and adversity are merely different means of trial in the hands of Providence, and that there is a world to come after this, in which all tears will be wiped from the eye of sorrow, all seemingly unequal dispensations will be shewn to be, or will be made, equal,—the wicked must account and be punished, and the good, purified by afflictions, will receive an ample recompence. With respect to the characters in question, Lady Randolph and Douglas are both so interesting, and have so much to be admired, that we wish to see them restored to each other and happy in the conclusion. But, as the author had drawn them, both have a very considerable share of alloy. Lady R., besides her clandestine marriage and equivocation with her father, is not represented as acquiescing in the dispensations of Providence with a pious resignation. And Douglas is faulty, in leaving his supposed paternal roof without the consent of his foster father, and is of a disposition too enterprizing and ambitious of false honour. Had it not been for these circumstances, we should have wished, that Lady Randolph, after having suffered for twenty years on account of her improper marriage and duplicity, might be restored to her son; but, as the author originally drew them, neither, even setting aside a future retribution, would have just cause for complaint. The author of the Biographia Dramatica, indeed calls Douglas a play "in which the principles of virtue, of morality, "of filial duty, of patriotic zeal, and of reverence for an "over-ruling power,"—"are in the strongest manner "inculcated and enjoined". And Mr. Styles, in his *Essay on the Stage*, (p. 92.) points out a gross instance of Lady R. murmuring against Providence. Both these are *right, for, while* under affliction, Lady R. is certainly *guilty of murmuring;* but, on finding her son, she is *ready to acknowledge* the protecting hand of Heaven

a proceeding too comformable to the general run of characters in the world; but, in following which, the author has shewn his want of address in conducting his play as a moral lesson, and to remedy which has been a part of the care of the present editor.

Mr. STYLES, however, observes farther of this play, that "the self-denying virtues of Christianity; that "benevolence which embraces the whole human race as "one family; that control over our own spirit; that "disposition to forgive injuries, and to do good to those "who despitefully use us; that fervent zeal to live to "the glory of God; that acquiescence in his will, in "every situation of trial and affliction, all of which "are the distinguishing features of Christian morality, "they will never learn from Douglas, nor from any "other theatrical performance that was ever received "with approbation on the Stage." p. 97.

Mr. S. has read this play with sufficient attention to say of it, that "As a Dramatic composition, this tra-"gedy is entitled to high praise; it is well conducted; "the style is elegant, and it is interesting in the highest "degree:" he adds, too, "but in a moral point of "view, and in respect to its aspect on Christianity, it "is exceedingly dangerous." (p. 91.) and he points out several passages which are undoubtedly highly exceptionable. But, I think, that Mr. S. has not done justice to Mr. Home, in not stating that there are passages of a good tendency. Of this description is what Lady Randolph says respecting *war*, in her conversation with Lord R. in the first act, in her lamentation for the "dames of Denmark", in the scene with Glenalvon, in the third, and again with Ld. R. at the beginning of the fourth. Benevolence is inculcated in the speech of Lady R. when she goes off in the third act:

> ——"Believe me, Sir,
> "The truly generous is the truly wise;
> "And he who loves not others, lives unblest."

The crime of implacable resentment is shewn and condemned by Lady R. in the scene in the first act with

Lord R. Forgiveness of injuries is taught by Old Norval in the scene with Lady R. in the third act. Lady R. says to him,

——" Such love from thee
" Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not; if aright
" Thou told'st the story of thy own distress."

Old Norval, after offering what excuse he could for the neglect of Sir Malcolm towards his tenants, says,

" May Heav'n so judge me, as I judg'd my master!
" And God so love me as I love his race."

And, again, in the scene in the fourth act, where Y. Norval is telling the story of the Hermit of whom he learnt the art of war, and his killing his unknown brother in the encounter, and then recognizing each other, he says, " they exchang'd forgiveness".

Nor is acquiescence in the will of Providence never inculcated; Douglas, in the scene with his mother, in the fifth act, says,

" The God of battles of my life dispose
" As may be best for you!"

And Lady Randolph says,

——, " as high Heav'n hath will'd it, all must be."

In Mr. CUMBERLAND we meet an objector of a different description. Seemingly with a view to exculpate Garrick from the accusation of a want of taste and of judgment in refusing to bring out this play at Drury-Lane, in his CRITIQUE upon it prefixed to Cooke's Edition, he has endeavoured to point out, in rather a flippant manner, what are the faults of the tragedy; but which I conceive to be in general hypercritical, and sometimes unfounded. Some of these will be answered in the Notes. One of his principal is the difficulty there would be to Lady Randolph to conceal her situation from her father. The *difficulty*, undoubtedly, would be great; but there is no impossibility nor improbability in representing it as being done; as instances sometimes occur, in which the birth *of the child is the first* information upon the subject to *persons in the same* house; and, if the child was sent off

as soon as born, her indisposition might pass with her father as an illness of a different kind. The question does not admit of more minute discussion.

It is with great pleasure that I turn to the encomium of Mr. ENSOR upon this play, he says, (Independent Man, Vol. II. p. 171.) "Douglas by Home is a finished pro-"duction; the opening of the piece is very solemn, and "the characters, particularly Lady Randolph, Gle-"nalvon and Douglas, well drawn. The persons are "also sufficiently numerous. The play is moral: it "shews the bad effects of family feuds; the misfortunes "incident to surreptitious marriages: the folly of a rage "for arms; the misery attending marriages formed "without attachment.* The sentiments are also moral: "old Norval says,

——— "Let never man,
"For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
"Eternal justice is in this most just.
"I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal:"

"and Lady Randolph to that miscreant Glenalvon, who "falls a victim to his crimes,

"———Believe me, Sir,
"The truly generous is the truly wise,
"And he who loves not others lives unblest."

"In the moral application of sentiments it approaches "the Greek drama as near as our stage will permit, and "in some instances it has exceeded that liberty.†

"This drama contains an episode, which is related "by Douglas: it neither forwards the catastrophe nor

---

* A farther moral is to be learnt from the character of Glenalvon, how the villain's deepest machinations are turn'd against himself:

"Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse;
"And the intended murder introduc'd
"A favourite to hide the sun from me." End of Act II.

His plot, too, against the life of Douglas, terminates in his own destruction. See Psalm VII. 15, 16. quoted before, p. 147.—Note †

† It is curious to observe two respectable writers speaking in such *directly* opposite terms of the morality of the same play. The case is, *that the* author himself is in some measure inconsistent, and that *one critic* dwells solely on his faults, and the other solely on his excellencies in this respect.

" involves the events, but it is introduced when the " audience wish to behold those persons together whom " they suspect* to be unknowingly allied by the strong- " est ties. The discovery is one of the happiest in poetry. " Poets have employed different means for this effect: " the tears of Telemachus† at the court of Menelaus " discover the son of Ulysses. That by moles and scars " has been repeated from Homer's‡ to our days ten " thousand times; as also by mistakes,§ by intercepted " letters, &c. I do not praise this discovery because it " is made by jewels, but because the discovery is made " incidentally; which gives it the ease of a natural occur- " rence. The artful management of the poet is remark- " able through the whole performance. The style is " praised excessively by Gray. He says that the author " of Douglas has retrieved the true language of tragedy, " which had been lost these two thousand years.‖ This " is too panegyrical, though the diction is classically " polite."

---

* The audience have been *certified* of this by the scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval in the former act. The episode is not altogether useless, as it seems necessary to account to the audience for the proficiency in military science which Douglas displays.

† " Odyssey, lib. 4. ver. 113."

‡ " Ibid. lib. 19. ver 467."

§ " Thus Zara discovers that Osmyn is Alphonso.
Mourning Bride, Act. 4. S. 8."

‖ Mr. Ensor I suppose quotes from memory, and is not therefore accurate. The passage in Gray is, " I am greatly struck with the " Tragedy of Douglas, though it has infinite faults: The Author " seems to me to have retrieved the true Language of the stage, " which had been lost for these hundred years; and there is one scene " (between Matilda and the Old Peasant) so masterly, that it strikes " me blind to all the defects in the world." See Mason's Edn. of Gray's Works in 2 Vols. 8vo. 3d Edn. Vol. II. p. 122. Note to Letter XXV.

I am surprized that Mr. E. in his enumeration of the ably drawn characters does not notice that of Old Norval, of which the author of the Dramatic Censor observes, " Old Norval's simplicity, sensibility, " and tender fidelity of heart, engage us deeply in his favour; he is " extremely well imagined, and finished in a masterly manner. As " it is hard for a performer to render Lord Randolph respectable, so " *we think it would be difficult* to find one of even decent capacity, " *who could be flat and unaffecting* in the Old Shepherd".—Vol. II. *p. 134.*

After what has been said already, it will be supposed that the alterations made in this play are both numerous and important. They are so. Those passages in the speeches of Lady Randolph which savour of murmuring at the dispensations of Providence, the too-heroic ardour of Douglas, the speeches respecting Fate, as the ruler of the affairs of men, the invocations of created beings, the adoption of popular superstitions, and the suicide of Lady Randolph, it was absolutely necessary to remove; but it is hoped that this has been done without materially affecting the poetic beauties or the spirit of the piece.

The copy made use of in printing has been the 8vo. edition, printed in London in the year 1757, which I have compared with an edition in 12mo. printed for Lowndes, &c. in 1784, in which I have found some additions and variations, which have been occasionally adopted and pointed out. I have also had recourse to the copy in Bell's edition of the British Theatre, in 1791, and to that in Cooke's edition of The British Drama.

Clare Hall, Sept. 21, 1811.

THE AUTHOR's DEDICATION.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

*GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES.**

Sir,

In Dedications, especially those which Poets write, Mankind expect to find little Sentiment, and less truth. A grateful imagination adorns its Benefactor with every virtue, and even flatters with Sincerity. Hence the Portrait of each Patron of the Muses is drawn with the same Outline, and finished as a Model of Perfection. Instructed by the Errors of others, I presume not to make the Panegyrick of the Prince of Wales, nor to extol the Patronage of Literature as the most shining quality of a Prince. Your Royal Highness will permit me to mention one sort of Patronage which can never be praised too much; that, I mean, which extending its influence to the whole Society, forms and excites the Genius of Individuals by exalting the Spirit of the State.

Institutions, that revive, in a great and highly civilized People, those Virtues of Courage, Manhood, and Love of their Country, which are most apt, in the Pro-

* *See The Editor's Preface, p. 248, and 253.*

gress of Refinement, to decay, produce at the same time that pleasing and ornamental Genius, which cannot subsist in a Mind that does not partake of those Qualities which it describes. This is an observation which has escaped the Notice of the greater part of Writers, who have inquired into the Causes of the Growth and Decay of Poetry and Eloquence; but it has not escaped the penetration of LONGINUS, *who writing in the Decline of the* ROMAN *Empire, and lamenting that the true Sublime was not to be found in the Works of his Time, boldly imputes that defect to the change of policy; and enumerates with indignation the Vices of Avarice, Effeminacy, and Pusillanimity, which, arising from the Loss of Liberty, had so enthralled and debased the Minds of Men, that they could not look up, as he calls it, to any thing elevated and sublime: And here, as in other Questions, the great Critic quotes the authority of his Master* HOMER. The Day of Slavery bereaves a Man of half his Virtue. *The Experience of succeeding Times has shewn that Genius is affected by Changes less violent than the Loss of Liberty; that it ever flourishes in Times of Vigour and Enterprize, and languishes amidst the sure Corruption of an inactive Age.*

Your Royal Highness, as Heir Apparent of the BRITISH *Empire, hath in view the noblest Field that ever a laudable Ambition entered. The envied state of this Nation cannot remain precisely as it is; the Tide must flow, or ebb faster than it has ever flowed. A Prince destined in such a period to reign, begins a memorable Era* of Perfection or Degeneracy. *The serious Cares and princely* Studies of your Youth, the

visible Tenor of your generous and constant Mind, have filled the Breasts of all good Men with hopes of you equal to their Wishes. That these Hopes may be fulfilled in their utmost Extent, is the sincere and ardent Prayer of

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble,

Most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

JOHN HOME.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH.

In days of classic fame, when Persia's Lord
Oppos'd his millions to the Grecian sword,
Flourish'd the state of Athens; small her store,
Rugged her soil, and rocky was her shore,
Like Caledonia's: yet she gain'd a name
That stands unrival'd in the rolls of fame.
Such proud pre-eminence not valour gave,
(For who than Sparta's dauntless sons more brave?)
But learning, and the love of every art
That Science and that Poetry impart.
Above the rest the Tragic Bard admir'd
Each Attic breast with noblest passions fir'd.
In peace their poets with their heroes shar'd
Glory, the hero's, and the bard's reward.
The Tragic Bard each glorious record kept,
And, o'er the kings she conquer'd, Athens wept.*
Here let me cease, impatient for the scene,
To you I need not praise the Tragic Queen:
Oft has this audience soft compassion shewn
To woes of heroes, heroes not their own.
This night our scenes no common tear demand,
He comes, the hero of your native land!
Douglas,—a name thro' all the world renown'd
A name that rouses like the trumpet's sound!

* See the Persians of Æschylus.

Oft have your fathers, prodigal of life,
A DOUGLAS follow'd thro' the bloody strife;
Hosts have been known at that dread name to yield,
And, DOUGLAS dead, his name hath won the field.
Listen attentive to the various tale,
Mark if the author's kindred feelings fail;
Sway'd by alternate hopes, alternate fears,
He waits the test of your congenial tears.
If they shall flow, back to his lyre he flies,
And bids your heroes in succession rise;
Collects the wandering warriors as they roam;
DOUGLAS assures them of a welcome home.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Lord Randolph,
Glenalvon,
Young Norval, (Douglas)
Old Norval,
Stranger,
Officer,
Servants.

WOMEN.

Matilda, Lady Randolph,
Anna.

Scene, Lord Randolph's Castle at Balarmo in Scotland, on the banks of the Carron.

Time, a day and part of the night.

DOUGLAS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Court of a Castle surrounded with woods.*

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady Rand. Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewel a while: I will not leave you long.
O Douglas! Douglas! But departed spirits
Are not permitted (that we know) to view
The world they've left, nor hear a plaining voice,
Else would'st thou hear e'en now thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.
But my real plaint no mortal ear has heard.
Another's now I'm call'd, my heart is thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
But Randolph comes, whom now I own my Lord,
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH.

Lord Rand. Again these weeds of woe! say, do'st thou well
To feed a passion which consumes thy life?
The living claim some duty; vainly thou
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady Rand. Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:
Childless, without memorial of his name,
He only now in my remembrance lives.
* ' This fatal day stirs my time-settled sorrow,
' Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart.'
Lord Rand. ' When was it pure of sadness! Thes
' black weeds
' Express the wonted colour of thy mind,
' For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years
' Are pass'd, since we were join'd by sacred ties:
' Clouds all the while have hung upon thy brow,
' Nor broke nor parted by one gleam of joy.'
Time, that wears out the trace of deepest anguish,
' As the sea smooths the prints made in the sand,'
Has past o'er thee in vain.
' *Lady Rand.* If time to come
' Should prove as ineffectual, yet, my Lord,
' Thou canst not blame me. When our Scottish youth
' Vy'd with each other for my luckless love,
' Oft I besought them, I implor'd them all
' Not to assail me with my father's aid,
' Nor weakly blend their better hopes with mine,
' For melancholy had congeal'd my blood,
' And froze affection in my chilly breast.
' At last my Sire, rous'd with the base attempt
' To force me from him, which thou rend'red'st vain,
' To his own daughter bow'd his hoary head,
' Besought me to commiserate his age,
' And vow'd he should not, could not die in peace,
' Unless he saw me wedded and secur'd
' From violence and outrage. Then, my Lord!
' In my extreme distress I call'd on thee,
' Thee I bespake, profess'd my strong desire
' To lead a single solitary life,
' And begg'd thy Nobleness not to demand
' Her for a wife whose heart was dead to love.
' How thou persisted'st after this thou know'st,

* *The forty-four following lines, except the three not print*
between inverted commas, are not in the 8vo. edition of 1757,
are added from the 12mo.

'And must confess that I am not unjust,
'Nor more to thee than to myself injurious.
'*Lord Rand.* That I confess; yet ever must regret
'The grief I cannot cure.' Would thou wert not
Compos'd of grief and tenderness alone,
'But hadst a spark of other passions in thee,
'Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire
'Of admiration, dear to woman-kind;
'These might contend with, and allay thy grief,
'As meeting tides and currents smooth our firth.
'*Lady Rand.* To such a cause the human mind oft owes
'Its transient calm, a calm I envy not.'
Lord Rand. Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm:
Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment:
For, when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.
Lady Rand. Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers!
Implacable resentment was their crime,
And grievous has the expiation been.
Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives
Of either house were lost; my ancestors
Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat
On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now, of them
No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,
I had not been the last of all my race.
Lord Rand. Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words.
I never ask'd of thee that ardent love,
Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.
Decent affection, and complacent kindness,
Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain:
Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
The storm of war that gathers o'er this land:
If I should perish by the Danish sword,
Matilda would not shed one tear the more.
Lady Rand. Thou do'st not think so: woeful as I am
I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
But whither *goest thou* now?
Lord Rand. *Strait to* the camp,
Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands

Of expectation, and impatient asks
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
The Danes are landed.

Lady Rand. O, may adverse winds,
Far from the coast of Scotland, drive their fleet!
And every soldier of both hosts return
In peace and safety to his pleasant home!

Lord Rand. Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a warrior's wish:
Right from their native land, the stormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand!
Then shall our foes repent this bold invasion,
And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

Lady Rand. War I detest: but war with foreign foes,
Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,
Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
A river here, there an ideal line
By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.
On each side dwells a people similar,
As twins are to each other, valiant both,
Both for their valour famous thro' the world.*
Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
To repel the invaders of their common isle,
But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport:
When ev'ning comes, the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.
Thus fall the prime of either hapless land;
And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

Lord Rand. I'll hear no more: this melody would
A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms, [make

* Cowper, at the beginning of the second book of the Task, has a very beautiful passage somewhat similar to this:

"Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one." L. Ub.

Sit down and weep the conquests he has made.
Lady, farewel: I leave thee not alone;
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light. [*Exit.*

Enter ANNA.

Anna. Forgive the rashness of your Anna's love:
Urg'd by affection, I have thus presum'd
To interrupt your solitary thoughts;
And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
And lose in sadness.

Lady Rand. So to lose my hours
Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Anna. To blame thee, lady, suits not with my state:
But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,
Never did sister thus a brother mourn.
What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
In early youth, the husband of your heart?

Lady Rand. Oh!

Anna. Have I distrest you with officious love,
And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate?
Forgive me, lady: humble tho' I am,
The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune:
So fervently I love you, that to dry
These piteous tears, ———

Lady Rand. What power directed thy unconscious tongue
To speak as thou hast done? To name ———

Anna. I know not:
But, since my words have made my mistress tremble,
I will speak so no more; but silent mix
My tears with hers.

Lady Rand. No, thou shalt not be silent.
I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be
Henceforth th' instructed partner of my woes.
But what avails it? Can thy feeble pity
Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?
Compel the earth and ocean to give up
Their dead alive?*

---

* "*And the sea gave up* the dead which were in it; and death "*and hell delivered up the dead* which were in them." Rev. xx. 13.

Anna. What means my noble mistress?
Lady Rand. Didst thou not ask what had my sorrows been,
If I in early youth had lost a husband?——————
In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,
Mangl'd with wounds, the husband of my youth;
And in some cavern of the ocean lies
My child and his.——————
Anna. O! lady, most rever'd!
The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
Deign to unfold.
Lady Rand. Alas! an ancient feud,
Hereditary evil, was the source
Of my misfortunes. For it so befell,
That my brave brother did in battle save
The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe:
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
To see the vaunted sister of his friend,
Impatient, Douglas to Balarmo came,
Under a borrow'd name.——My heart he gain'd;
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:
My brother's presence authoriz'd our marriage.
Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down,
Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was call'd
To fight his father's battles; and with him,
In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.
Scarce were they gone, when my stern sire was told
That the false stranger was lord Douglas' son.
Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword
And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
Kneeling beneath his sword, fault'ring I took
An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity!
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path! however pow'r may threat,
And death itself may haunt with all its fears,
To take dissimulation's winding way.*

* *This* passage is altered from the original, though the strong figurative expression might perhaps have been defended by Lucian's.

Anna. Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind,
Durst own a truth so hardy!
Lady Rand. The first truth
Is easiest to avow. This moral learn,
This precious moral, from my tragic tale.——*
In a few days the dreadful tidings came
That Douglas and my brother both were slain.
My lord! my life! my husband!——mighty God†!—
But I had sinn'd, and just are my afflictions!
Anna. My dearest lady! Many a tale of tears
I've listen'd to; but never did I hear
A tale so sad as this.
Lady Rand. In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself———
As women wish to be who love their lords.

---

14. The author has expressed the same sentiment in *The Siege of Aquileia* in better terms:

"There is but one,
"One only path which mortals safely tread,
"The sacred path of rectitude and truth.
"I follow, tho' it leads me to the tomb." Act IV.

On the very difficult subject of promises which are extorted by *violence* or *fear*, the reader may consult the late *Dr. Pearson's Annotations on the Practical Part of Dr. Paley's "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy."* p. 57.

* To this passage Mr. Cumberland, in his *Critique*, objects, that, "If Lady Randolph had inculcated the duty of speaking truth in all "cases, and at all times, it had been a moral; but when she is only "treating of the superior ease with which it is avowed at one time "rather than another, I think she might have called it a maxim "rather than a moral: and yet as such I doubt if it would have "held good in her case; for I conceive, if she could have hazarded "the first truth, and confessed her marriage, the second would have "been much the easiest to have owned, when she found herself—

"As women wish to be who love their lords." p. IX.

I conceive the meaning of the passage to be, that it is always the easiest, or best, way to avow the truth in the first instance, whatever danger there may be in it, rather than attempt by dissimulation to avoid any present difficulty. Thus, had Lady Randolph, when urged to take an oath, that she would never wed one of Douglas' name, own'd that she was already married to one of the family, she would not have brought on herself the additional difficulty and guilt of concealing her pregnancy and the birth of the child, or pawning herself forsworn, or, what amounts to the same thing, that she had been *guilty of equivocation in* the oath she had taken. Thus, the *first truth, or fact, had been* easiest to avow.

† *The* 12mo. reads *Heaven.*

But who durst tell my father? The good priest
Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,
With his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell:
They two alone were privy to the marriage.
On silence and concealment I resolv'd,
Till time should make my father's fortune mine.
That very night on which my son was born,
My nurse, the only confident I had,
Set out with him to reach her sister's house:
But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen,
Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.
My murder'd child!—had thy fond mother fear'd
The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,
Despis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,
And wander'd with thee thro' the scorning world.

Anna. Not seen, nor heard of! then perhaps he lives.

Lady Rand. No. It was dark December: wind and rain
Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
The destin'd road; and in it's swelling flood
My faithful servant perish'd with my child.
O hapless son! of a most hapless sire!——
But they are both at rest; and I alone
Dwell in this world of woe;
Nor e'en the dreary comfort is permitted me,
The comfort of a solitary sorrow.
Tho' dead to love, I was compell'd to wed
Randolph, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms;
And Randolph now possesses the domains,
That by Sir Malcolm's death on me devolv'd;
Domains, that should to Douglas' son have giv'n
A baron's title, and a baron's power.
'Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd
'The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.
'And when that son came, like a ray from heav'n,
'Which shines and disappears; alas! my child!
'How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope
'Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd.
'Year after year hath worn her hope away;
'*But* left still undiminish'd her desire.

'*Anna.* The hand, that spins th' uneven thread of life,
'May smooth the length that's yet to come of your's.
Lady Rand. 'Not in this world: I have consider'd well
'It's various evils, and on whom they fall.
'Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself,
'And sweet affection prove the spring of woe!'
O! had I died when my lov'd husband fell!
Had some good angel op'd to me the book
Of Providence, and let me read my life,
My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum
Of ills, which one by one I have endur'd.*
Anna. That God,† whose ministers good angels are,
Hath shut the book in mercy to mankind.
But we must leave this theme: Glenalvon comes:
I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,
And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.
Lady Rand. I will avoid him. An ungracious person
Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.
Anna. Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's heir?
Lady Rand. Because he's not the heir of Randolph's virtues.
Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind
An artificial image of himself:

---

* On this passage Mr. Cumberland observes in his *Critique*, "I "conceive her meaning to be, that if the good angel had permitted "her to read before hand the catalogue of all the ills she had one by "one endured, it would have broken her heart to have beheld the "sum of them; and the deduction naturally to be drawn from this "position is, that if breaking her heart had caused her death, (which "in all likelihood would have been the result) it should follow that "the courtesy of the good angel in opening the book, and suffering "her to peruse the incidents of her future life, so very close upon "her instant death, would have marred the truth of prophecy, and "disappointed the decrees of Providence." p. xi.

Literally speaking this is true. But the criticism I consider as hypercritical. The meaning is sufficiently obvious to the understanding and heart of every hearer and reader, that, had she known beforehand what afflictions awaited her, her heart had been overwhelmed with sorrow at the anticipation of them. The idea of the *angel* and *The book of Providence*, I suppose to be taken from the book of Revelations, in the fourth and following chapters; and, after reading them, may we not exclaim with Balaam in a similar case, "Alas, *who shall live when God doeth this!*"? (Numb. xxiv. 23.) *The reply of Anna is good.*

† The 12mo. reads Power.

And he with ease can vary to the taste
Of different men, it's features. ‘ Self-denied,
‘ And master of his appetites he seems:
‘ But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,
‘ Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for prey.
‘ Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,
‘ As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.'
Yet is he brave and politic in war,
And stands aloft in these unruly times.
Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter:
Stay, and detain him till I reach the castle.
[*Exit Lady Randolph.*

Anna. O happiness! where art thou to be found?
I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,
Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth array'd:
Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell;
Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating maid?
Like some entranc'd and visionary seer
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to heaven.
What dost thou think of? what hast thou to do
With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,
Cannot be question'd: think of these good gifts;
And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Anna. Let women view yon monument of woe,
Then boast of beauty; who so fair as she?
But I must follow: this revolving day
Awakes the memory of her ancient woes. [*Exit Anna.*

Glen. So!—Lady Randolph shuns me; by and by
I'll woo her as the lion woos his brides.
The deed's a doing now, that makes me lord
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of power.
The season is most apt; my sounding steps
Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.
Randolph has liv'd too long: his better fate
Had the ascendant once, and kept me down:
When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,
Rescu'd and had the lady for his labour;
I 'scap'd unknown: a slender consolation!

ow in peril I love not, if others
t reap the jocund harvest. I'm not safe:
ove, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
ly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
way of woman's will I do not know:
well I know the Baron's wrath is deadly.
ll not live in fear; 'the man I dread
a Dane to me;' he is the man
stands betwixt me and my chief desire.
bar but he; she has no kinsman near;
brother in his sister's quarrel bold;
for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
ow no chief that will defy Glenalvon. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

The SCENE Continues.

tranger. [*Within.*] Oh, mercy! mercy!

ter SERVANTS *and a* STRANGER *at one door, and Lady* RANDOLPH *and* ANNA *at another.*

ady Rand. What means this clamour? stranger, speak secure;
t thou been wrong'd? have these rude men presum'd
vex the weary traveller on his way?

irst Serv. By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong:
s man with outcry wild has call'd us forth;
ore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH *and Young* NORVAL, *with their swords drawn and bloody.*

Lady Rand. Not vain the stranger's fears! how fares my lord?

Lord Rand. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,
ose valour sav'd me from a wretched death!
down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
the cross way four armed men attack'd me:
ers, I judge, from the licentious camp,

Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
E'en like a faithful guard in perilous hour,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him: but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
The fiercest two; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, Lady Randolph: upon Beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

Lady Rand. My lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heav'n,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril, but humanely brave
Fought on your side, against such fearful odds.
Have you yet learn'd of him whom we should thank?
Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?

Lord Rand. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not:
But I must know who my deliverer is. [*To Y. Norval.*

Y. Norval. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Rand. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobl'd
By the great King of Kings! thou art stampt
A hero by the sovereign hand, whose work
We Nature call. Thou flower of modesty
And valour, blush not to declare thy birth.

Y. Norval. My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to encrease his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns,* when, by her light,

* *The event of which* Y. Norval *here speaks had happened some days before.* The moon the night before the play opens was full,

A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd, like a torrent, down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety, and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took, then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—
Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I past these towers,
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.*

---

round as his shield. This inroad of the barbarians had happened when the moon was a crescent, when she *had not yet fill'd her horns.*

"Nec nova crescendo reparabat cornua Phœbe."
Ovid, Metam. B. I. l. 11.

I should not have thought this explanation wanted, but that I have seen a criticism, in which this beautifully poetical description was found fault with.

* The narrative of Y. Norval will probably call to the mind of the reader that of the Young Shepherd, the son of Jesse, before King Saul, in 1 Samuel XVII. 34—37. That it was in the mind of the author, I think there can be no doubt, not only from the general similitude, but also from the use of the word "stripling" by Old Norval, in the third act, which is from verse 56,—from Douglas' allusion, in his second soliliquy in the fifth act, to the "fierce giganⁿ tic Dane" giving "a bold defiance to" the "host,"—and from the lamentation of Lady Randolph for her son being similar to that of David for Absalom.—The "tale" "rehearsed" with "a gallant modesty" by David is,

"*Thy servant kept his father's* sheep, and there came a lion and a 'bear, *and took a lamb out* of the flock: And I went out after him, '*and smote him, and delivered* it out of his mouth, and when he

Lord Rand. He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?
My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list, and in a monarch's sight
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.
Ha! my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?

Lady Rand. I cannot say: for various affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire
Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy safety.
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth denied.
In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
And gain'd, with all his valour, but oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope*
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working Lord † of heaven.

Lord Rand. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts!
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honor and command shall Norval be.

"arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and "slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this "uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath "defied the armies of the living God. David said moreover, The "Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the "paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of the Phi-"listine."

In the Preface to this Play, p. 251, I have quoted a passage from another of our author's tragedies, in which he has still more closely *adopted this* incident from the life of David.

* "Ye prisoners of hope." Zech. ix. 12.

† The 12mo. reads hand of Heaven.

Y. Norv. I know not how to thank you. Rude I am,
In speech and manners:* never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady Rand. I have no doubt thou wilt not. Thou shalt be
My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

Lord Rand. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid reply. [*To Norval.*
We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude.† I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp.
Some of my train I see are speeding hither,
Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.

Y. Norv. Let us begone, my lord.

Lord Rand. [*To Lady R.*] About the time that the declining sun
Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch
To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.
Free is his heart who for his country fights:
Then danger to a soldier's soul endears
The human joy that never may return.
[*Exeunt Lord Randolph and Y. Norval.*

Lady Rand. His parting words have struck a fatal truth.
O Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time

---

* "Rude am I in my speech. *Othello*, A. I. S. III.
"Though I be rude in speech". 2 Cor. XI. 6.

† "Would thou had'st less deserv'd;
"That the proportion both of thanks and payment
"*Might have been mine!* only I have left to say,
"*More is thy due than more than all can pay.*"
Macbeth, A. I. S. IV.

When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
How many years of anguish and despair
Has Heaven annex'd to those swift-passing hours
Of love and fondness! 'Then my bosom's flame
'Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear,
'Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blaz'd.'

Anna. May gracious Heav'n pour the sweet balm of peace
Into the wounds that fester in your breast!
For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

Lady Rand. One only cure can Heav'n itself bestow;—
A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.*

Anna. O say not so, my dearest lady. Heav'n
Has stores of mercy, various cures to heal
The deepest wounds its wisdom may inflict.

Lady Rand. Nay, thou speak'st truth. Why, then, am I so wretched?
At every happy parent I repine!
How blest the mother of yon gallant Norval!
She for a living husband bore her pains,
And heard him bless her when a man was born:†
She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast;
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy:
She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers:
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Anna. Alas! alas! why will you thus resume
Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant youth
Would for a while have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gaz'd, and with a look
Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

Lady Rand. Delighted say'st thou? Oh! even there mine eye

---

* "Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they find the "grave."—"There the weary be at rest." Job III. 22. 17.

† "A woman, when she is in travail, hath sorrow, because her "*hour* is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she "*remembereth* no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the "*world*." John XVI. 21.

Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow.
I thought, that had the son of Douglas liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant stranger,
And pair'd with him in features and in shape;
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd.
Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger, wand'ring from his home,
And like an orphan cast upon my care.
I will protect thee, (said I to myself)
With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

Anna. Sure Heav'n will bless so gen'rous a resolve.
You must, my noble dame, exert your power:
You must awake: devices will be fram'd,
And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

Lady Rand. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will work
Against a rival in his kinsman's love,
If I deter him not: I only can.
Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware
How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.
I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.*
'Tis pleasing to admire! most apt was I
'To this affection in my better days;
'Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retir'd
'Within the narrow compass of my woe.
'Have you not sometimes seen an early flower
'Open it's bud, and spread it's silken leaves,
'To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow;
'Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in it's leaves,
'And, tho' still living, die to scent and beauty?
'Emblem of me: affliction, like a storm,
'Hath kill'd the forward blossom of my heart.'

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Randolph?

Lady Rand. Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the base——

* "I will have pity on this youth's distress,
"And cultivate his fortune." Merope, A. II.

Glen. I have: and that the villains may not 'scape,
With a strong band I have begirt the wood.
If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,
And torture force from them th' important secret
Whether some foe of Randolph hir'd their swords,
Or if——

Lady Rand. That care becomes a kinsman's love.
I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear. [*Exit Anna.*

Glen. To him your counsels always are commands.

Lady Rand. I have not found so: thou art known to me.

Glen. Known!

Lady Rand. And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

Glen. What do you know?*
You much amaze me. No created thing,
Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

Lady Rand. Is guilt so bold? and dost thou make a merit
Of thy pretended meekness? This to me;
Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,
Have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,
Would make thee nothing; or, what's worse than that,
An outcast beggar, and unpitied too:
For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind!
Permit me yet to say, that the fond man
Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,
If he is brought by love to misery,
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd:
For mortals know that love is still their lord,
And o'er their vain resolves advances still:
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
Thro' the dry heath before the fanning wind.

* The 8vo copy here adds "By the most blessed cross," which is altered in the 12mo. to "By Heav'n". This is certainly an *amendment*: but if this was altered, as being Popish and idolatrous, it is wonderful that the same judgment did not correct the prayers to angels, and the other improprieties of the piece.

Lady Rand. Reserve these accents for some other ear.
To love's apology I listen not.
Mark thou my words; for it is meet thou should'st
His brave deliverer Randolph here retains.
Perhaps his presence may not please thee well:
But, at thy peril, practise ought against him:
Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
And loosen the good root he has in Randolph;
Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.
Thou look'st at me, as if thou fain would'st pry
Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.
I give this early caution, and put on
The curb, before thy temper breaks away.
The friendless stranger my protection claims:
His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. [*Exit.*

Glen. Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,
And be the shallow fool of coward conscience!
I am not what I have been; what I should be.
The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith
In holy legends and religious tales,
I should conclude there was an arm above
That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,
To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.
Why, rape and murder are not simple means!
Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse;
And the intended murder introduc'd
A favourite to hide the sun from me;
And worst of all, a rival. Tow'ring mischief!
This were thy summit, if I thought she lov'd him!
'Tis certain she contemns me; nay commands me,
And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,
In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd?
Curb'd as she calls it, by dame chastity?
Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
Like the red moon when rising in the east,
Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.
I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,
And for his cowardice was spurned from him.
I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed
Venom *most fatal to his* heedless lord. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

The SCENE *continues.**

Enter ANNA.

Anna. Thy vassals, Grief! great nature's order break,
And change the noontide to the midnight hour.
Whilst Lady Randolph sleeps I will walk forth,
And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.
Sweet may her slumbers be! Restore her, Heav'n!
Send gracious ministers, who love our race,
And who delight in goodness. Send them down
That round her couch they may diffuse soft airs;
And from her fancy chase those dismal forms
That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm
With images celestial.†

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. One of the vile assassins is secur'd.
We found the villain lurking in the wood:
With dreadful imprecations he denies
All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd
In the most secret places of his garment;
Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

Anna. Let me look on them. Ha! here is *a heart*,
The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!
These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.

[*Exit Anna.*

Enter Servants with a Prisoner.

Pris. I know no more than does the child unborn
Of what you charge me with.

First Serv. You say so, Sir!
But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.
Behold the Lady of Lord Randolph comes:
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH *and* ANNA.

Anna. Summon your utmost fortitude, before

* I have seen this play performed when the Scene in this Act was a HALL *within the Castle*. It gave a variety, and had, I thought, a *pleasing* effect.

† See Jane Shore, the beginning of Act II. p. 119.

You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,
Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

Lady Rand. Thou shalt behold me with a desperate heart,
Hear how my infant perish'd. See he kneels.
[*The Prisoner kneels.*

Pris. Heav'n bless that countenance, so sweet and mild!
A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.
O save me, lady! from these cruel men,
Who have attack'd and seiz'd me; who accuse
Me of intended murder. As I hope
For mercy at the judgment seat of God,*
The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass,
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady Rand. Of this man's guilt what proof can ye produce?

First Serv. We found him lurking in the hollow glynn.
When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd, he fled.
We overtook him, and enquir'd from whence
And what he was: he said he came from far,
And was upon his journey to the camp.
Not satisfied with this, we search'd his cloathes,
And found these jewels; whose rich value plead
Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems
And old in villany. Permit us try
His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Pris. O gentle lady! 'gainst your lord's dear life
These feeble hands no foul attempt have made.
As you do wish your children's welfare, spare
My age! tear not with iron my ancient joints,
Nor my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.†

Lady Rand. Account for these: thine own they cannot be.
For these, I say: be stedfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.
[*Anna removes the Servants and returns.*

---

* The 12mo. reads *Heav'n.*

† "Then shall ye bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." Genesis XLII. 38.

This scene bears a very strong resemblance to that between Œdipus and the Old Shepherd, in the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, A. IV.

Pris. Alas! I'm sore beset! let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.
Lady Rand. O! Anna, hear!—once more, I charge thee, speak
The truth direct: for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration;
With which if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.
Pris. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of Heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine,
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river's side
Receiv'd us: there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
By sounds terrific were my ears assail'd.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool
Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the person lost:
But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,
A basket: soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.
Lady Rand. Was he alive?
Pris. He was.
Lady Rand. Inhuman that thou art!
How could'st thou kill what waves and tempests spar'd!

Pris. I am not so inhuman.
Lady Rand. Didst thou not?
Anna. My noble mistress, you are mov'd too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.
Pris. The needy man, who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds, as makes the prosperous men
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them.
And such a man was I; a man declin'd,
Who saw no end of black adversity:
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touch'd that infant, with a hand of harm.
Lady Rand. Ha! dost thou say so? Then, perhaps,
Pris. Not many days ago he was alive. [he lives!
Lady Rand. O! God of heav'n!* did he then die so
Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives. [lately?
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.
Lady Rand. Where is he now?
Pris. Alas! I know not where.
Lady Rand. Fearful perplexity! Thou riddler, speak
Direct and clear; else I will search thy soul.
' *Anna.* Permit me, ever honour'd! Keen impatience,
' Tho' hard to be restrain'd, defeats itself.'—
Lady Rand. Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.†
Pris. Fear not my faith, tho' I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle, where the infant lay,
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travell'd to the north,

* The 12mo. reads—O! heavenly Pow'r!
† The 8vo. edit. gives these two lines to Anna.

Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.
For, one by one, all our own children died.
Anna. Alas! But human ignorance should spe
With pious doubt on punishment from Heav'n.
Pris. Most true.
Lady Rand. Proceed.
Pris. The stranger sole remain'd
The heir of what indeed was his. Fain then
Would I, loving the boy with father's fondness,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret: but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Mean while the stripling* grew in years and beau
And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself
In most engaging sort: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,†
And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain: for, when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came——
Lady Rand. Eternal Providence! What is thy
Pris. My name is Norval: and my name he be
Lady Rand. 'Tis he: 'tis he himself! It is my
O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.
Anna. Just are your transports: ' ne'er was w
heart
'. Prov'd with such high events, such fierce extre
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen
Impassion'd, strange; perhaps your words o'erh
Lady Rand. Well dost thou counsel, Anna:
On me that wisdom which my state requires! [

---

* See before, p. 279. Note *

† " With the holy thou shalt be holy: and with a perf
" thou shalt be perfect. With the clean thou shalt be cle
" with the froward thou shalt learn frowardness." Psalm
25, 26.

'*Anna.* The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismiss'd in safety, e'er my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.'

Old Norv. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judg'd,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.

Lady Rand. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescu'd'st from the flood is mine.
[*Embracing him.*

Old Norv. Blest be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty hath sav'd my master's house!

Lady Rand. Thy words surprize me: sure thou dost not feign:
The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not; if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Old Norv. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best and kindest master.
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:
May Heaven so judge me as I judge my master!
And God so love me as I love his race!

Lady Rand. His race shall yet reward thee; and make up
For what his age neglected. On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.
Rememb'rest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the clifts of Carron?

Old Norv. I remember
The cottage of the clifts.

Lady Rand. 'Tis that I mean:
There dwells a man of venerable age,

Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd
The son of Douglas and Sir Malcolm's heir.
Remember well my words: if thou should'st meet
Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so;
And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Old Norv. Fear not that I shall mar so fair an harvest,
By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
Why did I leave my home and ancient dame?
To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,
And make him wear these jewels in his arms;
Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so bring
To light the secret of his noble birth.

[*Lady R. goes towards the servants.*

Lady Rand. This man is not th' assassin you suspected,
Tho' chance combin'd some likelihoods against him.
He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
To their right owner, whom in his haste he seeks.
'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt Old Norval and Servants.*

My faithful Anna! dost thou share my joy?
I know thou dost. Unparallell'd event!
Reaching from heaven to earth, Jehovah's arm
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son!
Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father! *
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
For such a gift! What does my Anna think
Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?
How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,
Left the low station where his lot had thrown him,
And tower'd up to the region of his sire!

* "He is a father to the fatherless, and defendeth the cause of the *widows*: even God in his holy habitation." Psalm LXVIII. 5.—*See p. 304. Note.*

Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!
Alive to each thing barely possible,
Thro' years of eager looking for your son,
Your mind is forward in refin'd conjecture;
And mother's eyes will catch a father's face
In features which no other eye would notice.

Lady Rand. Yet not enough was there to form a judgment,
Not e'en to say within myself, *Is't he?*
How I now long to see his face again,
Examine every feature, and find out
The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.
But, most of all, I long to let him know
Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
And tell him all the story of his father.

Anna. With wary caution you must bear yourself
In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
And in observers stir conjectures strange.
'For, if a cherub in the shape of woman
'Should walk this world, yet defamation would,
'Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train—'
To-day the baron started at your tears.

Lady Rand. He did so, Anna! well thy mistress knows,
If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
Should touch the baron's eye,* his sight would be
With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
It does behove me instant to declare
The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.
This night I purpose with my son to meet,
Reveal the secret and consult with him:
For wise he is, or my fond judgment errs.
As he does now, so look'd his noble father,
Array'd in nature's ease: his mien, his speech,
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd
Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
Uprose the Hero: on his piercing eye
Sat Observation; on each glance of thought
Decision follow'd,† as the thunder-bolt
Pursues the flash.

* "*A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.*" Hamlet, A. 1. S. 1.
† *There is a passage* in Archbishop Newcome's Observations on

Anna. That demon haunts you still:
Behold Glenalvon.

Lady Rand. Now I shun him not.
This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval;
Perhaps too far: at least my nicer fears
For Douglas thus interpret.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Noble dame!
The hov'ring Dane at last his men hath landed:
No band of pirates; but a mighty host,
That come to settle where their valour conquers;
To win a country, or to lose themselves.

Lady Rand. But whence comes this intelligence, Glenalvon?

Glen. A nimble courier sent from yonder camp,
To hasten up the chieftains of the north,
Inform'd me, as he past, that the fierce Dane
Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,
'Near to that place where the sea rock immense,
'Amazing Bass looks o'er a fertile land.
'*Lady Rand.* Then must this western army march to
'The warlike troops that guard Edena's tow'rs. [join
'*Glen.* Beyond all question. If impairing time
'Has not effac'd the image of a place,
'Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild

Our Lord's Conduct, on decision of judgment, so excellent, that I cannot forego this opportunity of presenting it to the reader:

"I shall end the remarks under this head with the words of a "most eminent author, though I think that, through haste of writing, "too weak an expression has escaped him.

"'There is scarce any thing which proves both wisdom and right- "ness of mind more fully, than proper behaviour on sudden occa- "sions, and proper answers to unforeseen questions: for what a "man shews himself to be at such times, we have in general great "cause to believe he really is. Now to this trial our Saviour, living "a public life, in the midst of persons taking all advantages to in- "snare him, was perpetually exposed; and his character *never suf- "fered* by it.' It was indeed exalted by every such occasion of "shewing his wisdom and sedateness; insomuch that his enemies "were ashamed, amazed, and silenced; nay, even paid him the "unwilling tribute of public approbation." 2d. Ed. S. VIII. p. 134.

* "Secker's Sermons, Vol. IV. p. 206, Engl. ed."

'Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,
'And seems by nature formed for the camp
'Of water-wafted armies, whose chief strength
'Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse:
'If martial skill directs the Danish lords,
'There inaccessible their army lies
'To our swift-scow'ring horse, the bloody field
'Must man to man, and foot to foot, be fought.'

Lady Rand. How many mothers shall bewail their sons!
How many widows weep their husbands slain!
Ye dames of Denmark! e'en for you I feel,
Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glen. Oft has the unconquer'd Caledonian sword
Widow'd the north. The children of the slain
Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers' fate.
The monster war, with her infernal brood,
Loud-yelling fury, and life-ending pain,
Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.
Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death;
Reproach more piercing than the pointed sword.

Lady Rand. I scorn thee not, but when I ought to scorn;
Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
Against audacious vice asserts herself.
I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more apt
Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,
And be the echo of thy martial fame.
No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:
Go and pursue a lawful mistress, glory.
Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,
And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.
When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd
Flies it's own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
I am your convert; time will shew how truly:
Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
That youth, for whom your ardent zeal to-day,
Somewhat too haughtily, defy'd your slave,
Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,
And turn death from him, with a guardian arm.

'Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not
'At the tumultuous uproar of the field.'
Lady Rand. Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy friend:
But that's thy least reward. Believe me, sir,
The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.
[*Exeunt Lady R. and Anna.*
Glen. I think that I have hit the very tone
In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent!
How pleasing art thou to the taste of man,
And woman also! 'tis to me a key,
And gives possession of a poor frail heart.
How far I have succeeded now, I know not.
Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
Is lull'd awhile: 'tis her alone I fear:
Whilst she and Randolph live, and live in faith
And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
Disgrace and death are o'er my head suspended
'By that weak hair,* a peevish female's will.
'I am not idle: but the ebbs and flows
'Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.'
That slave of Norval's I have found most apt:
I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul
To say and swear whatever I suggest.
Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,
'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd
To charm the nicer and fantastick dames,
Boasting, like lady Randolph, a proud virtue.
In raising Randolph's jealousy I may
(Who knows?) point to the truth. At least, let men
Like me think not too well of womankind. [*Exit.*

* Alluding to the sword suspended over the head of Damocles, at a banquet, by Dionysius.

ACT IV.

The SCENE continues. *A Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter Lord RANDOLPH *attended.*

Lord Rand. Summon an hundred horse, by break of day,
To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady Rand. Alas! my lord! I've heard unwelcome news:
The Danes are landed.

Lord Rand. Ay, no inroad this
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil:
No sportive war, no tournament essay,
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed: we must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady Rand. Dreadful times!

Lord Rand. The fenceless villages are all forsaken;
The trembling mothers and their children lodg'd
In well-girt† towers and castles; whilst the men
Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

Lady Rand. Immense, as fame reports, the Danish host!

Lord Rand. Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,
An army knit like ours would pierce it thro':
Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,
And fond companions, fill our warlike files:
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
The husband and the fearless father arm.
In vulgar breasts heroic ardor burns,
And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady Rand. Men's minds are temper'd, like their swords, for war;
'Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink
'They joy to rear erect their daring forms.

† *The* 12mo. *reads* wall-girt.

'Hence, early graves; hence the lone widow's life;
'And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age.'
Where is our gallant guest?
Lord Rand. Down in the vale
I left him, managing a fiery steed,
Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and skill
Of every rider. But, behold, he comes,
In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

Enter Young NORVAL *and* GLENALVON.

Glenalvon! with the lark arise; go forth,
And lead my troops that lye in yonder vale:
Private I travel to the royal camp:
Norval, thou goest with me. But, say, young man!
Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,
And in such terms, as I o'erheard to-day?
War is no village science, nor it's phrase
A language taught amongst the shepherd swains.
Y. Norv. Small is the skill my lord delights to praise
In him he favours.—Hear from whence it came.
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With rev'rence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And, ent'ring on discourse, such stories told
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led*
Against th' usurping infidel, display'd
The cross of Christ,† and won the Holy Land.

---

* Jerusalem was taken by Godfrey of Boulogne, July 5, 1100. This date therefore fixes the period of this drama to the 12th century.

† The 12mo. reads, The blessed cross.

Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Lord Rand. Why did this soldier in a desart hide
Those qualities, that should have grac'd a camp?

Y. Norv. That, too, at last, I learn'd. Unhappy man!
Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought:
The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!*
The soldier cried, my brother! Oh! my brother!

Lady Rand. His brother!

Y. Norv. Yes; of the same parents born;
His only brother. They exchang'd forgiveness:
And happy, in my mind, was he that died:
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desart on a rock he sits,
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for blood-stain'd hands.

Lady Rand. To what mysterious woes are mortals born!
In this dire tragedy were there no more
Unhappy persons? did the parents live?

---

* The 12mo. reads *Power.*

Y. Norv. No; they were dead: kind Heav'n had clos'd their eyes
Before their son had shed his brother's blood.
Lord Rand. Most pitiable! Well might he mourn the deed
His ignorant sword had done.——From whence these sounds? [*Trumpets at a distance.*

Enter an OFFICER.

Offic. My Lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn:
Their valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.
Lord Rand. Mine ancient guest! does he the warriors lead?
Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arms?
Offic. No; worn with warfare, he resigns the sword.
His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.
Lord Rand. Glenalvon, go.
With hospitality's most strong request
Entreat the chief. [*Exit Glenalvon.*
Offic. My lord, requests are vain.
He urges on, impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.
Lord Rand. May victory sit on the warrior's plume![*]
Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;
Remote from war's alarms his pastures lye,
By mountains inaccessible secur'd:
Yet foremost he into the plain descends,
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.
Such were the heroes of the ancient world:
Contemners they of indolence and gain;
But still for love of glory, and of arms,
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift
Against each strong antagonist the spear.
I'll go and press the hero to my breast.
[*Exit with the Officer.*
Lady Rand. The soldier's loftiness, the pride and pomp

---

[*] "Fortune and victory sit on thy helm." Rich. III. A. v. S. 3.

Investing awful war,* Norval, I see,
Transport thy youthful mind.
Y. Norv. Ah! should they not?
Blest be the hour I left my father's house!
I might have been a shepherd all my days,
And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.
Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;
And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.
Lady Rand. There is a gen'rous spirit in thy breast,
That could have well sustain'd a nobler fortune.
'This way with me; under yon spreading beech,'†
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.
Y. Norv. Let there be danger, lady, with the secret,
That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life:
These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.
Lady Rand. Know'st thou these gems?
Y. Norv. Durst I believe mine eyes,
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.
Lady Rand. Thy father's, say'st thou! ah! they were thy father's!
Y. Norval. I saw them once, and curiously enquir'd
Of both my parents whence such splendor came?
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.
Lady Rand. Then learn of me, thou art not Norval's [son.
Y. Norv. Not Norval's son!
Lady Rand. Nor of a shepherd sprung.
Y. Norv. Lady, who am I then?
Lady Rand. Noble thou art;
For noble was thy sire!

---

* ——————————"all quality,
"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!" &c.
Othello, A. III. S. 3.

† After this line the 12mo. reads,
"Since lucky chance has left us here alone,"
which I do not wish to insert, since there is always some *difficulty* with respect to the use of the word *chance*. It is certainly used by our Saviour, in Luke x. 31, and the word *chances* in the first of the Collects at the end of the Communion Service.
See Secker's Sermons on the Liturgy, Lond. Edit. Vol. VI. Serm. XI. p. 291.

Y. Norv. I will believe ———
O! tell me further! Say who was my father?
Lady Rand. Douglas!
Y. Norv. Lord Douglas, whom to day I saw?
Lady Rand. His younger brother.
Y. Norv. And in yonder camp?
Lady Rand. Alas!
Y. Norv. You make me tremble—Sighs and tears!
Lives my brave father?
Lady Rand. Ah! too brave indeed!
He fell in battle ere thyself was born.
Y. Norv. Ah me! unhappy! ere I saw the light?
But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.
Lady Rand. She lives; but wastes her life in constant
Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost. [woe,
Y. Norv. You that are skill'd so well in the sad story
Of my unhappy parents, and with tears
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion
Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd.
O! tell me who, and where my mother is!
Opprest by a base world, perhaps she bends
Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;
And, desolate, implores of Heav'n, the aid
Her son should give. It is, it must be so ——
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.
O! tell me her condition! Can the sword ——
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?
Lady Rand. Thy virtue ends her woe.——My son,
my son!
I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas!
[*Falls upon his neck.*
Doug. O heav'nly Pow'r, how wond'rous is my fate!
Art thou my mother? Ever let me kneel!
Lady Rand. Image of Douglas! fruit of fatal love!
All that I owe thy sire I pay to thee.
Doug. Respect and admiration still possess me,
Checking the love and fondness of a son.
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.

did my sire surpass the rest of men,
hou excellest all of womankind?*
ady Rand. Arise, my son! In me thou dost behold
poor remains of beauty once admir'd:
autumn of my days is come already:
sorrow made my summer haste away.
n my prime I equall'd not thy father:
yes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes
r the dove's; and, as he pleas'd, he won
iearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.
oug. How did he fall? Sure 'twas a bloody field
n Douglas died. O I have much to ask!
ady Rand. Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd
ll thy father's and thy mother's woes. [tale
resent this: Thou art the rightful heir
onder castle, and the wide domains
:h now Lord Randolph, as my husband, holds.
thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the power
ight thee still: before the king I'll kneel,
call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.
oug. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.†
ady Rand. But we shall need both friends and favour,
rrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe [boy,
Landolph and his kinsman. Yet, I think,
tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
life incline the virtuous to believe.
oug. To be the son of Douglas is to me
ritance enough. Declare my birth,
in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

---

* 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest m all." Prov. xxxi. 29.

† When the Dutch fleet appeared in the Thames, June the 10th, "After damaging several vessels, and possessing themselves of hull of the Royal Charles, which the English had burned, y advanced with six men of war and five fire-ships, as far as nore-castle, where they burned the Royal Oak, the Loyal ndon, and the Great James. Captain Douglas, who commanded board the Royal Oak, perished in the flames, though he had easy opportunity of escaping. 'Never was it known,' he said, iat a Douglas had left his post without orders.' "——Hume's *of Engl. 8vo. Edit.* 1807. Vol. VII. ch. LXIV. p. 421.

Lady Rand. Thou dost not know what perils and injustice
Await the poor man's valour. O! my son!
The noblest blood in all the land 's abash'd,
Having no lacquey but pale poverty.
Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas!
Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.
The wanton heir of some inglorious chief
Perhaps has scorn'd thee in the youthful sports;
Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain!
Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:
But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs
Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
That we should part before yon chiefs return.
Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand
Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
Anxious to see thee, dictated before
This casual opportunity arose
Of private conference. It's purport mark;
For, as I there appoint, we meet again.
Leave me, my son! and frame thy manners still
To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

Doug. I will remember. Where is Norval now?
That good old man.

Lady Rand. At hand, conceal'd, he lies,
An useful witness. But beware, my son,
Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast
Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.

Doug. Has he indeed? Then let yon false Glenalvon
Beware of me. [*Exit.*

Lady Rand. There burst the smother'd flame!
O! thou all-righteous and eternal King!
Who father of the fatherless art call'd,*
Protect my son!——Within his bosom kindle
A sacred flame of all that's good, and all
That's great: whereby if thy high will should place him
As his forefathers, he, like them, may shine

* See p. 292, Note.

The star and glory of his native land!
Beyond this boon, I ask no more but peace
And thankfulness; and then a tranquil passage
Into the joy of Him thro' whom I pray.
Yonder they come. How do bad women find
Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt?
When I, by reason, and by justice urg'd,
Find hard the due concealment with these men
In nature's pious cause.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH *and* GLENALVON.

Lord Rand. Yon gallant chief,
Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.
Lady Rand. Be not, my Lord, by his example sway'd:
Arrange the business of to-morrow now,
And, when you enter, speak of war no more. [*Exit.*
Lord Rand. 'Tis so, I see! her mien, her voice, her eye,
And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.
Glen. He parted from her now: Behind the mount,
Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.
Lord Rand. For sad, sequester'd virtue she's re-
Glen. Most true, my Lord. [nown'd!
Lord Rand. Yet this distinguish'd dame
Invites a youth, the acquaintance of a day,
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
This assignation, [*shews a letter*] the assassin freed,
Her manifest affection for the youth,
Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,
Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded:
Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.
Let no man, after me, a woman wed,
Whose heart he knows he has not; tho' she brings
A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.
Glen. Yield not, my Lord, to such afflicting thoughts;
But let the spirit of an husband sleep,
Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.
This billet must to blooming Norval go:
At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;
I'll give it him refitted for his master.
In the close thicket take your secret stand,

The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may jud
Of their behaviour.

Lord Rand. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit me now to make one slight essay.
Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
The first and fairest, in a young man's eye,
Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind;
And the proud conqueror in triumph moves
Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord Rand. And what avails this maxim?

Glen. Much, my lord!
Withdraw a little: I'll accost young Norval,
And with ironical derisive counsel
Explore his spirit. If he is no more
Than humble Norval, by thy favour rais'd,
Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me:
But, if he be the favourite of the fair,
Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord Rand. 'Tis shrewdly thought. [L

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near. But let
His rising wrath restrain. [*Exit Randol*
'Tis strange!
That she should run full-tilt her fond career,
To one so little known. She, too, that seem'd
Pure as the winter stream, when ice emboss'd
Whitens it's course. Even I did think her chaste,
Whose charity exceeds not. Here he comes.
[*Douglas appea*
His port I love; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.
Has Norval seen the troops?

Doug. The setting sun,
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,
And as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd, and halting at it's top,

Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they seem'd,
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.*
Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host,
In sounds more lofty, speaks of glorious war.
Doug. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.
Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial deeds
Have rank'd you with the great: but, mark me, Norval;
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour; seem not to command;
Else they will scarcely brook your late-sprung power,
Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.
Doug. Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth:
And, tho' I have been told, that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Altho' it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?
Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.
Doug. My pride!
Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.

---

* "Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
"The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
"Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
"On the high point of yon bright western tower
"We *ken them from afar*, the setting sun
"*Plays on their shining arms* and burnish'd helmets,
"*And covers all the field* with gleams of fire." Cato, A. V.

If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?*
Doug. A shepherd's scorn!
Glen. Yes; if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, you're no match for me;
What will become of you?
Doug. If this were told!—— [*Aside.*
Whom dost thou think me?
Glen. Norval.
Doug. So I am——
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?
Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar-boy;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.
Doug. The truth! False as thyself is thy suspicion.
Glen. False! say'st thou? This shall speak to thee,
and answer [*Draws.*
All thy vain-glorious falshoods told to Randolph.
Doug. I could tell thee—what *thou* art. I know thee well.
Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?
Doug. Slaves! do'st thou say?

Enter Lord RANDOLPH.

Lord Rand. Hold, I command you both. The man that stirs
Makes me his foe.
Doug. Thy foe I cannot be.
Glen. Hear him, my lord; he's wond'rous condescending!
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!
Lord Rand. No more of taunting; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.
Doug. I blush to speak; I will not, cannot speak
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
When I rejected them as false, he drew;
As tho' 'twere I had spoke' injurious words.
'Twas time to guard my person from attack.
If what I've done offend you, noble Randolph,

* The 12mo. reads *Think you they will endure*, &c.

Revoke your favours and let Norval go
Hence, as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.
Lord Rand. The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banners o'er her frighted fields.
Dismiss this sudden bick'ring. Let the arms
Of both join with your country to repel
Th' invading foe.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. The banquet waits.
Lord Rand. We come.
Glen. I meet the hospitality of Randolph.
Doug. [*As he goes out*] 'Tis grating to associate with a villain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *A Wood.*

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. This is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this mid-night scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.*
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
I feel my mind ascend to thoughts of Heav'n,
Springing from earth in search of worlds unknown.

Enter Old NORVAL.

O. Norv. 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me
'Tis just reproach I fear. [hence?
[*Douglas turns and sees him.*

* "The hum of either army stilly sounds."
Henry the Vth. Chorus to A. IV.

Forgive, forgive,
Can'st thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son.
Doug. Kneel not to me: thou art my father still:
Thy wish'd-for presence now compleats my joy.
Welcome to me, my fortunes thou shalt share,
And ever honour'd with thy Douglas live.
O. Norv. And do'st thou call me father? O my son!
I think that I could die to make amends
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth.
Doug. Not worse the fruit,
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cote,
I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.
I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
The poor man's friend; and, when my vassals bow,
Norval shall smooth the crested pride of Douglas.
O. Norv. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
Yet grievous are my fears. O leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers.
Doug. Why should I leave them? [life.
O. Norv. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your
Doug. How know'st thou that?
O. Norv. I will inform you how.
When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
Of earnest voices. On the persons came:
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
Each other as they talk'd, Lord Randolph this,
And that Glenalvon: still of you they spoke,
And of the lady: threat'ning was their speech,
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge! for what?

O. Norv. For being what you are;
Sir Malcolm's heir: how else have you offended?
When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose.
But I could think of none: at last perplex'd
I issued forth, encompassing the tower
With many a weary step and wishful look.
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
Let not your too-courageous spirit scorn
The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.
My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness:
But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
In our encounter with the vile assassins,
I mark'd his brave demeanor: him I'll trust.

O. Norv. I fear you will too far.

Doug. Here in this place
I wait my mother's coming: she shall know
What thou hast told: her counsel I will follow:
And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
You must depart; your presence may prevent
Our interview.

O. Norv. My blessing rest upon thee!
O may Heaven's hand, which sav'd thee from the wave,
And from the sword of foes, be near thee still;
Turning mischance, if ought hangs o'er thy head,
All upon mine! [*Exit.*

Doug. He loves me like a parent;
And must not, shall not lose the son he loves,
Altho' his son has found a nobler father.
Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold, and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil:
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.
Should Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
To *give a bold defiance* to our host,

Before he speaks it out I will accept;
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.*

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady Rand. My son! I heard a voice——
Doug. ——The voice was mine. [ear,
Lady Rand. Didst thou complain aloud to nature's
That thus in dusky shades, at mid-night hours,
By stealth the mother and the son should meet?
[*Embracing him.*
Doug. No; on this happy day, this better birth-day,
My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.
Lady Rand. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
Now hear what I advise.
Doug. First, let me tell
What may the tenor of your counsel change.
Lady Rand. My heart forebodes some evil!
Doug. 'Tis not good.——
At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard
Their conversation: oft they mention'd me
With dreadful threatnings; you they sometimes nam'd.
'Twas strange they said, a wonderful discov'ry;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.
Lady Rand. Defend us, gracious God! we are betray'd:
They have found out the secret of thy birth;
It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own;
And they will be reveng'd.† Perhaps even now,
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait
A darker and more silent hour, to break
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.

---

* Alluding to David and Goliath. See before, p. 279. Note* See also p. 303, and Note †.

† "When the husbandmen saw him, they reasoned among "themselves, saying, This is the heir: come, let us kill him, that "the inheritance may be ours." Luke xx. 14. See also Matt. xxi. 38. and Mark xii. 7.

This moment, this, Heav'n hath ordain'd to save thee!
Fly to the camp, my son!
Doug. And leave you here?
No: to the castle let us go together,
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread.
Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
If in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.
Lady Rand. Thy courage, ardent youth, sees no obstructions.
Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!
But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the river.
Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.
Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas.
Shew him these jewels, which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.
Doug. I yield me and obey: but yet my heart
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wond'rous deeds by one bold arm atchiev'd.
Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth,
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.
Lady Rand. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
Thy father's mem'ry, think of this no more.
One thing I have to say before we part:
Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,
In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
Which way the current of thy temper sets.
To-day I've found thee: Oh! my long-lost hope!
If thou to giddy valour giv'st the rein,
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.

The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
In this waste world! my son, remember me!

Doug. What shall I say? how can I give you comfort!
The God of battles of my life dispose
As may be best for you! for whose dear sake
I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.
But, yet, consider, as no vulgar name
That which I boast sounds amongst martial men,
How will inglorious caution suit my claim?
The post of danger dauntless I'll maintain.
My country's foes must witness who I am.
On the invaders' heads I'll prove my birth,
Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
Who, if he lives not honour'd, would not live.

Lady Rand. I will not utter what my bosom feels.
Too well I love that valour which I warn.
Farewell, my son! my counsels may be weak:
[*Embracing.*
I give my best, then bow to Heav'n's high will.
[*Separate.*
Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path;
I'll point it out again. [*Exeunt.*

[*Just as they are separating, enter from the wood* Lord RANDOLPH *and* GLENALVON.]

Lord Rand. Not in her presence.
Now ———

Glen. I'm prepar'd.

Lord Rand. No: I command thee stay.
I go alone: it never shall be said
That I took odds to combat mortal man.
[*Exit Lord Randolph.*

[*Glenalvon makes some steps to the same side of the stage, listens and speaks.*

Glen. Now, my good sword, for double slaughter here!
The lover and the husband both must die.
[Lord Randolph behind the scenes

Lord Rand. Draw, Villain! draw.

Doug. Assail me not, Lord Randolph;
Not as thou lov'st thyself. [*Clashing of swords.*
Glen. [*Running out.*] Now is the time.
Enter Lady Randolph at the opposite side of the Stage faint and breathless.
Lady Rand. Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be thine own:
But spare! oh spare my son!
Enter Douglas with a sword in each hand.
Doug. My mother's voice!
I can protect thee still.
Lady Rand. He lives, he lives:
For this, for this to Heaven eternal praise!
But sure I saw thee fall?
Doug. It was Glenalvon.
Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,
The villain came behind me; but I slew him.
Lady Rand. Behind thee! Ah; thou'rt wounded! O my child,
How pale thou look'st! and shall I lose thee now?
Doug. Do not despair: I feel a little faintness;
I hope it will not last. [*Leans upon his sword.*
Lady Rand. There is no hope!
And we must part! the hand of death is on thee!
O my beloved child! O Douglas, Douglas!
[*Douglas growing more and more faint.*
Doug. So soon to part: I have not long been Douglas.
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,
Lost to my mother, lost to all that's great,
In low and poor obscurity I liv'd.
Lady Rand. Has Heav'n preserv'd thee for an end like this?
Teach us, great Pow'r, to bend our wills to thine.
Doug. O had I fallen as my brave fathers fell,
Turning with firm-strung arm the tide of battle!
Like them I should have smil'd and welcom'd death.
But thus to perish by a villain's hand!
Lady Rand. Forget the villain; and look up to Heav'n,
In whose unerring hand the villain is
An instrument. [Douglas falls.
Doug. True. But, unknown I die.
No tongue discoursing shall of Douglas speak

Lady Rand. Son, if thou hast discharg'd thy humble duties
In the low cottage (which I think thou hast,)
A fame awaits thee in the realms of glory,
'Fore which all earthly fame is but a vapour.—

Doug. Fame, say you? Fame?—And that was my ambition.
Thy words are cheering.—Pardon me, great God,
If on the rock of *perishable* fame
I've split.

Lady Rand. There will e'en here, I trust, be found
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
Who may conjecture what thou might'st have prov'd,
Life only wanting to thy fame on earth.

Doug. Thou'st pointed me to better fame, and stirr'd
In my deluded mind more worthy thoughts.
But who shall comfort thee?

Lady Rand. The Pow'r Divine
Can if he judge it fitting.

Doug. Had it pleas'd
That Pow'r to feed mine eyes a little while
On thy—Alas! these eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace! my mother——O, my mother! [*Dies.*

Enter Lord RANDOLPH *and* ANNA.

Lord Rand. Thy words, the words of truth, have pierc'd my heart.
I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.
Oh! if my brave deliverer survives
The traitor's sword ——

Anna. Alas! look there, my lord.

Lord Rand. The mother and her son! And of all this
Was I the cause? Most guilty cause was I:
Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul
To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My lady lives:
The agony of grief hath but suppressed
Awhile her powers.

Lord Rand. But my deliverer's dead!
'The world did once esteem Lord Randolph well,
'Sincere of heart, for spotless honour fam'd:
'And, in my early days, glory I gain'd

'Beneath the holy banner of the cross.
'Now past the noon of life, shame comes upon me;
'Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,
'Are near at hand: for all mankind will think
'That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Malcolm's heir.
[*Lady Randolph recovering.*

Lady Rand. Where am I now? still in this wretched world!
Whilst he did breathe, I could speak reason to him,
Less feeling mine own woes. But, who to me
Shall now persuade submission and meek patience?
Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine,
Tho' fiercely it assail.

Lord Rand. O misery!
'Midst thy loud grief I must proclaim to thee
My innocence.

Lady Rand. Thy innocence!

Lord Rand. My guilt
Is innocence, compar'd with what thou think'st it.

Lady Rand. Of thee I think not: what have I to do
With thee, or any thing? My son! my son!
My beautiful! my brave![*] how proud was I
Of thee, and of thy valour! My fond heart
O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought
Of growing old amidst a race of thine,
Who might make up to me their father's childhood,
And bear my brother's and my husband's name:
Now all my hopes are dead! A little while
Was I a wife! a mother not so long!
What am I now?——What soon to be I know not.
[*Runs out.*

Lord Rand. Follow her, Anna: I myself would follow,
But in this instant she abhors my presence. [*Exit Anna.*

* "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber "over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son "Absalom; my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for "thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" 2 Samuel XVIII. 33.

"O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
"*My life*, my joy, my food, my all the world!
"*My widow-comfort*, and my sorrows' cure!"
King John, A. III. S. IV.

Enter Old NORVAL.

Old Norv. I heard the voice of woe; Heaven guard my child!

Lord Rand. Already is the idle gaping croud,
The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on Randolph.
Begone.

Old Norv. I fear thee not. I will not go.
Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, lord,
With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help
To crush down to the ground this lovely plant.
O noblest youth that ever yet was born!
Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,
That ever bless'd the world! Wretch that I am,
Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise
Above the narrow limits that confin'd it!
Yet never was by all thy virtues won
To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,
Which, timely known, had rais'd thee far above
The villain's snare. Oh! I am punish'd now!
These are the hairs that should have strew'd the ground,
And not the locks of Douglas.

[*Tears his hair, and throws himself on the ground.*

Lord Rand. I know thee now: 'thy boldness I forgive:
'My crest is fallen.' For thee I will appoint
A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.
I will reward, to punish I'm not call'd.
He fell, (detested name!) Glenalvon fell,
Baffl'd and slain by the young hand he hated.
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
Cursing his conqueror, the felon dy'd.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. My lord, my lord!

Lord Rand. Speak: I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror indeed!

Lord Rand. Matilda?

Anna. She yet lives.
How long, I dread to think. I left her guarded,
And must return. Yon rocky precipice
Whose fearful summit tempted her wild mind,
To seek release by that unnat'ral act,
Which is presumption against Heav'n's high will,

And does degrade us e'en below the brutes,
Still may with horrid charms seduce her fancy.
I go, to soothe, or check her troubled spirit.

Lord Rand. Would I might follow! but the time 's not yet.
Self-murder?—Could she meditate that crime!

Anna. It was but too apparent: yet will she
Regain a juster temper.

Lord Rand. Soothe her, Anna.
Guard her from mischief: and, if battle spare
The life I am unworthy of, I will
Henceforward steal into her good opinion,—
Teach her to bless, where prompted to upbraid.
There is a sov'reign Pow'r can turn her mind
To better thoughts,—my life to better deeds.
Both yet, in dying hour, may render thanks
We liv'd to feel our sins and to repent.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

An Epilogue I ask'd; but not one word
Our Bard will write. He says 'tis most absurd
With comic wit to contradict the strain
Of Tragedy, and make your sorrows vain.
Sadly he says, that in the human breast
Pity's a noble passion. 'Tis confest.
For when its sacred streams the heart o'erflow,
In gushes pleasure with the tide of woe:
And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,
They leave behind them such a golden soil,
That there the virtues without culture grow,
There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.
These were his words:—void of delusive art
I felt them; for he spoke them from his heart.
Nor will I now attempt with witty folly,
To chase away celestial melancholy.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF THE

LADY JANE GRAY.

FIRST ACTED

At the THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE,

In the Year 1715.

BY

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

Sed frustra Leges et inania Jura tuenti
Scire mori Sors optima.

THE EDITOR's PREFACE.

HAVING given a short Memoir of the Life of Rowe in my Preface to JANE SHORE, I will employ a few pages, in this place, in giving some farther particulars of the Life of Lady Jane Gray than are to be learned from the Tragedy, and which appear necessary to correct some variations from real History which Rowe has made. For this purpose I shall have recourse principally to Dr. GIBBONS' Life of that Lady in his MEMOIRS of EMINENTLY PIOUS WOMEN.

LADY JANE GRAY was of a noble family. Her father was Henry Gray, marquis of Dorset, descended in a direct line from Sir Thomas Gray, a knight of the garter, lord Harrington, in right of his wife, and created marquis of Dorset by Edward the fourth, who married his mother. Her mother was Lady Frances Brandon, the eldest of the two surviving daughters of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, by Mary queen dowager of France, youngest daughter of king Henry the seventh, and sister to king Henry the eighth.

Lady Jane very early in life gave astonishing proofs of the greatness of her genius, and, though there was very little difference in age between her and king Edward the sixth,* who was thought a surprising scholar, yet, in

* We cannot exactly ascertain the time of her birth. Mr. Fuller represents her as *eighteen* when she suffered, and Sir Thomas Chaloner, as but very little beyond that age. If so, it is but counting back eighteen years from February 12, 1553-4, when she was beheaded, and we shall fix her birth in the latter end of the year 1535, or the *beginning of the* year 1536.—Mr. Foxe expressly says that there was *little difference in age* between her and Edward the sixth, who was *born October 12, 1537.*

learning, she was not only equal to him, but his superior. Her person was extremely pleasing; but the beauties of her mind were still more engaging. She had great abilities, and greater virtues, and, as bishop Burnet says of her, "She was the wonder and delight of all that knew her."†

Female accomplishments formed a part of her early education. Her genius appeared in the performances of her needle, and in the beautiful character in which she wrote. She played admirably on various instruments of music, and accompanied them with a voice exquisitely sweet in itself, and assisted by all the graces which art could bestow.

Her father, the marquis of Dorset, had himself a tincture of letters, and was a patron of learned men. He had two chaplains, Harding and Aylmer, both eminent for their literature, whom he employed as tutors to his daughter. Under their instructions she made a most extraordinary proficiency. She spoke and wrote her own language with peculiar accuracy; and, it is said, that the French, Italian, Latin, and especially the Greek tongues were as natural to her as her own, for she not only understood them perfectly, but wrote them with the utmost freedom; and this not in the opinion of superficial judges, but of Mr. Ascham and Dr. Aylmer, men who, in point of veracity, were as much above suspicion, as in respect of abilities they were incapable of being deceived; men, who were for their learning the wonder of their own times, and of ours; the former, famous for Roman accuracy; the latter, one of the ablest critics in those learned days. She was also versed in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, and all this when she was but a child in age. She was remarkable for a sedateness of temper, a quickness of apprehension, and a solidity of judgment, which enabled her to become the mistress not of languages only, but of sciences; therefore she thought, reasoned, and spoke upon subjects of great importance in a manner which greatly surprized even persons of the best judgment and abilities. And yet she was in no

† *History* of the Reformation, Vol. III. p. 225, Folio Edn.

respect elated by these extraordinary endowments; but was remarkably gentle, humble, and modest in her demeanor. Her parents, as appears from her own account, were both of them severe in their behaviour towards her; and, as she was naturally very fond of literature, that fondness was much heightened, as well by the severity of her parents, as by the gentleness of her tutor, Aylmer; and, when mortified and confounded by the unmerited chidings of her parents, she returned with double pleasure to the lessons of her learned preceptor, and sought in Demosthenes and Plato (her favourite authors) that delight which was denied her in all the other scenes of life, in which she mingled but little, and seldom with any satisfaction.

Her alliance with the crown, as well as the great favor in which the marquis of Dorset stood with Edward the sixth, necessarily brought her sometimes to court, where she received particular marks of the young king's esteem, who was nearly, as mentioned before, of the same age with herself, and who took great pleasure in her conversation. But for the most part of her time she seems to have continued at her father's seat, at Broadgate, in Leicestershire, where she was with her beloved books in the summer season of 1550, when the famous Roger Ascham, (who was two years tutor to the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth,) paid her a visit, as we are informed by himself. "Before I went into Germany," says he, "I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to "take my leave of that noble lady Jane Gray, to whom "I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the duke "and dutchess, with all the household, gentlemen and "gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her "in her chamber, reading Phœdo Platonis, in Greek, "and that with as much delight, as some gentlemen "would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, "and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, "why she should lose such pastime in the park? "Smiling she answered me, "I wist all their sport in "the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in "Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true

" pleasure meant!" " And how came you, Madam, " (quoth I,) to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And " what did chiefly allure you to it, seeing not many " women, but very few men have attained thereunto?" " I will tell you, (quoth she,) and tell you a truth which " perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest bene- " fits that God ever gave me is, that he sent me so sharp " and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster; for, " when I am in the presence of father or mother, " whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, " eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, " dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it as it " were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so " perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so " sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently " sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other " ways, which I will not name for the honor I bear " them, so without measure misordered, that I think " myself in ****, till time come that I must go to Mr. " Aylmer,† who teaches me so gently, so pleasantly, " with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all " the time nothing, while I am with him. And when I " am called from him, I fall on weeping, because what- " ever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, " and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book " hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to " me more pleasure, and more, that in respect of it all " other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles " unto me." " I remember," adds Mr. Ascham, " this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of me- " mory, and because also it was the last talk I ever had, " and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy " lady."‡

What a speech was here from so young a lady! What reader is not melted with it! What a fine taste, and what a noble and enriched mind are here discovered!

† Dr. John Aylmer, afterwards bishop of London.

‡ Ascham's Schoolmaster, B. 1. p. 37. Also Fuller's Holy State, p. 295.

Mr. Ascham appears, (and where is the wonder?) to have been deeply affected with this interview, and to have retained a most pleasant and honorable remembrance of it. In a letter written the December following, to his friend Sturmius, having informed him that he had the honour and happiness of being admitted to converse familiarly with this young lady, and that she had written a very elegant Latin letter to him, he proceeds to mention this visit at Broadgate, and his consequent surprize at what occurred there, not without some degree of rapture. Thence he takes occasion to observe, that she both spoke and wrote Greek to admiration, and that she had promised to write him a letter in that language upon condition that he would send her one first from the Emperor's court.* (It is to be observed, that Mr. Ascham, at the time of his making his visit to Lady Jane, was going to London to attend Sir Richard Morrison on his embassy to the Emperor Charles the fifth in Germany.) But this rapture rose much higher, while he was composing a letter addressed to herself in the month following. There, speaking of his interview, he assures her, "That among all the "agreeable varieties he had met with in his travels abroad, "nothing had occurred to raise his admiration like that "incident in the preceding summer, when he found her, "a young maiden, by birth so noble, in the absence of "her tutor, and in the sumptuous house of her most "noble father, at a time too when all the rest of the "family, both male and female, were regaling themselves "abroad with the pleasures of the chace," "I found "the" "virgin diligently studying the" "Phœdo of" "Plato in the original Greek. Happier certainly in "this respect than in being descended, both on the "father's and mother's side, from kings and queens." He then puts her in mind "of the Greek epistle she "had promised him, and prompted her also to write "another to his friend Sturmius, that what he had said "of her, wherever he came, might be rendered credible "*by such authentic* evidence."†

* Epit. Lib. I. Ep. 4.

† *Biographical* Dictionary, Vol. VI. p. 196.

If lady Jane received this letter in the country, yet it is probable that she did not stay there long after, since some changes happened in the family which it is not unlikely brought her to town; for her maternal uncles, Henry and Charles Brandon, both dying at Bugden, the bishop of Lincoln's palace, of the sweating sickness, her father was created duke of Suffolk, in October 1551, John Dudley earl of Warwick being also created duke of Northumberland at the same time.

The dukes of Suffolk and Northumberland, upon the fall of the duke of Somerset, having reached to the pinnacle of power, upon the decline of the king's (Edward the sixth's) health, 1553, began to contrive how to prevent that reverse of fortune they foresaw must happen upon his demise. To accomplish this end no other method was judged effectual but a change in the succession to the crown, and the transferring it into their own families. The lady Jane was destined to the principal part in this intended revolution; nay, in reality, the whole of it centered in her. The most excellent and amiable qualities, which had rendered her dear to all who had the happiness of knowing her, joined to her near affinity to the king, subjected her to become the chief tool of an ambition so notoriously not her own. On this very account she was married to Lord Guildford Dudley fourth son of the Duke of Northumberland, without any discovery to her of the real design of the union, which was celebrated with great pomp in the latter end of May (1553) so much to the king's satisfaction that he largely contributed to the expences of it from the royal wardrobe.

But the magnificence and splendor attending their nuptials was the last gleam of joy that shone in the palace of king Edward, who grew so weak in a few days after, that the duke of Northumberland thought it high time to carry his project into execution. Accordingly, in the beginning of June he communicated the matter to the young monarch, and having first made all such colourable objections as the affair would admit against *his majesty*'s two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, he ob-

served that the lady Jane, who was of the royal line, was a person of extraordinary qualities, that her zeal for the reformation was unquestioned; that nothing could be more acceptable to the nation than the prospect of such a princess; and that in this case he was bound to set aside all partialities of blood and nearness of relation, which were inferior considerations, and ought to be overruled by the public good. To corroborate and secure the success of this discourse, care was taken to place about the king those who should make it their business to touch frequently upon this subject, enlarge upon the accomplishments of lady Jane, and describe her with all imaginable advantages. In the result, the king's affections standing for this disposition of the crown, he yielded to overlook his sisters, and set aside his father's will. Agreeable to which a deed of settlement being drawn up in form by the judges, was signed by his majesty and all the lords of the council.

This difficult affair being accomplished, and the letters patent having passed the seals before the close of the month, the next step was to concert the best method for carrying the settlement into execution, and, till this was done, to keep it as secret as possible. To this end the Duke of Northumberland formed a project, which, if it had succeeded, might have made all things easy and secure. He directed letters to the lady Mary, in her brother's name, requiring her attendance at Greenwich, where the court then was; and she had got within half a day's journey of the place when king Edward expired, July 6, 1553; but having timely notice of his decease, she escaped the snare which had been so artfully laid for her.

The two dukes, Suffolk and Northumberland, found it necessary to conceal the king's death that they might have some time to gain the city of London, and get the consent of lady Jane, who was so far from having any concern in the business, that as yet she was unacquainted with the steps which had been taken to procure her the crown. At this juncture the princess Mary sent a letter to the privy council, in which, though she did not take the title

of Queen, yet she clearly asserted her right to the throne, and took notice of the concealment of her brother's death, and of the practises into which they had since entered, intimating that there was still room for reconciliation, and that, if they complied with their duty in proclaiming her Queen, she would forgive, and even forget what was past. But, in answer to her letter, they insisted upon the indubitable right of lady Jane, and their own unalterable fidelity to her as their Queen, to whom they endeavoured to persuade her to submit.

These previous steps being taken, and the tower and the city of London secured, the council quitted Greenwich, and came to London, and on Monday, July the 10th, in the forenoon, the two last-mentioned dukes, accompanied by the Earl of Pembroke and other noblemen, repaired to Durham-house, where the lady Jane resided with her husband, as part of Northumberland's family. There the duke of Suffolk with much solemnity opened to his daughter the disposition the late King had made of his crown by letters patent, the clear sense the privy council had of her right, the consent of the magistrates and citizens of London; and, in conclusion, himself and Northumberland fell on their knees, and paid their homage to her as Queen of England. The poor lady, somewhat astonished at their discourse, but not at all affected with their reasons, or in the least elevated by such unexpected honours, returned them an answer to this effect: "That the laws of the kingdom, and natural "right, standing for the king's sisters, she would beware "of burdening her weak conscience with a yoke which "did belong to them; that she understood the infamy of those who had permitted the violation of right "to gain a sceptre; that it were to mock God, and "deride justice to scruple at the stealing of a shilling "and not at the usurpation of a crown." "Besides," said she, "I am not so young, nor so little read in guile "of fortune,* to suffer myself to be taken by them

* On the subject of putting Fortune in the place of PROVIDENCE I must refer the Reader to what I have said in my Four Discourses on the Stage, p. 27 and 136.

"If she enrich any, it is but to make them the subject "of her spoil; if she raise others, it is but to pleasure "herself with their ruin; what she adored yesterday, is "to-day her pastime; and, if I now permit her to adorn "and crown me, I must to-morrow suffer her to crush "and tear me to pieces. Nay, with what crown doth "she present me? A crown which hath been violently "and shamefully wrested from Catharine of Arragon, "made more unfortunate by the punishment of Anne "Boleyn, and others that wore it after her; and why "then would you have me add my blood to theirs, and "be the third victim from whom this fatal crown may be "ravished with the head that wears it? But in case it "should not prove fatal to me, and that all its venom "were consumed, if fortune should give me warranties "of her constancy, should I be well advised to take "upon me those thorns, which would dilacerate, though "not kill me outright? To burden myself with a yoke "which would not fail to torment me, though I were "assured not to be strangled with it? My liberty is "better than the chain you proffer me, with what pre-"cious stones soever it be adorned, or of what gold soever "framed. I will not exchange my peace for honorable "and precious jealousies, for magnificent and glorious "fetters. And if you love me sincerely, and in good "earnest, you will rather wish me a secure and quiet "fortune, though mean, than an exalted situation ex-"posed to the wind, and followed by some dismal fall."

But notwithstanding the prudence, goodness, and eloquence of this speech, she was at length prevailed upon by the exhortations of her father, the intercession of her mother, and the artful persuasion of the Duke of Northumberland, and, above all, the earnest desires of her husband, whom she tenderly loved, to yield her assent to what was still to be done.* And thus with an heavy

* The mention of the crown, says Bishop Burnet, when her father, with her father-in-law, saluted her Queen, did rather heighten her disorder upon the king's death. She said she knew by the laws of the kingdom, and by natural right, the crown was to go to the king's sisters, so that she was afraid of burdening her conscience, by assuming that which belonged to them; and that she was unwilling to

disinclined heart she suffered herself to be conveyed to the Tower, where she entered with all the state of a Queen, attended by the principal nobility, and what was very extraordinary, with her train supported by the Duchess of Suffolk her mother, in whom, if in any of this line, the right of succession lay. About six o'clock in the afternoon she was proclaimed Queen with all due solemnities in the city; the same day she also assumed the royal title, and afterwards proceeded to exercise some acts of sovereignty. But the royalty of this worthy lady was but of very short duration, a sun-beam of glory, which was soon utterly extinguished in clouds and darkness! for, on the 19th of the same month, the Princess Mary was proclaimed Queen, in London, so that the reign of this lady was only a vapour of about nine days continuance.

As soon as the Duke of Suffolk, who now resided with his daughter in the Tower, was informed of the Princess Mary's proclamation, he went to his daughter's apartments, and, in the softest terms he could, acquainted her that matters had taken such a different turn, that, laying aside the state and dignity of a Queen, she must fall back into the condition of a private person. To which intelligence she, with a composed and serene countenance, made the following answer: "Sir, I better brook this message "than that of my advancement to royalty. Out of "obedience to you, and to my mother, I have grievously "sinned, and offered violence to myself. I now willingly,

---

enrich herself by the spoils of others. But they told her, that all that had been done was according to the law, to which all the judges and counsellors had set their hands. This, joined with their persuasions, and the importunity of her husband, at length prevailed with her to submit, of which her father-in-law afterwards said in council, that she was rather by inticement of the counsellors and force made to accept of the crown, than came to it by her own seeking and request.—Burnet's History of the Reformation, Vol. II. p. 235.

Lady Jane, says the writer of the *British Biography*, was altogether uninfluenced by any ambitious views, and the settlement of the succession was by no means agreeable to her. Indeed it does not appear that she was at all consulted about it either by her father, or by the duke of Northumberland, nor does she seem even to have been acquainted with it till after king Edward's decease. Vol. II. p. 488.

" and as obeying the emotions of my soul, relinquish " the crown, and endeavour to salve those faults com- " mitted by others, if at least so great a fault can be " salved, by a willing relinquishment and ingenuous ac- " knowledgment of them."

Thus ended her reign, but with the end of her reign commenced the severest afflictions. She, who had been lately a queen in the Tower, soon found her palace turned into a prison. She also saw the father of her husband with all his family, and many of the nobility and gentry in the same circumstances, for supporting her claim to the crown, and this grief must have been considerably increased by his being so soon after brought to the block. Before the end of the month she had also the sad mortification of finding her own father, the duke of Suffolk, in the same circumstances of imprisonment with herself. On the third of November, in the same year, 1553, she and her husband were carried from the Tower to Guildhall, with archbishop Cranmer, and others; and was there arraigned and convicted of high treason by judge Morgan, who pronounced sentence of death upon them. However, the strictness of her own and her husband's confinement was mitigated in December, by a permission to take the air in the queen's garden, and other little indulgences. These circumstances might give some gleam of hope; but queen Mary at length determined to take off both lady Jane and her husband. The fatal news made no great impression upon her; the bitterness of death was passed, she had long expected it, and was so well prepared for the worst, that she was very little discomposed.

What has been already related concerning the subject of our memoirs affords us strong proofs of this lady's fine understanding, her most uncommon proficiency in learning, and her most noble and excellent spirit, that ascended to the highest elevation of human life with sincere reluctance, and descended from it with as sincere pleasure. But the brighter part of her character, her piety and goodness, are still behind, of which, that we may have a clear and full view, let us particularly attend

her in the sunset of life, and collect, if I may so speak, every ray which adorned her in her preparation for death, and even in her last moments.

Lady Jane was early instructed in the principles of the Reformed Religion, which she seriously and attentively studied, and for which she was extremely zealous, and this, together with her other excellent and amiable accomplishments, greatly endeared her to king Edward. Her dislike of popery, particularly in one of its worst abominations, that of idolatry, was shewn, as it is credibly reported of her, when she was very young. Upon a visit to princess Mary, at New-Hall, in Essex, she took a walk with lady Anne Wharton. Happening to pass by the chapel, lady Anne made a low courtesy to the host, at which lady Jane testified some surprize, and asked whether the princess Mary was there? lady Anne answered, "No, but I made my courtesy," said she, "to him who made us all." "Why," replied lady Jane, "how can that which hath been made by the "baker, be He who hath made us all?" This speech of hers, it is said, being carried to the princess Mary, gave her a dislike to lady Jane, which she retained ever after.

But her attachment to the Reformed Religion, her knowledge of it, and her capacity to defend it, are more especially evinced in conversation between herself and him who was afterwards Dr. Feckenham, otherwise Howman,* who was sent by the queen but two days before her death to discourse with lady Jane, and to use his best endeavours to reconcile her to the church of Rome; but, notwithstanding his arguments, he could not induce

* John de Feckenham was so called because he was born in a cottage near the forest of Feckenham in Worcestershire, his right name being Howman. He was first admitted into Evesham monastery, and at eighteen years of age he was sent to Gloucester (now Worcester) college in Oxford. After studying there some years, and taking his degree of Bachelor of Divinity, he became chaplain to Bonner, bishop of London, and on queen Mary's accession was made her chaplain. In May 1556 he was made doctor of divinity by the university of Oxford; and in September following appointed abbot of Westminster Abbey. He is said to have been a generous and benevolent man.

her to relinquish the principles of the reformed church; and, when taking his leave of her, said, "that he was "sorry for her; for I am sure," saith he, "we shall "never meet." "True it is," said lady Jane, "that "we shall never meet, except God turn your heart; for "I am assured, unless you repent, and turn to God, "you are in an evil case; and I pray God, in the "bowels of his mercy, to send you his Holy Spirit, for "he hath given you his great gift of utterance, if it "pleased him also to open the eyes of your heart."*

It has been mentioned before, that lady Jane's father had two chaplains, Messrs. Harding and Aylmer, who were also her preceptors. Mr. Harding, it seems was, in King Edward's days, a zealous protestant, and was not only a preacher of the Reformed Religion, but was very fervent in animating its professors to abide by it in the face of all persecution and danger. But, upon the return of popery, in queen Mary's reign, he renounced his protestantism, and became a papist.† Upon his apostacy lady Jane wrote him a letter which abundantly shewed that however he was qualified to instruct her in the matters of learning, she was no less capable to instruct him in the greater concerns of religion.

We shall now present our readers with a letter from this pious lady written to her father during the time of her imprisonment: her father, who, by his solicitations to her to take the crown, became the unhappy instrument of her untimely death.

"FATHER,

"Although it hath pleased God to hasten my death

* We must conceive that this was understood as it was spoken, as flowing from a religious zeal, and not from any distaste of contradiction, or any dislike to his person, since we find that Mr. Feckenham, far from deserting, attended her to the very last, and that the lady Jane shewed a very proper sense of his attention and respect for her in the sight and hearing of all who were upon or near the scaffold.—Biographia Britannica, Vol. IV. p. 2421.

† It does not appear but that Mr. Harding, after his embracing popery, persisted in its profession to the end of his days, and accordingly we find him afterwards engaged on the popish side as a writer against bishop Jewel.

" by you, by whom my life should rather have been
" lengthened, yet can I so patiently take it, as I yield
" God more hearty thanks for shortening my woeful
" days, than if all the world had been given unto my
" possessions with life lengthen'd at my own will. And
" albeit I am well assured of your impatient dolors, re-
" doubled manifold ways, both in bewailing your own
" woes, and especially, as I hear, my unfortunate state;
" yet, my dear father, if I may without offence rejoice
" in my own mishaps, meseems in this I may account
" myself blessed, that washing my hands with the inno-
" cency of my fact, my guiltless blood may cry before
" the Lord, mercy to the innocent. And yet, though
" I must needs acknowledge, that being constrained,
" and as you wot well enough, and continually assayed,
" in taking upon me, I seemed to consent, and therein
" grievously offended the queen and her laws; yet do I
" assuredly trust, that this my offence towards God is
" so much the less, in that, being in so royal estate as I
" was, mine inforced honor never blended with mine
" innocent heart. And thus, good father, I have opened
" to you the state in which I presently stand, whose
" death at hand, although to you perhaps it may seem
" right woeful, to me there is nothing that can be more
" welcome, than from the vale of misery to aspire to
" that heavenly throne of all joy and pleasure with
" Christ our Saviour; in whose stedfast faith, if it may
" be lawful for the daughter to write to the father, the
" Lord that hitherto hath strengthened you so continue
" you, that at the last we may meet in heaven with the
" Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."

Another letter of this lady's is preserved, which was written in Latin, or as some authors say in Greek, at the end of a Greek Testament, and was sent by her to her sister Catharine,* the night before lady Jane was beheaded. The following is a translation:

* The lady Jane had two sisters younger than herself; this lady Catharine the eldest, and lady Mary the younger. The former was married to Lord Herbert, eldest son of the Earl of Pembroke.

" I have here sent you, good sister Catherine, a book which although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is more worth than precious stones. It is the book, dear sister, of the Law of the Lord. It is his testament and last will, which he bequeathed unto us wretches, which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy, and if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest mind do purpose to follow it, it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It shall teach you to live, and learn you to die. It shall win you more than you should have gained by your woeful father's lands; for, as, if God had prospered him, you should have inherited his lands, so, if you apply diligently this book, seeking to direct your life after it, you shall be an inheritor of such riches, as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither thief shall steal, neither yet the moths corrupt. Desire with David, good sister, to understand the Law of the Lord God. Live still to die, that you by death may purchase eternal life, and trust not that the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your life, for as soon, if God call, goeth the young as the old, and labour always to learn to die. Defy the world, deny the devil, despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the Lord. Be penitent for your sins, and yet despair not; be strong in faith, and yet presume not; and desire with St. Paul, to be with Christ, with whom even in death there is life. Be like the good servant, and even at midnight be waking, lest when death cometh, and stealeth upon you as a thief in the night, you be with the evil servant found sleeping, and lest for lack of oil you be found like the five foolish women, and like him that had not on the wedding garment, and then ye be cast out from the marriage. Rejoice in Christ, as I do. Follow the steps of your master Christ, and take up your cross. Lay your sins on his back, and always embrace him. And as touching my death, rejoice, as I do, good *sister, that I shall* be delivered of this corruption, *and put on incorruption*, for I am assured that I shall

" for losing of a mortal life, win an immortal life, the " which I pray God grant you, and send you of his " grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true chris- " tian faith, from the which, in God's name, I exhort " you, that you never swerve, neither for hope of life, " nor for fear of death; for, if you will deny his truth " for to lengthen your life, God will deny you, and yet " shorten your days; and if you will cleave unto him, " he will prolong your days, to your comfort, and his " glory; to the which glory God bring me now, and " you hereafter, when it pleaseth him to call you! Fare " you well, good sister, and put your only trust in " God, who only must help you."

We shall in a manner conclude the excellent compositions of this worthy lady, with a prayer drawn up by her in the time of her trouble, which will open to our readers the state of her mind in the near views of death and eternity.

" O Lord, thou God and Father of my life, hear me " poor and desolate woman, which flieth unto thee only " in all troubles and miseries. Thou, O Lord, art the " only defender and deliverer of those that put their " trust in thee, and therefore I, being defiled with sin, " encumbered with afflictions, unquieted with troubles, " wrapped in cares, overwhelmed with miseries, and " grievously tormented with the long imprisonment of " this vile mass of clay, my sinful body, do come unto " thee, O merciful Saviour, craving thy mercy and help, " without the which so little hope of deliverance is left, " that I may utterly despair of any liberty. Albeit it " is expedient, that seeing our life standeth upon trying, " we should be visited sometime with some adversity, " whereby we might both be tried whether we be of thy " flock or no, and also know thee and ourselves the " better; yet thou that saidest thou wouldest not suffer " us to be tempted above our power, be merciful unto " me, a miserable wretch, I beseech thee, that I may " neither be too much puffed up with prosperity, nei- " ther too much pressed down with adversity, lest I " being too full, should deny thee, my God, or being

" too low brought, should despair, and blaspheme thee,
" my Lord and Saviour. O merciful God, consider my
" misery, best known unto thee, and be thou now unto
" me a strong tower of defence, I humbly require thee.
" Suffer me not to be tempted above my power; but
" either be thou a deliverer to me out of this great mi-
" sery, either else give me grace patiently to bear thy
" heavy hand and sharp correction. It was thy right
" hand that delivered the people of Israel out of the
" hands of Pharaoh, which for the space of four hun-
" dred years did oppress them, and keep them in bond-
" age. Let it therefore seem good to thy fatherly good-
" ness to deliver me, sorrowful wretch, for whom thy
" Son Christ shed his precious blood on the cross, out
" of this miserable captivity and bondage, wherein I am
" now. How long will thou be absent? For ever?
" Oh Lord, hast thou forgotten to be gracious, and hast
" thou shut up thy loving-kindness in displeasure?
" Wilt thou no more be intreated? Is thy mercy clean
" gone for ever, and thy promise come utterly to an
" end for evermore? Why doest thou make so long
" tarrying? Shall I despair of thy mercy, O God?
" Far be that from me. I am thy workmanship, created
" in Christ Jesus; give me grace therefore to tarry thy
" leisure, and patiently to bear thy works, assuredly
" knowing, that as thou canst, so thou wilt deliver me,
" when it shall please thee, nothing doubting or mis-
" trusting thy goodness towards me, for thou knowest
" better what is good for me than I do; therefore do
" with me in all things what thou wilt, and plague me
" what way thou wilt. Only in the mean time arm me,
" I beseech thee, with thy armour, that I may stand
" fast, my loins being girt about with verity, having on
" the breast-plate of righteousness, and shod with the
" shoes prepared by the gospel of peace, above all
" things taking unto me the shield of faith, wherewith I
" may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked,
" *and taking the helmet* of salvation, and the sword of
" *the Spirit, which* is thy most Holy Word, praying
" *always with* all manner of prayer and supplication.

" that I may refer myself wholly to thy will, abiding " thy pleasure and comforting myself in those troubles " which it shall please thee to send me, seeing such " troubles be profitable for me, and seeing I am as- " suredly persuaded that it cannot but be well all that " thou doest. Hear me, O merciful Father, for his " sake, whom thou wouldest should be a sacrifice for " my sins; to whom, with thee, and the Holy Ghost, " be all honor and glory. Amen."

These are the principal remains of this most excellent lady. It may not be displeasing to our readers to hear what judgment bishop Burnet has passed upon them: " One effect," says he, " of this, that is, of the frus- " trated rising of Sir Thomas Wiat, was the proceeding " severely against the lady Jane and her husband, the " lord Guildford, who both suffered on the 12th of " February, 1554. The lady Jane was not much dis- " ordered at it, for she knew, upon the first jealousy " that she must be the sacrifice, and had now lived six " months in constant expectation of death. Feckenham, " afterwards abbot of Westminster, was sent to her by " the queen, three days before, to prepare her to die. " He had a long conversation with her; but she answer- " ed him with that calmness of mind and clearness of " reason, that it was astonishing to hear so young a " person of her sex and quality look on death so near " her with so little disorder, and talk so sensibly both " of faith and holiness, of the sacraments, the scriptures, " and the authority of the church. Feckenham left her " seeing he could work nothing on her; but procured " her, as it is said, the continuance of her life three days " longer and waited on her to the scaffold. She wrote " to her father to moderate his grief for her death, " which must needs have been great, since his folly had " occasioned it. She expressed her sense of her sin in " assuming the royal dignity, though he knew how un- " willingly she was drawn into it; and that in her royal " estate her enforced honour had never defiled her inno- " cent heart. She rejoiced at her approaching end, " since nothing could be to her more welcome than to

" be delivered from that valley of misery into that " heavenly throne to which she was to be advanced, " where she prayed they might meet at last. There was " one Harding, who had been her father's chaplain, and " that was a zealous preacher in king Edward's days, " before whose death he had animated the people much " to prepare for persecution and never depart from the " truth of the gospel; but he had now fallen away him- " self. To him she wrote a letter full of severe expos- " tulations and threatnings for his apostacy; but it had " no effect upon him. It is of an extraordinary strain, " full of life in the thoughts, and of zeal, if there is not " too much in the expressions. The night before her " execution she sent her Greek Testament, which she " had always used, to her sister, with a letter, in which, " in most pathetic expressions, she sets out the value " she had of it, and recommended the study and prac- " tice of it earnestly to her. She had also composed a " devout prayer for her retirements, and thus had she " spent the last moments of her life."*

I cannot restrain myself from adding what the same bishop, in another place, says concerning her, which, if it is a digression in the order of our account of this lady, it will be more than excused for the excellency of the character this celebrated historian draws of her. " She read," says he, " the scriptures much, and had " attained great knowledge in divinity. But with all " these advantages of birth and parts she was so humble, " so gentle, and pious, that all people both admired and " loved her. She had a mind wonderfully raised above " the world, and at the age, when others are but im- " bibing the notions of philosophy, she had attained to " the practice of the highest precepts of it. She was " neither lifted up with the hope of a crown, nor cast " down when she saw her palace made afterwards her " prison; but carried herself with an equal temper of " mind in those great inequalities of fortune, that so " suddenly exalted and depressed her. All the passion

* *History of the Reformation*, Vol. II. p. 271, 272.

" she expressed in it was that which is of the noblest " sort, and is the indication of tender and generous " natures, being much affected with the troubles into " which her husband and father fell on her account."*

We are now to attend this excellent lady to her closing scene, and view in what manner she met her violent, though unmerited death. The day finally appointed for her execution, as well as that of her husband, Lord Dudley, was the 12th of February, 1554. The fatal morning being come, her husband earnestly desired the officers that he might take his last farewell of her, which, tho' they readily permitted, yet, upon notice, she advised the contrary, assuring him, " That such a meeting " would rather add to his afflictions, than increase that " quiet wherewith they had possessed their souls for the " stroke of death, that he demanded a lenitive which " would put fire into the wound, and that it was to be " feared her presence would rather weaken than " strengthen him; that if his soul were not firm and " settled, she could not settle it by her eyes, nor confirm " it by her words; that he would do well to remit this " interview to the other world, that there indeed friend- " ships were happy and unions indissolvable, and that " theirs would be eternal, if they carried with them " nothing of terrestrial, which might hinder them from " rejoicing." She expressed great tenderness when she saw her husband led out to execution; but soon overcame it, when she considered how closely she was to follow him. All she could do was to give him a farewell out of a window as he passed towards the place of his execution, which he suffered on a scaffold on Tower-hill, with much christian meekness. His dead body being laid in a car, and his head wrapped up in a linen cloth, were carried to the chapel within the Tower, in the way to which they were to pass under the window of Lady Jane, which sad spectacle she beheld with a settled countenance. After this affecting sight, she wrote three short sentences in her table-book, in Greek, Latin, and English, which book,

* History of the Reformation, Vol. II. p. 284, 285.

upon Sir John Bridges's entreaty, (who was at that time lieutenant of the tower,) that she should bestow on him some memorial, she presented to him as an acknowledgment for the civility she had received from him. The sense of the Greek sentence was, "If his slain body "shall give testimony against me before men, his most "blessed soul shall render an eternal proof of my inno- "cence in the presence of God." The Latin sentence was to this effect: "The justice of men took away his "body, but the divine mercy has preserved his soul."— And the English sentence ran thus: "If my fault de- "served punishment, my youth, at least, and my im- "prudence, were worthy of excuse. God and posterity "will shew me favour."

She was led out by the lieutenant of the tower to the scaffold that was prepared upon the green, over against the white tower. It is said, that the court had once taken a resolution to have her beheaded upon the same scaffold with her husband; but, considering how much they were both pitied, and how generally Lady Jane was beloved, it was determined, to prevent any commotions, that her execution should be performed within the tower. She was attended to and upon the scaffold by Mr. Feckenham; but she was observed not to give much heed to his discourses, keeping her eyes fixed upon a book of prayers she had in her hand. After some short recollection she saluted those who were present with a countenance perfectly composed; then taking her leave of Mr. Feckenham, she said, "God will abundantly requite you, good "Sir, for your humanity to me, though your discourses "gave me more uneasiness than the terrors of my ap- "proaching death."

She next addressed herself to the spectators in the following speech:

"My Lords, and you good christian people which "come to see me die, I am under a law, and by that "law, as a never-erring judge, I am condemned to die; "not for any thing I have offended the queen's majesty, "*for I will wash my* hands guiltless thereof, and deliver "*to my God a* soul as pure from such trespass as inno-

" cence from injustice; but only for that I consented to
" the thing I was forced unto, constraint making the law
" believe I did that which I never understood. Notwith-
" standing I have offended Almighty God in that I have
" followed over-much the lust of my own flesh, and the
" pleasures of this wretched world; neither have I lived
" according to the knowledge that God hath given me,
" for which cause God hath appointed to me this kind of
" death, and that most worthily according to my deserts;
" howbeit I thank him heartily that he hath given me
" time to repent of my sins here in this world, and to
" reconcile myself to my Redeemer, whom my former
" vanities had in a great measure displeased.

" Wherefore, my lords, and all you good christian
" people, I most earnestly desire you all to pray with
" me, and for me, while I am yet alive, that God
" of his infinite goodness and mercy will forgive my sins,
" how numberless and grievous soever against him; and
" I beseech you all to bear me witness, that I here die a
" true christian woman, professing and avouching from
" my soul that I trust to be saved by the blood, passion,
" and merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, only, and
" by no other means, casting far behind me all the works
" and merits of mine own actions, as things so short of
" the true duty I owe, that I quake to think how much
" they may stand up against me."

Having delivered this speech, she kneeled down and repeated the fifty-first psalm in a most devout manner, from beginning to end; after which she stood up, and gave her gloves and her handkerchief to her women, Mrs. Eliz. Tilney, and Mrs. Helen, and her prayer-book to Sir John Bridges. On her untying her gown, the executioner offered to assist her; but she desired him to let her alone, and turning herself to her women, they helped her off with it, and gave her an handkerchief to bind about her eyes. The executioner kneeling down requested her forgiveness, which she most willingly gave *him*. Upon this he desired her to stand upon the straw, *which* bringing her within sight of the block, she said, " *I pray* dispatch me quickly." Then kneeling down,

she asked him, "Will you take it off before I lay me "down?" To which the executioner replied, "No, Madam." She then tied her handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block, said, "What shall I do? where is it?" upon which one of the standers-by guiding her to it, she laid her head down upon the block, and then stretched herself forward, and said, "Lord, into thine hands I commend my spirit," and immediately the executioner, at one stroke, severed her head from her body.

Thus fell this most accomplished lady, resigning her life in a manner worthy of her employing and improving it; "and a true christian faith," as one observes, "having "uniformly produced a christian life, with what triumph "did it trample on the sting of death, and spread a "glory round the Lady Jane, that eclipsed the faint lustre "of the superstitious and cruel Queen Mary on her "throne."*

The following verses were written by Lady Jane in the place of her confinement, and it is said with a pin.

Non aliena putes homini quæ obtingere possunt:
Sors hodierna mihi cras erat illa tibi.

In English.

Think not, O mortal, vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free:
The bitter cup I drink to-day
To-morrow may be drunk by thee.

Deo juvante nil nocet livor malus,
Et non juvante, nil juvat labor gravis.
Post tenebras spero lucem.

In English.

Endless all malice, if our God is nigh;
Fruitless all pains, if he his help deny.
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of eternal day.

As the Earl of Pembroke is a conspicuous Character in the following Drama, it seems desirable to give some *account of him as he* really appears in history.

* *Dr. Glocester Ridley's* Life of Bishop Ridley, p. 421.

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was the son of Sir Richard Herbert of Ewyas by Margaret his wife, daughter and heir of Sir Matthew Cradock of Swansea. He was born in the year 1502. In the year 1535 he was Esquire of the body to king Henry the VIII. and when that king lay upon his death-bed, being chief gentleman of the privy-chamber, and of the privy-council, the king constituted him one of his executors, leaving him by his will a legacy of £300. and appointed him one of the counsellors to his son prince Edward, in all matters concerning both his private and public affairs. For his services to K. Edward VI. on the death of Sir Anthony Brown, knight, he was made master of the horse, and on Dec. 1, 1548, was elected one of the Knights Companions of the Garter, and installed on Dec. 13, following. In 1551, he was advanced, by letters patent, to the degree of a baron of this realm, by the title of Lord Herbert of Caerdiff; and on the morrow created Earl of Pembroke.

His first wife was Anne, daughter of Thomas Lord Parr of Kendall, and sister to Catherine Parr, sixth wife of Henry VIII. as also sister and coheir to William Marquis of Northampton. By her he had two sons, Henry Lord Herbert, who succeeded him in the earldom of Pembroke, and who, at the same time that Lord Guildford Dudley was married to Lady Jane Gray, was married to Lady Catherine Gray her sister; and Sir Edward Herbert of Poole- or Powis-Castle; also one daughter, Anne, married to Francis Lord Talbot, son and heir to George, the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury. Lady Pembroke died at his seat at Baynard's-Castle in 1551.

His second wife was Anne, daughter of George Earl of Shrewsbury, and widow of Peter Compton, ancestor of the Earl of Northampton. By her he had no issue. She was buried at Erith in Kent, Aug. 8, 1588.

In the year 1553 he surrendered his place of master of the horse to Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, son of the D. of Northumberland.

At the funeral of Edward VI. he was one of the principal mourners; and was one of the chief of the privy

council, who signed a letter to the Lady Mary, acknowledging the Lady Jane Gray, lawful queen of the realm. But soon perceiving that the whole nation was averse to the D. of Northumberland's proceedings in the settlement of the crown, he was among the first that formed a party for the proclaiming of Mary on July 19, 1553; who had such a sense of his services, that she took him into favour, and on the insurrection of Sir Thomas Wyatt, she chose him general of the forces raised to oppose him. On Philip King of Spain landing in England, July 19, 1554, the Earl of Pembroke waited on him, and was present at his marriage with the queen at Winchester on the 25th; and Nov. 12, on the King and Queen's going to the parliament, he carried the sword before them.

On Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne, Nov. 17, 1558, he was sworn of her privy-council, and with the Marquis of Northampton, the Earl of Bedford, and the Lord John Gray, was entrusted by the Queen to be present at the consultations of those learned men and divines, who met at Sir Thomas Smith's house, and settled the reformation of religion as it is now established. He died at Hampton Court, March 17, 1569—70, in the 63d year of his age.

Collins's Peerage, Vol. III. p. 31, *&c.*

The following dates brought into one view will give a yet clearer insight into the transactions of this play and period.

1553, latter end of May, Lady Jane Gray was married to Lord Guilford Dudley.
June 21, The Succession was changed.
July 6, Edward VI. died, in the 16th year of his age.
10, Lady Jane proclaimed Queen.
19, Mary proclaimed Queen.
25, Duke of Northumberland sent to the Tower.
Aug. 3, Mary arrived in London.
22, D. of Northumberland and Sir John Gates beheaded.

1553, Aug. 23, Gardiner made Lord Chancellor.
Nov. 3. Lady Jane and Lord Guilford tried.
1554. Jan. Insurrection of the Duke of Suffolk and Sir Thomas Wyatt.
Feb. 12. Lady Jane and Lord Guilford Dudley were beheaded.

On comparing these facts and dates with the incidents of the Play, it appears, that the time which it takes up is rather more than nine months, from the marriage of Lady Jane Gray and Lord Guilford Dudley to their death; but that the author has altered the order of some of the events, omitted some, and varied from the history in several particulars. One of the very prominent features of the play is the love of the Earl of Pembroke for Lady Jane Gray, and his friendship with Lord Guilford Dudley and rivalry with him, together with their quarrel and reconciliation. This appears to me to be a very great fault, both as it is falsifying history, and also as it occupies that space in the play which might have been employed in events of a more interesting nature which really happened. The death of Edward VI. the trial of Lady Jane and Lord Guilford, and the characters of Queen Mary and of Feckenham might, I think, have been introduced with a very good effect; nay, I think the interest of the spectator and of the reader would have been still more strongly excited had they seen her at the beginning of the play in the retirement of Broadgate, and been present at the visit of Ascham.

It appears to me, that, were our dramas more frequently founded on history, and that followed as closely as the nature of the stage will admit, they might be rendered a very useful species of amusement; but, as they are now too commonly constructed, the most gross and unnecessary deviations are made. In the Play of The Royal Oak, produced the last summer at the Haymarket Theatre, the history is so altered, and so many new *incidents* are introduced, that it is likely, not only to *give* persons not well acquainted with the history very *erroneous* ideas, but it also does great injustice to the

memory of several persons whose names deserve to be handed down to posterity with respect and affection. To TRUSTY DICK PENDERELL are we indebted for disguising the King in the habit of a peasant and concealing him in his house, in the wood with him at work, or in The Royal Oak: But, in the place of him, the author of the Play has introduced a different character, and given him the name of *Arthur Maythorn*.

With these ideas respecting historical dramas, had I been aware to how great an extent Rowe has varied from fact in this Play of Lady Jane Gray, when I printed my Proposals, which was before I set down to compare it with the history, I should have had more doubt respecting the propriety of introducing it. But the history which is prefixed and given in some of the Notes, and also the observations here made, will, I hope, rather tend to the instruction of the reader, and afford hints to future authors in writing historical dramas.

Of the merits of this piece the author of the Biographia Dramatica says, "This is an admirable play, and is "frequently performed with success to this day, though "not absolutely on the acting list of plays."—"The "quarrel and reconciliation between Lord *Guilford* and "Lord *Pembroke* are very fine; and the scene of Lady "*Jane*, previous to her mounting the scaffold, has "abundance of *pathos* in it. On the whole, I think I "may venture to pronounce it equal to any, and supe-"rior to most of the dramatic pieces of this admirable "author." Vol. II. p. 183.

Never having seen this piece performed, and having more than once witnessed the admirable acting of Mrs. Siddons in Jane Shore, that play has had an advantage with me which Lady Jane Gray has not had, and which makes it much more interesting to me, as I can never read it without bringing to mind the representation. But I am of opinion, that, were Lady Jane Gray well performed, an audience of any taste and judgment would be highly gratified.* The amiable piety of Lady Jane, the

* *I am informed that* Lady Jane Gray *is now sometimes performed by the Norwich Company, and is always received with approbation.*

delicate love between her and Lord Guilford, the friendship, quarrel and reconciliation of Lord Guilford and Pembroke, the sweetness of the poetry, and the value of the moral and religious sentiments, form a Tragedy which is surpassed by but few on our stage. The alterations made in it have been fewer, I believe, than in any former play.

The Reader may be pleased to be referred to *An Epistle from Lady Jane Gray to Lord Guilford Dudley, supposed to have been written in the Tower, a few days before they suffered:* by GEORGE KEATE, Esq. in the second volume of his POEMS. There are some things in it liable to the objections which I have made in my different works to the sentiments and language of our poets; but it is a pleasing poem, and applicable to our present purpose. There is a beautiful Portrait of Lady Jane prefixed to it.

The copies used in printing this play have been one printed for Lowndes, &c. in 1791. Bell's edition of 1776, and the original 4to. of 1715.

Clare Hall, Oct. 9, 1811.

THE AUTHOR's DEDICATION.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

*THE PRINCESS OF WALES.**

MADAM,

A Princess of the same royal blood to which you are so closely and so happily allied, presumes to throw herself at the feet of your Royal Highness for protection. The character of that excellent lady, as it is delivered down to us in history, is very near the same with the picture I have endeavoured to draw of her: and if, in the poetical colouring, I have aim'd at heightening and improving some of the features, it was only to make her more worthy of those illustrious hands to which I always intended to present her.

As the British nation in general is infinitely indebted to your Royal Highness: so every particular person

---

* Afterwards QUEEN CAROLINE. Carolina Wilhelmina Dorothea, daughter of John Frederic, Marquis of Brandenburgh Anspach, was born March 1, 1683. The fame of her beauty reaching the Court of Spain, Charles the third solicited her hand in marriage. Her family were anxious that she should accept the alliance, which the difference of Religious sentiments alone seemed likely to obstruct; but it was in vain that they endeavoured to persuade her to change her opinions, and embrace her proposed husband's faith. The firmness of her conduct excited the admiration of the elector of Hanover, who solicited her hand for his son, the prince of Wales: and upon the death of king George the first, in 1727, she was crowned queen of England with king George the second. Tindal (in his continuation of Rapin's History of England) says, that "No princess lived more "*in the love and esteem* of all who knew her, than queen Caroline: "*did* her *conjugal* fidelity was exemplary, and her parental at- "*tention*, proved by the numerous virtues which adorned her

amongst us ought to contribute, according to their several capacities and abilities, towards the discharging that public obligation.

We are your debtors, Madam, for the preference you gave us, in chusing to wear the British, rather than the imperial crown; for giving the best daughter to our king, and the best wife to our prince. It is to your Royal Highness we owe the security that shall be delivered down to our children's children, by a most hopeful and beautiful, as well as a numerous royal issue. These are the bonds of our civil duty: but your Royal Highness has laid us under others, yet more sacred and engaging; I mean those of religion. You are not only the brightest ornament, but the patroness and defender of our holy faith.

Nor is it Britain alone, but the world, but the present and all succeeding ages, who shall bless your royal name, for the greatest example that can be given of a disinterested piety, and unshaken constancy.

This is what we may certainly reckon amongst the

" offspring; but she was not distinguished for private virtues alone; " her royal consort, in her, always found a wise and faithful coun- " sellor; her natural sagacity and talents were improved by reading, " and conversing with the most eminent philosophers and authors of " the age."

The short limits of a Note will not allow me to dilate on the character of this excellent princess; but I cannot forbear to refer such of my readers as have an opportunity of consulting them, to the dedication of Saurin's fifth volume of Sermons, in 1725, to this Princess, an extract from which may be seen in the Memoirs of that divine prefixed to a small volume of *The Beauties of Saurin*, published by Lee and Hurst in Pater-noster Row, and also to the *Dedication To the Queen* to the first edition of Cruden's Concordance, published early in November 1737. She died the 20th of the same month. EDITOR.

benefits your Royal Highness has conferred upon us. Tho' at the same time, how partial soever we may be to ourselves, we ought not to believe you declined the first crown of Europe, in regard to Britain only. No, Madam, it is in justice to your Royal Highness that we must confess, you had more excellent motives for so great an action as that was, since you did it in obedience to the dictates of reason and conscience, for the sake of true religion, and for the honour of God. All things that are great have been offered to you; and all things that are good and happy, as well in this world as a better, will, we trust, become the reward of such exalted virtue and piety. The blessings of our nation, the prayers of our church, with the faithful service of all good men, will wait upon your Royal Highness as long as you live: and whenever, for the punishment of this land, you shall be taken from us, your name shall be dear to remembrance, and Almighty God, who alone is able, will, we trust, bestow on you the fulness of recompence.

Amongst the several offerings of duty which are made to you here, be graciously pleased to accept of this unworthy trifle, which is, with the greatest respect and lowest submission, presented to your Royal Highness, by,

Madam,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient, most devoted, and,

Most faithful humble servant,

N. ROWE.

THE AUTHOR's PREFACE.

THOUGH I have very little inclination to write prefaces before works of this nature; yet, upon this particular occasion, I cannot but think myself obliged to give some account of this play, as well in justice to myself, as to a very learned and ingenious gentleman, my friend, who is dead. The person I mean, was Mr. Smith* of Christ church, Oxon: one, whose character I could, with great pleasure, enter into, if it was not already very well known to the world. As I had the happiness to be intimately acquainted with him, he often told me, that he designed writing a tragedy upon the story of the Lady Jane Gray; and if he had lived, I should never have thought of meddling with it myself: but as he died without doing it, in the beginning of last summer I resolved to undertake it. And, indeed, the hopes I had of receiving some considerable assistances from the papers he left behind him, were one of the principal motives that induced me to go about it. These papers were in the hands of Mr. Ducket,† to whom my friend, Mr. Thomas Burnet,‡ was so kind as to write,

---

* EDMUND SMITH was the son of Mr. Neale, who had secretly married a daughter of the famous Baron Lechemere. His father dying when he was very young, he was left under the care of a near relation whose name was Smith, and who had married Mr. Neale's sister: his name he always bore. He was born in the year 1668, was educated at Westminster School, and at Christ Church Oxford, and died in the month of July in the year 1710. He was author of A Tragedy on the story of *Phædra and Hippolitus*, and translated *Longinus's Treatise on the sublime*. His life was published with his works in 1 vol. 12mo, in 1714, by *Mr. Oldisworth*, which may be seen with some farther particulars in *Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets*. E.

† GEORGE DUCKET, Esq; of Hartham in Wiltshire, at whose house Smith died, and where he was buried in the parish church. E.

‡ Author of a book on The Theory of the Earth, &c. E.

and procure them for me. The least return I can make to those gentlemen, is this public acknowledgment of their great civility on this occasion. I must confess, before those papers came to my hand, I had entirely formed the design, or fable, of my own play; and when I came to look them over, I found it was different from that which Mr. Smith intended; the plan of his being drawn after that which is in print of Mr. Banks;* at least I thought so, by what I could pick out of his papers. To say the truth, I was a good deal surprised and disappointed at the sight of them. I hoped to have met with great part of the play written to my hand; or, at least, the whole of the design regularly drawn out. Instead of that, I found the quantity of about two quires of paper written over in odd pieces, blotted, interlined, and confused. What was contained in them in general, was loose hints of sentiments, and short obscure sketches of scenes. But how they were to be applied, or in what order they were to be ranged, I could not, by any diligence of mine, (and I looked them very carefully over more than once) come to understand. One scene there was, and one only, that seemed pretty near perfect, in which Lord Guilford singly persuades Lady Jane to take the crown. From that I borrowed all that I could, and inserted it in my own third act. But indeed the manner and turn of his fable was so different from mine, that I could not take above five and twenty, or thirty lines at the most; and even in those I was obliged to make some alteration. I should have been very glad to have come into a partnership of reputation with so fine a writer as Mr. Smith was; but in truth, his hints were so short and dark, (many of them marked even in short hand) that they were of little use or service to me. They might have served as indexes to his own memory, and he might have formed a play out of them;

* *The Innocent Usurper; or The Death of the Lady Jane Gray.* This is a far inferior play to Rowe's. Though the plan is in some respects more conformable to History, yet the language is so over-strained, and even ridiculous, and in other respects so objectionable, that we are obliged to Rowe for superseding, by a far superior play, what might have otherwise attracted notice from the subject.

but I dare say nobody else could. In one part of his design, he seemed to differ from Mr. Banks, whose tale he generally designed to follow; since I observed in many of those short sketches of scenes, he had introduced queen Mary. He seemed to intend her character pitiful, and inclining to mercy; but urged on to cruelty by the rage and bloody dispositions of Bonner, and Gardiner. This hint I had likewise taken from the late Bishop of Salisbury's* History of the Reformation; who lays, and I believe, very justly, the horrible cruelties that were acted at that time, rather to the charge of that persecuting spirit by which the clergy were then animated, than to the queen's own natural disposition.

Many people believed, or, at least, said, that Mr. Smith left a play very near entire behind him. All that I am sorry for is, that it was not so in fact; I should have made no scruple of taking three, four, or even the whole five acts from him; but then I hope I should have had the honesty to let the world know they were his, and not take another man's reputation to myself.

This is what I thought necessary to say, as well on my own account, as in regard to the memory of my friend.

For the play, such as it is, I leave it to prosper as it can; I have resolved never to trouble the world with any public apologies for my writings of this kind, as much as I have been provoked to it. I shall turn this, my youngest child, out into the world, with no other provision than a saying which I remember to have seen before one of Mrs. Behn's:

Va! mon enfant, prend ta fortune.

---

* Dr. Gilbert Burnet. E.

A

PROLOGUE,

BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

When waking terrors rouse the guilty breast,
And fatal visions break the murd'rer's rest;
When vengeance does Ambition's fate decree,
And tyrants bleed, to set whole nations free;
Tho' the Bard saddens each distressed scene,
Unmov'd is every breast, and ev'ry face serene:
The mournful lines no tender heart subdue;
Compassion is to suff'ring goodness due.
The Poet your attention begs once more,
T' atone for characters here drawn before;
No royal mistress sighs thro' every page,
And breathes her dying sorrows on the stage:
No lovely fair, by soft persuasion won,
Lays down the load of life, when honour 's gone.
Nobly to bear the changes of our state,
To stand unmov'd against the storms of fate,
A brave contempt of life, and grandeur lost:
Such glorious toils a female name can boast.
Our author draws not Beauty's heavenly smile,
T' invite our wishes, and our hearts beguile:
No soft enchantments languish in her eye,
No blossoms fade, nor sick'ning roses die.
A nobler passion ev'ry breast must move,
Than youthful raptures, or the joys of love,
A mind unchang'd, superior to a crown,
Bravely defies the angry tyrant's frown;
The same, if she or sinks, or mounts on high,
Or if the world's extended ruins lie:
With gen'rous scorn she lays the sceptre down;
Great souls shine brightest by misfortunes shown.

With patient courage she sustains the blow,
And triumphs o'er variety of woe.
Thro' ev'ry scene the sad distress is new:
How well feign'd life does represent the true!
Unhappy age! who views the bloody stain,
But must with tears record our Mary's reign;
When zeal by doctrine flatter'd lawless will,
Instructed by religion's voice to kill?
Ye British fair, lament in silent woe;
Let ev'ry eye with tender pity flow;
The lovely form, thro' falling drops, will seem
Like flow'ry shadows on the silver stream.
Thus beauty, your sweet ornament, shall prove
Enrich'd by virtue, thence more worth man's love.
Forget your charms, fond woman's dear delight,
The fops will languish here another night.
No conquest from dissembling smiles we fear;
She only kills, who wounds us with a tear.

PROLOGUE.

To-NIGHT the noblest subject swells our scene,
A heroine, a martyr, and a queen;
And tho' the poet dares not boast his art,
The very theme shall something great impart,
To warm the gen'rous soul, and touch the tender heart.
To you, fair judges, we the cause submit;
Your eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ.
If your soft pity waits upon our woe,
If silent tears for suff'ring virtue flow;
Your grief the Poet's labour shall confess,
The lively passions, and the just distress.

Oh! could our author's pencil justly paint,
Such as she was in life, the beauteous saint;
Boldly your strict attention might we claim,
And bid you mark and copy out the dame.
No waud'ring glance one wanton thought confess'd,
No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast:
The only love that warm'd her blooming youth,
Was husband, England, Liberty, and Truth.
For these she fell; while, with too weak a hand,
She strove to save a blind ungrateful land.
But thus the secret laws of Heav'n ordain,
'Twas left to William's hand to break that chain,
And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannic reign.
For ever as the circling years return,
Ye grateful Britons! crown the hero's urn;
To him as a foundation, you still owe
Blessings, which e'en succeeding reigns bestow;
A father's name was to himself denied,
To you a father, he that loss supply'd.
Then, while you view the royal line's increase,
And count the pledges of your future peace,
From this great stock while still new glories come,
Conquest abroad, and liberty at home;
While you behold the beautiful and brave,
Bright princesses to grace you, kings to save,
Enjoy the gift, but bless the Hand that gave.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland.
Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk.
Lord Guilford Dudley, Son to the D. of Northumberland.
William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.
William Yelverton, Earl of Sussex.
Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Sir John Gates.
Sir John Bridges, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Captain of the Guard.

WOMEN.

Frances, Duchess of Suffolk.
Lady Jane Gray, Daughter to the D. of Suffolk.
Two Women attending on Lady Jane.

Lords of the Council, Gentlemen, Guards, and Attendants.

LADY JANE GRAY.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Court.**

Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND,† *Duke of* SUFFOLK,‡ *and Sir* JOHN GATES.

Nor. 'Tis all in vain; Heav'n seems to claim its pledge,
And he must die.
Suff. Is there an honest heart,
That loves our England, does not mourn for Edward?
Our isle itself seems as if shook with sorrow,
'Bowing his venerable head with pain,
'And labouring with the sickness of his Lord.'
Religion melts in ev'ry holy eye,
'All comfortless, afflicted, and forlorn
'She sits on earth, and weeps upon her cross:
'Weary of man, and his detested ways,
'Ev'n now she seems to meditate her flight,
'And waft her fav'rite to the thrones above.'
Nor. Ay, there, my Lord, you touch our heaviest loss,
With him our holy faith is like to suffer;
With him our church shall veil her sacred front,
That late from heaps of Gothic ruins rose,
In her first native simple majesty:
The toil of saints, and price of martyrs' blood,
Shall fail with Edward, and again old Rome
Shall spread her banners, and her monkish host;
Pride, ignorance, and rapine shall return;
Blind bloody zeal and cruel priestly pow'r,
May scourge the land for ten dark ages more.

* At Greenwich.
† See the Editor's Preface, p. 328. ‡ Ibid. p. 323, 328.

Gates. Is there no help in all the healing art,
No potent juice or drug to save a life
So precious, and prevent a nation's fate?
Nor. What has been left untried that art can do?
'The hoary wrinkled leech has watch'd and toil'd,
'Tried every health-restoring herb and gum,
'And wearied out his painful skill in vain.
'Close, like a dragon folded in his den,
'Some secret venom preys upon his heart;
'A stubborn and unconquerable flame
'Creeps in his veins, and drinks the streams of life;'*
His youthful sinews are unstrung, cold sweats,
And deadly paleness sit upon his visage,
And every gasp we look shall be his last.
Gates. Doubt not, your graces, but the popish faction,
Will at this juncture urge their utmost force.
All on the Princess Mary turn their eyes,
Well hoping she shall build again their altars,
And bring their idol-worship back in triumph.
'*Nor.* Good Heav'n ordain some better fate for England!
'*Suf.* What better can we hope, if she should reign?
'I know her well, a blinded zealot is she,
'A gloomy nature, sullen and severe,
'Nurtur'd by proud presuming Romish priests,
'Taught to believe they only cannot err,
'Because they cannot err; bred up in scorn
'Of reason, and the whole lay-world; instructed
'To hate whoe'er dissent from what they teach,
'To purge the world from heresy by blood,
'To massacre a nation, and believe it
'An act well-pleasing to the Lord of Mercy.
'These are thy gods, Oh Rome! and this thy faith.'
Nor. And shall we tamely yield ourselves to bondage,
Bow down before the holy purple tyrants,
And bid them tread upon our slavish necks?

---

* "Sorbent avidæ præcordia flammæ."
Ovid. Metam. lib. ix. l. 172.
See a Note on these two lines in the Encyc. Brit. Vol. xiii. Pt. ii. p. 562. art. Metaphor.

No; let this faithful free-born English hand
First dig my grave in liberty and honour:
And though I found but one more thus resolv'd,
That honest man and I would die together.
Suf. Doubt not, there are ten thousand, and ten
To own a cause so just. [thousand,
Gates. The list I gave
Into your grace's hand last night, declares
My pow'r and friends at full. [*To Northumb.*
Nor. Be it your care,
Good Sir John Gates, to see your friends appointed,
And ready for the occasion. Haste this instant,
Lose not a moment's time.
Gates. I go, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Nor. Your grace's princely daughter, Lady Jane,
Is she yet come to court?
Suf. Not yet arriv'd,
But with the soonest I expect her here.
I know her duty to the dying king,
Join'd with my strict commands to hasten hither,
Will bring her on the wing.
Nor. Beseech your grace,
To speed another messenger to press her;
For on her happy presence all our counsels
Depend, and take their form
Suf. Upon the instant
Your grace shall be obey'd. I go to summon her.
[*Exit Suffolk.*
Nor. What seeming-trivial causes hold dominion
O'er wise men's counsels, and the fate of empire?
'The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
'Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,
'Depend upon our husbanding a moment.'
She must be here, and lodg'd in Guilford's arms,
Ere Edward dies, or all we've done is marr'd.
Ha! Pembroke! that's a bar which thwarts my way.
His fiery temper brooks not opposition,
And *must be met* with soft and supple arts;
'*With crouching* courtesy, and honey'd words;
Such as assuage the fierce, and bend the strong.

Enter the Earl of PEMBROKE.*

Good morrow, noble Pembroke, we have staid
The meeting of the council for your presence.

Pem. For mine, my Lord! you mock your servant,
To say that I am wanted, where yourself,
The mighty champion of our state, is present;
Whatever dangers menace prince or people,
Our great Northumberland is arm'd to meet them;
The ablest head, and firmest heart you bear,
Nor need a second in the glorious task;
Equal yourself to all the toils of empire.

Nor. No; as I honour virtue, I have tried,
And know my strength too well; nor can the voice
Of friendly flattery, like yours, deceive me.
I know my temper liable to passions,
And all the frailties common to our nature;
'Blind to events, too easy of persuasion,
'And often, too, too often, have I err'd.'
Much therefore have I need of some good man,
Some wise and honest heart, whose friendly aid
Might guide my treading thro' the hour of dangers;
And (on the honour of my name I say it)
I know not one of all our English peers
Whom I would choose for that best friend, like Pembroke.

Pem. 'What shall I answer to a trust so noble,
'This prodigality of praise and honour!'
Were not your grace too generous of soul,
To speak a language differing from your heart,
How might I think you could not mean this goodness
To one, who is become (tho' much it grieves him)
The rival of your son.

Nor. No more! I scorn a thought
So much below the dignity of virtue.
'Tis true, I look on Guilford like a father,
Lean to his side, and see but half his failings:
But on a point like this, when equal merit
Stands forth to make its bold appeal to honour,
And calls to have the balance held in justice;

* See the Editor's Preface, p. 346.

Away with all the fondnesses of nature!
I judge of Pembroke and my son alike.
Pem. I ask no more to bind me to your service.
Nor. The realm is now at hazard, and bold factions
Threaten change, tumult, and disastrous days.
These fears drive out the gentler thoughts of joy,
Of courtship, and of love. Grant Heaven the state
To fix in peace and safety once again;
Then speak your passion to the princely maid,
And fair success attend you. For myself,
My voice shall go as far for you, my lord,
As for my son, and beauty be the umpire.
But now a heavier matter calls upon us;
The king with life just lab'ring; and I fear
The council grow impatient at our stay.
Pem. One moment's pause, and I attend your grace.
[*Exit Northumb.*
Old Winchester cries to me oft, Beware
Of proud Northumberland. The testy prelate,
Froward with age, with disappointed hopes,
And zealous for old Rome, rails on the duke,
Suspecting him to favour the new teachers:
Yet e'en in that, if I judge right, he errs.
But, were it so, what are these monkish quarrels,
These wordy wars of proud ill-manner'd schoolmen,
To us and our lay-interest? Let them rail
And worry one another at their pleasure.
This duke, of late, by many worthy offices,
Has sought my friendship; and, yet more, his son,
The noblest youth our England has to boast of,
The gentlest nature and the bravest spirit,
Has made me long the partner of his breast.
'Nay, when he found, in spite of the resistance
'My struggling heart had made to do him justice,
'That I was grown his rival; he strove hard,
'And would not turn me forth from out his bosom,
'But call'd me still his friend.' And see! he comes.

Enter Lord GUILFORD DUDLEY.

Oh, Guilford, just as thou wert ent'ring here,
My thought was running all thy virtues o'er,

And wond'ring how thy soul could choose a partner
So much unlike itself.
Guil. How could my tongue
Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise!
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature,
Thy open manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And in-born truth unknowing to dissemble!
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next Heav'n, I trust.
Pem. Oh! gen'rous youth!
What can a heart, stubborn and fierce, like mine,
Return to all thy sweetness?——Yet I would,
I would be grateful.——Oh, hapless Pembroke!
Would I had never seen her, never cast
Mine eyes on Suffolk's daughter!
Guil. So would I;
Since it was mine to see and love her first.
Pem. Oh! Why should she, a good to all around her,
Like light, a common blessing to the world,
Rise like a blasting fatal to our friendship,
And threaten it with ruin?
Guil. Heaven forbid!
But tell me, Pembroke, is it not in virtue
To arm against this proud imperious passion?
'Does holy friendship dwell so near to envy,
'She could not bear to see another happy?'
If thro' some cause we see not, partial beauty
Should at length favour Guilford?——
Pemb. Name it not,
My fiery spirits kindle at the thought,
And hurry me to rage.
Guil. And, yet, I think,
I shou'd not murmur, were thy lot to prosper,
And mine to be refus'd. Tho', sure, the loss
Would wound me to the heart.
Pemb. Ha! could'st thou bear it?
And, yet, perhaps, thou might'st: Thy gentle temper
Is form'd with passions mix'd in due proportion,
Where no one over-bears nor plays the tyrant,
'*But join* in Nature's business and thy happiness.'

While mine, disdaining reason and her laws,
Like all thou can'st imagine wild and furious,
Now drive me headlong on, now whirl me back,
And hurry my unstable flitting soul.
Then pity me, and let my weakness stand.——

*Enter Sir JOHN GATES.**

Gates. The lords of council
Wait with impatience.——

Pemb. I attend their pleasure. [*Exit Sir J. G.*
This only, and no more then. Whatsoever
Be the event, still let us call to mind
Our friendship and our honour. And, since love
Has caus'd us to be rivals for one prize,
Let us contend, as friends and brave men ought,
With openness and justice to each other;
That he who wins the fair one to his arms,
May take her as the crown of great desert:
And, if the wretched loser does repine,
His own heart and the world may all condemn him.
[*Exit Pembroke.*

Guil. How cross the ways of life lie! While we think
We travel on direct in one high road,
And have our journey's end oppos'd in view,
A thousand thwarting paths break in upon us,
To puzzle and perplex our wand'ring steps.
Love, friendship, hatred, in their turns mislead us,
And ev'ry passion has its separate interest.
Where is that piercing foresight can unfold
Where all this mazy error will have end,
And tell what will befall to me and Pembroke!
'There is but one end certain, that is——death:
'Yet e'en that certainty is still uncertain.
'For, of these several tracks which lie before us,
'We know that one leads certainly to death,
'But know not which that one is.' 'Tis in vain,
This blind divining; let me think no more on't:
And, see, the mistress of our fate appears!

* In the 4to. it is Enter a Messenger.

Enter Lady JANE GRAY *with attendants.*

Hail, princely maid! who with auspicious beauty
Cheer'st ev'ry drooping heart in this sad place,
Who, like the silver regent of the night,
Lift'st up thy beams benign upon the land,
To bid the gloom look gay, dispel our horrors
And make us less lament the setting sun.

L. J. Gray. Yes, Guilford, well dost thou compare my presence
To the faint comfort of the waning moon:
Like her cold orb, a cheerless gleam I bring,
'Silence and heaviness of heart, with dews
'To dress the face of nature all in tears.'
But, say, how fares the king?

Guil. He lives as yet,
But ev'ry moment cuts away a hope,
Adds to our fears, and gives the infant saint
Great prospect of his opening heaven.

L. J. Gray. 'May choirs of angels, waiting to receive [him,
'Tune their melodious harps to some high strain,
'And waft him upwards with a song of triumph:'
Oh, Guilford! what remains for wretched England,
When he, our guard and growing hope, forsakes us?

Guil. I own my heart bleeds inward at the thought,
'And rising horrors crowd the opening scene.'
And yet, forgive me, thou, my native country,
Thou land of liberty, thou nurse of heroes,
Forgive me, if, in spite of all thy dangers,
New springs of pleasure flow within my bosom,
When thus 'tis giv'n me to behold with wonder
The excelling hand which moulds the human visage,
'Giving each day new patterns of its skill,
'And yet at once surpassing them.'

L. J. Gray. Vain flattery!
'Harsh and ill-sounding ever to my ear;
'But, on a day like this, the raven's note
'Strikes on my sense more sweetly.' But, no more,
'*I charge* thee touch th' ungrateful theme no more;'
Lead me to pay my duty to the king,

To wet his pale cold hand with these last tears,
And share the blessings of his parting breath.
Guil. Were I like dying Edward, sure a touch
Of this dear hand would kindle life a-new.
But I comply:—Spare, spare that gath'ring frown;
And oh! whene'er my bosom swells with passion,
And my full heart is pain'd with ardent love,
Allow me then to look on you, and sigh;
This humble joy shall Guilford ask in vain?
L. J. Gray. Still wilt thou frame thy speech to this vain purpose,
'When the wan King of Terrors stalks before us,'
When universal ruin gathers round,
And no escape is left us? Are we not
Like wretches in a storm, whom ev'ry moment
The greedy deep is gaping to devour?
'Around us see the pale despairing crew,
'Wring their sad hands, and give their labour o'er;'
The hope of life has ev'ry heart forsook,
And horror sits on each distracted look;
'One solemn thought of death does all employ,
'And cancels, like a dream, delight and joy;
'One sorrow streams from all their weeping eyes,
'And one consenting voice for mercy cries:'
Trembling, they dread just Heav'n's avenging power,
Mourn their past lives, and wait the fatal hour.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, *and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

North. Yet then be cheer'd, my heart, amidst thy mourning,
'*Tho' gloom hang heavy o'er us, tho' pale fear*
'*And wild distraction sit on ev'ry face;*'

Tho' never day of grief was known like this,
Let me rejoice, and bless the hallow'd light,
Whose beams auspicious shine upon our union,
And bid me call the noble Suffolk, brother.

Suff. I know not what my secret soul presages,
But something seems to whisper me within,
That we have been too hasty. 'For myself,
'I wish this matter had been yet delay'd;
'That we had waited for some happier time,
'Some better day, some train of things concurring,
'For love to kindle up a holy flame.
'But, you, my noble brother, would prevail,
'And I have yielded to you.'

North. Doubt not any thing;
Nor hold the hour ill-suited. That good Heav'n,
'Who softens the corrections of his hand,
'And mixes still a comfort with afflictions,'
Has giv'n to-day a blessing in our children,
To wipe away our tears for dying Edward.*

Suff. In that I trust. Good angels be our guard,
And make my fears prove vain. But see! my wife!
With her, your son, the gen'rous Guilford, comes;
She has inform'd him of our present purpose.

Enter the Duchess of SUFFOLK† *and Lord* GUILFORD.

Guil. How shall I speak the fulness of my heart?
What shall I say, to bless you for this goodness?
Oh! gracious princess! But my life is yours,
And all the business of my years to come,
Is, to attend with humblest duty on you,
And pay my vow'd obedience at your feet.

Duch. Suff. Yes, noble youth, I share in all thy joys,
'In all the joys which this sad day can give.
'The dear delight I have to call thee son,

* From this and the subsequent parts of the act it appears that Rowe makes the marriage of Lord Guilford Dudley with Lady Jane Gray and the death of Edward VI. to have happened on the same day; but in reality the former took place towards the end of May, and the latter July 6, 1553. See the Editor's Preface, p. 328, 336, 347.

† See the Editor's Preface, p. 328.

'Comes like a cordial to my drooping spirits:
'It broods with gentle warmth upon my bosom,
'And melts that frost of death which hung about me.'
But haste! inform my daughter of our pleasure;
'Let thy tongue put on all its pleasing eloquence,
'Instruct thy love to speak of comfort to her,
'To soothe her griefs, and cheer the mourning maid.'

North. All-desolate and drown'd in flowing tears,
By Edward's bed the pious princess sits;
'Fast from her lifted eyes the pearly drops
'Fall trickling o'er her cheek, while holy ardor
'And fervent zeal pour forth her lab'ring soul;'
And ev'ry sigh is wing'd with pray'rs so potent,
As strive with Heav'n to save her dying Lord.

Duch. Suff. From the first early days of infant life,
A gentle band of friendship grew betwixt them;
And while our royal uncle Henry reign'd,
As brother and as sister bred together,
Beneath one common parent's care they liv'd.

North. A wond'rous sympathy of souls conspir'd
To form the sacred union. 'Lady Jane,
'Of all his royal blood, was still the dearest:
'In ev'ry innocent delight they shar'd,
'They sung, and danc'd, and sat, and walk'd together;
'Nay, in the graver business of his youth,
'When books and learning call'd him from his sports,
'E'en there the princely maid was his companion.
'She left the shining court to share his toil,
'To turn with him the grave historian's page,
'And taste the rapture of the poet's song;
'To search the Latin and the Grecian stores,
'And wonder at the mighty minds of old.'

Enter Lady JANE GRAY, *weeping.*

L. J. Gray. Wo't thou not break, my heart!
Suff. Alas! what mean'st thou?
Guil. Oh, speak!
Duch. Suff. How fares the King?
North. Say, is he dead?
L. J. Gray. His spirit's wafted hence.

Duch. Suff. When I left him,
He seem'd a little cheer'd, ' just as you enter'd ——'
L. J. Gray. As I approach'd to kneel and pay my duty,
He rais'd his feeble eyes, and faintly smiling,
Are you then come? he cry'd: I only liv'd,
To bid farewell to thee, my gentle cousin,
' To speak a few short words to thee, and die.'
With that he press'd my hand, and oh!——he said,
When I am gone, do thou be good to England;
Keep to that faith in which we both were bred,
And to the end be constant. More I would,
But cannot.—There his falt'ring spirits fail'd,
' And turning ev'ry thought from earth at once,
' To that bless'd place where all his hopes were fix'd,
' Earnest he pray'd;——Merciful, great defender!
' Preserve thy holy altars undefil'd.
' Protect this land from bloody men and idols,
' Save my poor people from the yoke of Rome,
' And take thy painful servant to thy mercy.'
Then, sinking on his pillow, with a sigh,
He breath'd his innocent and faithful soul
Into His hands who gave it.*
Guil. ' To be crown'd,
' I trust, with glory of the brightest angels.-
' Heav'n guard his ashes, and his realm in peace!'
North. Our grief be on his grave. Our present duty
Enjoins to see his last commands obey'd.
I hold it fit his death be not made known
To any but our friends. To-morrow early
The council shall assemble at the Tower.
Meanwhile, I beg your grace would strait inform
[*To the Duchess of Suffolk.*
Your princely daughter of our resolution;
Our common interest in that happy tie,
Demands our swiftest care to see it finish'd.
Duch. Suff. My lord, you have determin'd well.
Lord Guilford,
Be it your task to speak at large our purpose.

* " Then shall the dust return unto the earth as it was, and the " spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Eccles. xii. 7.

Daughter, receive this lord as one whom I,
Your father, and his own, ordain your husband:
What more concerns our will, and your obedience,
We leave you to receive from him at leisure.
[*Exeunt the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, and Duke of Northumberland.*
Guil. Wo't thou not spare a moment from thy sorrows,
'And bid these bubbling streams forbear to flow?
'Wo't thou not give one interval to joy,'
One little pause, while humbly I unfold
The happiest tale my tongue was ever blest with?
L. J. Gray. My heart is cold within me, ev'ry sense
Is dead to joy; but I will hear thee, Guilford,
'Nay, I must hear thee, such is her command,
'Whom early duty taught me still t' obey.'
But oh! forgive me, if to all thy story,
Tho' richest eloquence attend thy speaking,
Forgive me, if I cannot better answer,
Than weeping—thus, and thus——
Guil. If I offend thee,
'If any sound from me disturb thy quiet,
'Let me no more have power to address thine ears.
'What is my peace or happiness to thine?'
No; tho' our noble parents had decreed,
And urg'd high reasons which import the state,
This day to give thee to my faithful arms,
My fairest bride, my only earthly bliss.——
L. J. Gray. How! Guilford! on this day!
Guil. This happy day,
Yet if thou art resolv'd to cross my wish,
If this my utmost hope should give thee pain,
I'd sooner pray (but that such pray'r were impious)
To fall beneath the stroke of death before thee.
'I would be swept away with things forgotten,
'Be huddled up in some obscure blind grave,
'Ere thou should'st say my love has made thee wretched.'
L. J. Gray. Alas! I have too much of death already,
And *want not thine* to furnish out new horror.
'*O! dreadful thought!* If thou wert dead indeed,
'*What hope* were left me then? Yes, I will own,

'Spite of the blush that burns my maiden cheek,
'My heart has fondly lean'd toward thee long:
'Thy sweetness, virtue, and unblemish'd youth,
'Have won a place for thee within my bosom:
'And, if my eyes look coldly on thee now,
'And shun thy love on this disastrous day,
'It is because I would not deal so hardly,
'To give thee sighs for all thy faithful vows,
'And pay thy tenderness with nought but tears.
'And yet 'tis all I have.

'*Guil.* I ask no more;'

Let me but call thee mine, confirm that hope,
To charm the doubts which vex my anxious soul;
For all the rest, do thou allot it for me,
And at thy pleasure portion out my blessings.

'My eyes shall learn to smile or weep from thine,
'Nor will I think of joy while thou art sad.

'*L. J. Gray.* Say, wo't thou give up all to solemn
'sadness?
'Wo't thou, in watching, waste the tedious hours?
'Say, wo't thou, 'midst these days of desolation,
'Banish the thought that ever we have lov'd,
'And only now and then let fall a tear,
'To mourn for Edward's loss, and England's fate?

'*Guil.* Unwearied still I will attend thy woes,
'And be a very faithful partner to thee,
'My eyes shall mix their falling drops with thine,
'Constant, as never-ceasing waters roll,
'That purl and gurgle o'er their sands for ever.
'The sun shall see my grief, thro' all his course;
'And, when night comes, sad Philomel,* who plains
'From starry vesper to the rosy dawn,
'Shall cease to tune her lamentable song,
'Ere I give o'er to weep and mourn with thee.'

L. J. Gray. Here, then, I take thee to my heart for ever, [*Giving her hand.*
'The dear companion of my future days;

* *Rowe*, like almost all his brother poets, makes the Nightingale *that sings* to be the female, whereas Naturalists inform us it is the *male bird.*

'Whatever Providence allots for each,
'Be that the common portion of us both:
'Share all the griefs of thy unhappy Jane;
'But if good Heav'n have any joys in store,
'Let that be all thy own.'
Guil. Thou wond'rous goodness!
'Heav'n gives my utmost wish in giving thee.
'And, by the common course of things below,
'Where each delight is temper'd with affliction,
'Some evil, terrible and unforeseen,
'Must sure ensue, to poise the scale against
'This vast profusion of exceeding pleasure,
'But, be it so, let it be death and ruin,
'On any terms I take thee.'
L. J. Gray. Trust our fate
'To Him whose gracious wisdom guides our ways,
'And makes what we think evil turn to good.'
Permit me now to leave thee and retire;
I'll summon all my reason and my duty,
To sooth this storm within, and frame my heart
To yield obedience to my noble parents.
Guil. May Heav'n administer all comfort to thee.
And, oh! 'If, as my fond belief would hope,
'If any word of mine be gracious to thee,'
I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
Those murd'rous thoughts of grief that kill thy quiet;
Restore thy gentle bosom's native peace,
Lift up the light of gladness in thy eyes,
And cheer my heaviness with one dear smile.
L. J. Gray. Yes, Guilford, I will study to forget
All that the royal Edward has been to me,
'How we have lov'd ev'n from our very cradles.'
'My private loss no longer will I mourn,
But ev'ry tender thought to thee shall turn:
With patience I'll submit to Heav'n's decree,
And what I lost in Edward, find in thee.
But, oh! when I revolve what ruins wait
Our sinking altars, and the falling state:
'*When I consider* what my native land
'*Expected from her* pious sovereign's hand:

'How form'd he was to save her from distress,
'A king to govern, and a saint to bless:'
New sorrow to my lab'ring breast succeeds,
And my whole heart for wretched England bleeds. [*Exit.*

Guil. My heart sinks in me at her soft complaining,
And ev'ry moving accent that she breathes
Resolves my courage, slackens my tough nerves,
And melts me down to infancy and tears.
'My fancy palls, and takes distaste at pleasure;
'My soul grows out of tune, it loaths the world,
'Sickens at all the noise and folly of it;
'And I could sit me down in some dull shade,
'Where lonely contemplation keeps her cave,
'And dwells with hoary hermits; there forget myself,
'There fix my stupid eyes upon the earth,
'And muse away an age in deepest melancholy.'

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. Edward is dead; so said the great Northumber-
As now he shot along by me in haste; [land,
He press'd my hand, and in a whisper begg'd me
To guard the secret carefully as life,
Till some few hours should pass; for much hung on it.
Much may indeed hang on it. See, my Guilford!
My friend! [*Speaking to him.*

Guil. Ha! Pembroke! [*Starting.*

Pemb. Wherefore dost thou start?
Why sits that wild disorder on thy visage,
Somewhat that looks like passions strange to thee,
The paleness of surprize and ghastly fear?
Since I have known thee first, and call'd thee friend,
I never saw thee so unlike thyself,
So chang'd upon the sudden.

Guil. How! so chang'd!

Pemb. So to my eye thou seem'st.

Guil. The king is dead.

Pemb. I learn'd it from thy father,
Just as I enter'd here. But, say, could that,
A fate which ev'ry moment we expected,
Distract thy thought, or shock thy temper thus?

Guil. Oh! Pembroke! 'tis in vain to hide from thee;
For thou hast look'd into my artless bosom,
And seen at once the hurry of my soul.
'Tis true, thy coming struck me with surprize,
I have a thought—But wherefore said I one?
I have a thousand thoughts all up in arms,
'Like pop'lous towns disturb'd at dead of night,
'That mix'd in darkness, bustle to and fro,
'As if their business were to make confusion.'
Pemb. Then, sure, most opportunely am I come;
For this is friendship's hour, and friendship's office,
To come when counsel and when help is wanting,
To share the pain of ev'ry gnawing care,
To speak of comfort in the time of trouble,
To reach a hand, and save thee from adversity.
Guil. And wo't thou be a friend to me indeed?
And while I lay my bosom bare before thee,
'Wo't thou deal tenderly, and let thy hand
'Pass gently over ev'ry painful part?'
Wo't thou with patience hear, and judge with temper?
And if perchance thou meet with something harsh,
Somewhat to rouse thy rage, and grate thy soul,
Wo't thou be master of thyself, and bear it?
Pemb. Away with all this needless preparation!
Thou know'st thou art so dear, so sacred to me,
That I can never think thee an offender.
If it were so, that I indeed must judge thee,
I should take part with thee against myself,
'And call thy fault a virtue.'
Guil. But, suppose
The thought were somewhat that concern'd our love.
Pemb. No more; thou know'st we spoke of that to-day,
And on what terms we left it. 'Tis a subject,
Of which, if possible, I would not think:
I beg that we may mention it no more.
Guil. Can we not speak of it with temper?
Pemb. No.
Thou know'st I cannot. Therefore, pr'ythee spare it.
Guil. Oh! could the secret, I would tell thee, sleep,
And the world never know it, my fond tongue

Should cease from speaking, ere I would unfold it,
Or vex thy peace with an officious tale.
But since, howe'er ungrateful to thy ear,
It must be told thee once, hear it from me.

Pemb. Speak then, and ease the doubts that shock my soul.

Guil. Friend of my heart, suppose thy Guilford's love
Crown'd with success—

Pemb. Say not suppose: 'tis done.
Seek not for vain excuse, nor soft'ning words;
Thou hast prevaricated with thy friend,
By under-hand contrivances undone me;
And, while my open nature trusted in thee,
Thou hast stepped in between me and my hopes,
And ravish'd from me all my soul held dear.
Thou hast betray'd me———

Guil. How! betray'd thee, Pembroke?

Pemb. Yes, falsely, like a traitor.

Guil. Have a care.

Pemb. But think not I will bear the foul play from thee;
There was but this which I could ne'er forgive.
My soul is up in arms, my injur'd honour,
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge;
And tho' I love thee——fondly——

Guil. Hear me yet,
And Pembroke shall acquit me to himself.
Hear, while I tell how ——

Pemb. What! hear it! stand and listen to thy triumph!
Thou think'st me tame indeed. No, hold, I charge thee,
Lest I forget that ever we were friends,
Lest, in the rage of disappointed love,
I rush at once and tear thee for thy falsehood.

Guil. Thou warn'st me well; and I were rash, as thou art,
To trust the secret sum of all my happiness,
With one not master of himself. Farewel. [*Going.*

Pemb. Ha! art thou going? think not thus to part,
Nor leave me on the rack of this uncertainty.

Guil. What would'st thou further?

Pemb. Tell it to me all;
Say, thou art married, say at once she's thine;

That I may curse myself, and thee, and her.
Come, tell me how thou did'st supplant thy friend?
How didst thou look with that betraying face,
And smiling, plot my ruin?

Guil. Give me way.
When thou art better temper'd, I may tell thee,
And vindicate at full my love and friendship.

Pemb. And dost thou hope to shun me then, thou traitor?
No, I will have it now, this moment from thee,
' Or drag the secret out from thy false heart.

' *Guil.* Away, thou madman! I would talk to winds,
' And reason with the rude tempestuous surge,
' Sooner than hold discourse with rage like thine.

' *Pemb.* Tell it, or I will stab the treason in thy heart.' [*Laying his hand upon his sword.*

Guil. Ha! Stay thee there; nor let thy frantic hand [*Stopping him.*
Unsheath thy weapon. 'Twill be death to friendship,
Whatever else ensue.

Pemb. Friendship! I'd break the band.

Guil. That as you please.—This place is sacred,
And wo'not be profan'd with brawls and outrage.

Pemb. My vengeance shall not loiter long; henceforward
Be deadly and remorseless hate between us.
Here I give up the empty name of friend,
Renounce all gentleness, all commerce with thee,
To death defy thee as my mortal foe.

Guil. If vengeance thou attempt, defence is mine;
Instinct and duty will alike then rouse me.
Premeditated combat to appoint
In vain thou urgest me,—'gainst law of God
And man.

Pemb. Next when we meet, may swift destruction
Rid me of thee, or rid me of myself. [*Exit.*

Guil. The fate I ever fear'd, is fall'n upon me:
And long ago my boding heart divin'd
A breach, like this, from his ungovern'd rage.
Oh Pembroke! thou hast done me much injustice,
For I have born thee true unfeign'd affection;
'Tis past, and thou art lost to me for ever.

Love, in its best estate, how dear, how sweet!
How virtuous, and for ev'ry man how meet!
But, if it trample friendship under foot,
If in the heart it take such spreading root,
That ev'ry sacred plant be chok'd around,
Or, like a weed, be banish'd from the ground;
Then e'en sweet love I will no more defend,
But bid it humbly with our duties blend. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Tower.*

Enter PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.*

Gard Nay, but, my Lord, I say you were to blame,
To let a hair-brain'd passion be your guide,
And hurry you into such mad extremes.
Methinks, you might have made much worthy profit
By patient hearing: the unthinking Lord
Had brought forth ev'ry secret of his soul;
Then, when you were the master of his bosom,
That were the time to use him with contempt,
And turn his friendship back upon his hands.

Pemb. Thou talk'st as if a madman could be wise.
Oh, Winchester! thy hoary frozen age
Can never guess my pain, can never know
The burning transports of untam'd desire.

* STEPHEN GARDINER, bishop of Winchester, was born at Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, in the year 1483. He was natural son to Richard Woodville, brother to Queen Elizabeth, wife to Edward the fourth. He was learned in the canon and civil laws and in divinity; was made bishop of Winchester Dec. 5, 1531; he signed the divorce of Henry the VIIIth from Katharine of Arragon; abjured the Pope's supremacy; and wrote *De vera et falsa obedientia*, in behalf of the king; yet in Edward the VIth's reign he opposed the Reformation, and was punished with imprisonment; but Queen Mary coming to the *throne*, she enlarged him and made him Chancellor, Aug. 23, 1553. *On his death-bed* he was dissatisfied with his life, and often repeated *these words, Erravi cum Petro, sed non flevi cum Petro: I have erred with Peter, but I have not wept with Peter.* He died Nov. 12, 1555.

'I tell thee, rev'rend Lord, to that one bliss,
'To be possess'd of her, that lovely maid,
'As to their centre, I had drawn each hope,
'And ev'ry wish my furious soul could form;
'Still with regard to that my brain forethought,
'And fashion'd ev'ry action of my life.
'Then, to be robb'd at once, and unsuspecting,
'Be dash'd in all the height of expectation!
'It was not to be borne.'

Gard. Have you not heard of what has happen'd since?

Pemb. I have not had a minute's peace of mind,
A moment's pause, to rest from rage, or think.

Gard. Learn it from me, then: But or ere I speak,
I warn you to be master of yourself.
Though, as you know, they have confin'd me long,
Thanks to their goodness, pris'ner to them here;
Yet, as I am allow'd to walk at large
Within the Tower, and hold free speech with any,
I have not dream'd away my thoughtless hours.
To prove this true, this morn a trusty spy
Has brought me word, that yester-ev'ning late,
In spite of all the grief for Edward's death,
Your friends were married.

Pemb. Married! who?———What mean you?

Gard. Lord Guilford Dudley, and the Lady Jane.

Pemb. The news is death to me.

Gard. Nay, my good Lord,
Restrain this sinful passion; all's not lost
In this one single woman.

Pemb. I have lost
More than the female world can give me back.
I had beheld ev'n her whole sex unmov'd,
Look'd o'er them like a bed of gaudy flowers,
That lift their painted heads, and live a day,
Then shed their trifling glories unregarded:
My heart disdain'd their beauties, till she came,
With ev'ry grace to woman could be given,
And with a mind so great, it spoke its essence
Immortal and from heaven?*

* See Eccles. XII. 7. quoted in p. 372. Note.

Gard. She was a wonder,
Detraction must allow.
Pemb. 'The virtues came,
'Sorted in gentle fellowship, to crown her,
'As if they meant to mend each other's work.
'Candor with goodness, fortitude with sweetness,
'Strict piety, and love of truth, with learning,
'More than the schools of Athens ever knew,
'Or her own Plato† taught. A wonder! Winchester!'
Thou know'st not what she was, nor can I speak her,
More than to say, she was that only blessing
My soul was set upon, and I have lost her.
Gard. Your state is not so bad as you would make it;
Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry hope.
Pemb. Ha! wo't thou save me, snatch me from despair,
And bid me live again?
Gard. She may be yours.
Suppose her husband die.
Pemb. O vain, vain hope!
Gard. Truly, I do not hold that hope so vain.
These heretics ‡ have had their golden days,
And lorded it at will: with proud despite,
Have trodden down our holy Roman faith,
Ransack'd her shrines, and driv'n her saints to exile.
But, if my divination fail me not,
Their haughty hearts shall be abas'd ere long,
And feel the vengeance of our Mary's reign.
Pemb. And would'st thou have my fierce impatience
Bid me lie bound upon a rack, and wait [stay?
For distant joys, whole ages yet behind?

---

† See The Editor's Preface, p. 325.

‡ The original reads *These Gospellers*. But, as I very much object to using a word, which ought to be considered with *respect*, as a term of *reproach*, I have altered it. In the same manner, in these times, we hear the term *Gospel* (a Gospel sermon) assumed as an exclusive title by some, and used as a term of reproach in return by others, and also the words *Evangelical* and *Saint*. Whereas, these being terms really good in themselves, it is, I think, wrong ever to use *them* with disrespect. When it is necessary to make use of the term, *as used* by others in controversy, it might be done by a periphrasis, *as What a particular set of persons call exclusively a* GOSPEL *Sermon*, —*Those who call themselves exclusively the* EVANGELICAL *Clergy*, &c.

Can love attend on politicians' schemes,
Expect the slow events of cautious counsels,
Cold unresolving heads, and creeping time?
Gard. To-day, or I am ill-inform'd, Northumberland,
With easy Suffolk, Guilford, and the rest,
Meet here in council on some deep design,
Some traiterous contrivance, to protect
Their upstart faith from near-approaching ruin.
But there are punishments——halters and axes
For traitors, and consuming flames for heretics.
The happy bridegroom may be yet cut short,
Ev'n in his highest hope. But go not you;
Howe'er the fawning sire, old Dudley, court you.
No, as you love your life, I charge you, mix not
With their pernicious counsels.—Mischief waits them,
Sure, certain, unavoidable destruction.
Pemb. Ha! join with them! the hated Dudley's race!
Who, while they held me in their arms, betray'd me;
Scorn'd me for not suspecting they were villains,
And made a mockery of my easy friendship.
No, when I do, dishonour be my portion.
Gard. I would not have you—Hie you to the city,
And join with those who love our ancient faith.
Gather your friends about you, and be ready
T' assert our zealous Mary's royal title.
And doubt not but her grateful hand shall give you
Reward abundant when she holds the sceptre.
The church shall pour her ample treasures forth too,
And pay you with ten thousand years of pardon.
Pemb. No; keep your blessing back, and give me
Give me to tell that soft deceiver Guilford, [vengeance;
Thus, traitor, hast thou done, thus hast thou wrong'd
And thus thy treason finds a just reward. [me,
Gard. But soft! no more! the Lords o' th' Council come.
Ha! look you there, the bride and bridegroom too!
Retire with me, my Lord; we must not meet them.
Pemb. 'Tis they themselves, must I say happy pair!
Haste, Winchester, haste! let us fly for ever,
And drive her from my very thoughts, if possible.

'Oh! love, what have I lost!—Oh! rev'rend Lord!
'Pity this fond, this foolish weakness in me!
'Methinks, I go like our first wretched father,
'When from his blissful garden he was driv'n:
'Like me he went despairing, and like me,
'Thus at the gate stopt short for one last view;
'Then with the cheerless partner of his woe,
'He turn'd him to the world that lay below:
'There, for his Eden's happy plains, beheld
'A barren, wild, uncomfortable field;
'He saw, 'twas vain the ruin to deplore,
'He tried to give the sad remembrance o'er;
'The sad remembrance still return'd again,
'And his lost paradise renew'd his pain.'

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Gardiner.*

Enter Lord GUILFORD *and Lady* JANE.

Guil. What shall I say to thee, my lovely bride!
How teach my tongue to tell thee what I feel;
To pour the transports of my bosom forth,
And make thee partner of the joy dwells there?
'For thou art comfortless, full of affliction,
'Heavy of heart as the forsaken widow,
'And desolate as orphans.' Oh, my fair one!
Thy Edward (fear not) shines amongst the saints,
And yet thy sorrows seek him in the grave.

L. J. Gray. Alas, my dearest Lord! a thousand griefs
Beset my anxious heart; and yet, as if
The burden were too little, I have added
The weight of all thy cares; and, like the miser,
Increase of wealth has made me but more wretched.
'The morning light seems not to rise as usual;
'It dawns not to me, like my virgin days,
'But brings new thoughts and other fears upon me;'
I tremble, and my anxious heart is pain'd,
Lest ought but good should happen to my Guilford.

Guil. What else than *good* shall thy fond Guilford call
Whatever comes whilst he has thee,—to him
All that this world can give?

L. J. Gray. 'Why came we hither?
'*Why* was I drawn to this unhappy place,

'This Tow'r, so often stain'd with royal blood?
'Here the fourth Edward's helpless sons were murder'd,
'And pious Henry fell by ruthless Gloster:
'Is this the place allotted for rejoicing?
'The bow'r adorn'd to keep our nuptial feast in?
'Methinks suspicion and distrust dwell here,
'Staring with meagre forms thro' grated windows;
'Death lurks within, and unrelenting punishment;
'Without, grim danger, fear, and fiercest pow'r
'Sit on the rude old tow'rs and Gothic battlements:
'While horror overlooks the dreadful wall,
'And frowns on all around.

Guil. 'In safety here,
'The Lords o' th' Council have this morn decreed
'To meet, and with united care support
'The feeble tott'ring state.' To thee, my Princess,
Whose royal veins are rich in Henry's blood,
With one consent the noblest heads are bow'd;*
From thee they ask a sanction to their counsels,
And from thy healing hand expect a cure
For England's loss in Edward.

L. J. Gray. How! from me!
Alas, my Lord!—But, sure, thou mean'st to mock me?

Guil. My faithful heart to mock thee could not bend.
But see, thy mother, gracious Suffolk, comes
To intercept my story: she shall tell thee;
For in her look I read the lab'ring thought,
What vast event thy life is now disclosing.

Enter the Duchess of SUFFOLK.

Duch. Suff. No more complain, indulge thy tears no more,
Thy pious grief has giv'n the grave its due:
'Let thy heart kindle with the highest hopes;
'Expand thy bosom, let thy soul enlarg'd'
Make room to entertain the coming glory;
For Majesty and purple greatness court thee:
Homage and low subjection wait: A crown,

* "*And he bowed the heart of all the men of Judah, even as the "heart of one man*". 2 Samuel XIX. 14

A crown, my daughter, England's crown attends,
To bind thy brows with its imperial wreath.

L. J. Gray. Amazement chills my veins! What says my mother?

Duch. Suff. 'Tis Heav'n's decree; for our expiring Edward,
When now, just struggling to his native skies,
Ev'n then declar'd my Jane for his successor.

L. J. Gray. Could Edward do this? Could the dying saint
Bequeath his crown to me? Oh, fatal bounty!
To me! but 'tis impossible! 'we dream.
'A thousand and a thousand bars oppose me,
'Rise in my way and intercept my passage.
'Ev'n you, my gracious mother, what must you be,
'Ere I can be a Queen?'

Duch. Suff. 'That, and that only,
'Thy mother; fonder of that tender name,
'Than all the proud additions pow'r can give.
'Yes, I will give up all my share of greatness,
'And live in low obscurity for ever,
'To see thee rais'd, thou darling of my heart,
'And fix'd upon a throne.' But see! thy father,
Northumberland, with all the Council come
To pay their vow'd allegiance at thy feet,
To kneel, and call thee Queen.

L. J. Gray. Support me, Guilford;
Give me thy aid; stay thou my fainting soul,
And help me to repress this growing danger.

Enter SUFFOLK, *NORTHUMBERLAND, Lords, and others of the Privy-Council.**

North. Hail, our liege Princess! sprung from ancient kings,
Our England's dearest hope, undoubted offspring
Of York and Lancaster's united line;

* Consisting of the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury (Cranmer) The Lord Chancellor (Goodrick Bp. of Ely;) the Marquisses of Winchester and Northampton; the Earls of Arundel, Shrewsbury, *Huntingdon*, Bedford and Pembroke; The Lords Cobham and *Darcy*; Sir Thomas Cheyney; Sir Robert Cotton; Sir William Petre, Sir William Cecil, Sir John Cheek, Sir John Mason, Sir Edward North, and Sir Robert Bowes. See Burnet, Vol. II. p. 235.

'By whose bright zeal, by whose victorious faith,
'Guarded and fenc'd around, our pure religion,
'That lamp of truth which shines upon our altars,
'Shall lift its golden head, and flourish long;
'Beneath whose awful rule and righteous sceptre,
'The plenteous years shall roll in long succession;
'Law shall prevail, and ancient right take place,
'Fair Liberty shall lift her cheerful head,
'Fearless of tyranny and proud oppression;
'No sad complaining in our streets shall cry,*
'But justice shall be exercis'd in mercy."
Hail, royal Jane! behold, we bend our knees,
[*They kneel.*
The pledge of homage, and thy land's obedience;
With humblest duty, thus, we kneel, and own thee
Our liege, our sov'reign-lady, and our Queen.

L. J. Gray. Oh, rise!
My father, rise! [*To Suff.*
And you, my father, too! [*To North.*
Rise, all! nor cover me with this confusion. [*They rise.*
What means this mock, this masquing-shew of greatness?
Why do you hang these pageant-glories on me,
And dress me up in honours not my own?

North. The daughters of our late great master Henry,
Stand both by law excluded from succession.
To make all firm,
And fix a pow'r unquestion'd in your hand,
Edward, by will, bequeath'd his crown to you:
And the concurring lords in council met,
Have ratified the gift.

L. J. Gray. Are crowns and empire,
'The government and safety of mankind,'
Trifles of such light moment, to be left
Like some rich toy, 'a ring, or fancied gem,'
The pledge of parting friends? Can Kings do thus,
And give away a people for a legacy?

North. Forgive me, princely lady, if my wonder
Seizes each sense, each faculty of mind,

* 'That there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and 'complaining in our streets." Psalm CXLIV. 14.

To see the utmost wish the great can form,
A crown, thus coldly met: A crown! which slighted,
And left in scorn by you, shall soon be sought,
And find a joyful wearer; one, perhaps,
Of blood unkindred to your royal house,
And fix its glories in another line.

L. J. Gray. Where art thou now, thou partner of my cares? [*Turning to Guilford.*

'Come to my aid, and help to bear this burthen:
'Oh! save me from this sorrow, this misfortune,
'Which, in the shape of gorgeous greatness, comes
'To crown, and make a wretch of me for ever.'

Guil. 'Thou weep'st, my Queen, and hang'st thy 'drooping head,
'Like nodding poppies, heavy with the rain,
'That bow their weary necks, and bend to earth.'
See, by thy side, thy faithful Guilford stands,
Prepar'd to keep distress and danger from thee,
To wear thy sacred cause upon his sword,
And war against the world in thy defence.

North. Oh! 'stay this inauspicious stream of tears,
'And cheer your people with one gracious smile.
'Nor comes your lot in such a dreadful form,
'That you should, fearful, shun it. Turn those eyes
'On the bright prospect empire spreads before you.'
Methinks I see you seated on the throne;
'Beneath your feet, the kingdom's great degrees
'In bright confusion shine, mitres and coronets,
'The various ermine, and the glowing purple;'
Assembled senates wait with awful dread,
To firm your high commands, and make them law.

L. J. Gray. You turn to view the painted side of royalty,
And cover all the cares that lurk beneath.
Is it, to be a Queen, to sit aloft,
In solemn, dull, uncomfortable state,
The flatter'd idol of a servile court?
Is it, to draw a pompous train along,
A pageant, for the wond'ring crowd to gaze at?
'Is it, in wantonness of power to reign,
'And make the world subservient to my pleasure?

'Is it not rather, to be greatly wretched,
'To watch, to toil, to take a sacred charge,
'To bend each day before high Heav'n, and own,
'This people hast thou trusted to my hand,
'And at my hand, I know, thou shalt require them?'*
Alas, Northumberland!—My father! Is it not
To live a life of care; and, when I die,
Have more to answer for before my judge,
Than any of my subjects?

Duch. Suff. 'Ev'ry state
'Allotted to the race of man below,
'Is, in proportion, doom'd to taste some sorrow;
'Nor is the golden wreath on a King's brow
'Exempt from care: and yet, who would not bear it?
'Think on the monarchs of our royal race;
'They liv'd not for themselves. How many blessings,
'How many lifted hands shall pay thy toil,
'If for thy people's good thou haply borrow
'Some portion from the hours of rest, and wake
'To give the world repose!'

Suff. Behold, we stand upon the brink of ruin,
And only thou canst save us. Persecution,
That fiend of Rome and hell, prepares her tortures;
See where she comes, in Mary's papal train!
Still wo't thou doubt? till thou behold her stalk,
Red with the blood of martyrs,† and wide wasting
O'er England's bosom? 'All the mourning year
'Our towns shall glow with unextinguish'd fires;
'Our youth on racks shall stretch their crackling bones;
'Our babes shall writhe on consecrated spears;
'Matrons and husbands, with their new-born infants,
'Shall burn promiscuous; a continu'd peal
'Of lamentations, groans, and shrieks shall sound
'Through all our purple ways.'

Guil. Amidst that ruin,

---

* "I have made thee a watchman" &c. "his blood will I require "at thine hand." Ezek. III. 17, 18.

† "*And I saw the* woman drunken with the blood of the saints, "*and with the blood* of the martyrs of Jesus." Revel. XVII. 6

Think thou behold'st thy Guilford's head laid low,
Bloody and pale———
L. J. Gray. Oh! spare the dreadful image!
Guil. Oh! would the misery be bounded there,
My life were little; but the rage of Rome
Demands whole hecatombs, a land of victims.
'With Superstition comes that other fiend,
'That bane of peace, of arts, and virtue, Tyranny;
'That foe of justice, scorner of all law;
'That beast, which thinks mankind were born for one,
'And made by Heav'n to be a monster's prey;
'That heaviest curse of groaning nations, Tyranny.'
Mary shall, by her kindred Spain, be taught
To bend our necks beneath a brazen yoke,
And rule o'er wretches with an iron sceptre.
L. J. Gray. Avert that judgment, Heav'n!
Whate'er thy providence allots for me,
In mercy spare my country.
Guil. Oh! my Queen!
Does not thy great, thy gen'rous heart relent,
To think this land, for liberty so fam'd,
Shall have her tow'ry front at once laid low,
And robb'd of all its glory? 'Oh! my country,
'Oh! fairest Albion, empress of the deep,
'How have thy noblest sons, with stubborn valour,
'Stood to the last, dy'd many a field in blood,
'In dear defence of birth-right and their laws!
'And shall those hands which fought the cause of freedom
'Be manacled in base unworthy bonds:
'Be tamely yielded up, the spoil, the slaves
'Of hair-brain'd zeal, and cruel coward Papists?'
L. J. Gray. Yes, my lov'd lord, my soul is mov'd like thine,
At ev'ry danger which invades our England;
My cold heart kindles at the great occasion,
And could be more than man in her defence.
But where is my commission to redress?
Or whence my pow'r to save? Can Edward's will,
Or twenty met in council, make a Queen?
Can you, my lords, give me the power to canvass
A doubtful title with King Henry's daughters?

Where are the rev'rend sages of the law,
To guide me with their wisdoms, and point out
The paths which right and justice bid me tread?
North. The judges all attend, and will at leisure
Resolve you ev'ry scruple.
L. J. Gray. They expound;
But where are those, my lord, who make the law?
Where are the ancient honours of the realm,
The nobles, with the mitred fathers join'd?
The wealthy commons solemnly assembled?
Where is that voice of a consenting people,
To pledge the universal faith with mine,
And call me justly Queen?
North. 'Nor shall that long
'Be wanting to your wish. The lords and commons
'Shall, at your royal bidding, soon assemble,
'And, with united homage, own your title.
'Delay not, then, to meet the general wish,
'But be our Queen, be England's true support.
'Nor let mistaken piety betray you
'To join with cruel Mary in our ruin;
'Her bloody faith commands her to destroy,
'And yours forbids to save.'
Guil. Our foes, already
High in their hopes, devote us all to death:
'The dronish monks, the scorn and shame of manhood,
'Rouze and prepare once more to take possession,
'To nestle in their ancient hives again;
'Again they furbish up their holy trumpery,
'Relics, and wooden wonder-working saints,
'Whole loads of lumber and religious rubbish,
'In high procession mean to bring them back,
'And place the puppets in their shrines again:
'While those of keener malice, savage *Bonner*,
'And deep-designing *Gard'ner*, dream of vengeance;
'Devour the blood of innocents, in hope;
'Like vultures, snuff the slaughter in the wind,
'And speed their flight to havoc and the prey:
Haste, then, and save us, while 'tis giv'n to save
Your country, your religion.
North. Save your friends!

Suff. Your father!
Duch. Suff. Mother!
Guil. Husband!
L. J. Gray. Take me, crown me,
Invest me with this royal wretchedness;
Let me not know one happy minute more;
Let all my sleepless nights be spent in care,
My days be vex'd with tumults and alarms;
If only I can save you, if my fate
Has mark'd me out to be the public victim,
I take the lot with joy. Yes, I will die
For that eternal truth my faith is fix'd on,
And that dear native land which gave me birth.
Guil. Wake ev'ry tuneful instrument to tell it,
And let the trumpet's sprightly note proclaim
My Jane is England's Queen! 'Let the loud cannon
'In peals of thunder speak it to Augusta;
'Imperial Thames, catch thou the solemn sound,
'And roll it to the subject ocean down:
'Tell the old deep, and all thy brother floods,
'My Jane is empress of the wat'ry world!
'Now with glad fires our bloodless streets shall shine:
'With cries of joy our cheerful ways shall ring;'
Thy name shall echo thro' the rescu'd isle,
And reach approving Heav'n!
L. J. Gray. Oh, Guilford! what do we give up for
For glory! that's a toy I would not purchase, [glory!
An idle, empty bubble. But for England!
What must we lose for that! Since then 'tis fix'd,—
This hard exchange thus forc'd upon my will,
Let gracious Heav'n allow me one request:
For that blest peace in which I once did dwell,
'For books, retirement, and my studious cell,
'For all those joys my happier days did prove,
'For Plato, and his Academic Grove;'
All that I ask, is, tho' this fatal crown
Must bury me, and weigh my spirits down,
Let that one good from these my trials come,
To save this land from tyranny and Rome. [*Exeunt.**

* The Reader will see from The Editor's Preface, p. 330, that this scene passed at *Durham House*.

ACT IV.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

Gard. That traitor Duke, that proud Northumberland
'To draw his sword upon the side of heresy, [presumes
'And war against our Mary's royal right.'
Pemb. I saw him marching at his army's head;
I mark'd him issuing through the city-gate
In harness all-appointed, as he pass'd;
And (for he wore his beaver up) could read
Upon his visage horror and dismay.
No voice of friendly salutation cheer'd him,
None wish'd his arms might thrive, or bade God speed
But thro' a staring ghastly-looking crowd, [him;
Unhail'd, unbless'd, with heavy heart he went:
As if his traitor-father's haggard ghost,
And Somerset, fresh bleeding from the axe,
On either hand had ushey'd him to ruin.
Gard. Nor shall the holy vengeance loiter long.
At Framlingham in Suffolk lies the Queen,
Mary, our pious mistress; where each day
The nobles of the land, and swarming populace,
Gather, and list beneath her royal ensigns.
The fleet, commanded by Sir Thomas Jerningham,
Set out in warlike manner to oppose her,
With one consent have join'd to own her cause:
The valiant Sussex, and Sir Edward Hastings,
With many more of note are up in arms,
And all declare for her.
Pemb. 'The citizens,
'Who held the noble Somerset right dear,
'Hate this aspiring Dudley and his race,
'And would, upon the instant, join t' oppose him;
'Could we but draw some of the lords o' the council
'T' appear among them, own the same design,
'And bring the rev'rend sanction of authority
'To *lead them into* action. For that purpose,

'To thee, as to an oracle, I come,
'To learn what fit expedient may be found,
'To win the wary council to our side.
'Say, thou, whose head is grown thus silver-white
'In arts of government and turns of state,
'How may we strike our enemies with ruin,
'And sink Northumberland beneath our feet?

Gard. 'In happy time be your whole wish accomplish'd.
'Since the proud Duke set out, I have had conference,
'As fit occasion serv'd, with divers of them;
'The Earl of Arundel, Mason, and Cheyney;
'And find them all dispos'd as we could ask.
'My Lord, believe me, if I count aright,
'To day the better part shall leave this place,
'And meet at Baynard's-Castle * in the city;
'There own our sovereign's title, and defy
'Jane and her traitor-crew. But hie you hence!
'This place is still within our foes' command,
'Their puppet-queen reigns here.'

Enter an Officer with a guard.

Offi. Seize on them both.

[*Guards seize Pembroke and Gardiner.*

My Lord, you are a pris'ner to the state.

Pemb. Ha! by whose order?

Offi. By the Queen's command,
Sign'd and deliver'd by Lord Guilford Dudley.

Pemb. Guilford's? the traitor's heart!

Gard. Rest you contented:
You have loiter'd here too long; but, use your patience,
These bonds shall not be lasting.

Offi. As for you, Sir, [*To Gardiner.*
'Tis the Queen's pleasure you be close confin'd:
You've us'd that fair permission was allow'd you,
To walk at large within the Tower, unworthily.

* A Castle in Thames-street. The VIIth scene of the IIId. A. of Richard III. is in The Court of *Baynard's Castle*, on which Mr. Malone observes, that it "had belonged to Richard Duke of York, "and at this time was the property of his grandson King Edward "V." It belonged at the period of this play to the Earl of Pembroke. There is a print of it in Harding's Shakespeare Illustrated

You're noted for an over-busy meddler,
A secret practiser against the state;
For which, henceforth, your limits shall be straiter.
Hence, to your chamber!

Gard. Farewell, gentle Pembroke;
I trust that we shall meet on blither terms.

[*Exeunt part of the Guard with Gardiner.*

Pemb. Now, whither must I go?

Offi. This way, my Lord. [*Going off.*

Enter GUILFORD.

Guil. Hold, captain! ere you go I have a word or two
For this your noble pris'ner.

Offi. At your pleasure:
I know my duty, and attend your Lordship.

[*The Officer and Guards retire to the farthest part of the stage.*

Guil. Is all the gentleness that was betwixt us
So lost, so swept away from thy remembrance,
Thou can'st not look upon me?

Pemb. Ha! not look!
What terrors are there in the Dudley's race,
That Pembroke dares not look upon and scorn?
And yet, 'tis true, I would not look upon thee:
Our eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
As well as what we fear.

Guil. You hate me, then!

Pemb. I do; and wish confusion may o'ertake
Thy father, thy false self, and thy whole name.

Guil. And yet, as sure as rage disturbs thy reason,
And masters all the noble nature in thee,
As sure as thou hast wrong'd me, I am come
In tenderness of friendship to preserve thee;
To plant ev'n all the power I have before thee,
And fence thee from destruction with my life.

Pemb. Friendship from thee! but my just soul disdains thee!
Hence! take the prostituted bauble back,
'Hang it to grace some slavering ideot's neck,
'*For none but fools* will prize the tinsel toy:
But thou art come, perhaps, to vaunt thy greatness,

And set thy purple pomp to view before me;
To let me know that Guilford is a King,
That he can speak the word and give me freedom.
Oh, short-liv'd pageant! had'st thou all the power
Which thy vain soul would grasp at, I would die,
Rot in a dungeon, ere receive a grace,
The least, the meanest courtesy from thee.

Guil. Oh, Pembroke! But I have not time to talk,
For danger presses, danger unforeseen,
And secret as the shaft that flies by night,*
Is aiming at thy life. Captain, a word! [*To the officer.*
I take your pris'ner to my proper charge;
Draw off your guard, and leave his sword with me.
[*The Officer delivers the sword to Lord Guilford, and goes out with his Guard.*
[*Lord Guilford offering the sword to Pembroke.*
Receive this gift, ev'n from a rival's hand;
And, if thy rage will suffer thee to hear
The counsel of a man once call'd thy friend,
Fly from this fatal place, and seek thy safety.

Pemb. How now! what shew! what mockery is this?
'Is it in sport you use me thus? What means
'This swift fantastic changing of the scene?'

Guil. Oh! take thy sword; and let thy valiant hand
Be ready arm'd to guard thy noble life:
The time, the danger, and thy wild impatience,
Forbid me all to enter into speech with thee,
Or I could tell thee——

Pemb. No, it needs not, traitor!
For all thy poor, thy little arts are known.
Thou fear'st my vengeance, and art come to fawn,
To make a merit of that proffer'd freedom,
Which, in despite of thee, a day shall give me.
Nor can my fate depend on thee, false Guilford;
For, know, to thy confusion, ere the sun
Twice gild the east, our royal Mary comes
To end thy pageant reign, and set me free.

* "Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night, nor for the "arrow that flieth by day." Psalm xci. 5.

Guil. Ungrateful and unjust! Hast thou then known
So little, to accuse my heart of fear? [me
Hast thou forgotten Musselborough's field?*
Did I then fear, when by thy side I fought.
And dy'd my maiden sword in Scottish blood!
But this is madness all.

Pemb. Give me my sword. [*Taking his sword.*
Perhaps, indeed, I wrong thee. Thou hast thought;
And conscious of the injury thou hast done me,
Art come to proffer me a soldier's justice,
And meet my arm in single opposition.
Lead, then, and let me follow to the field.

Guil. Still vengeance! Thou must write thy bloody
Upon my bosom!—But I've answer'd thee: [purpose
And will again. Time wears. By our past friendship,
In honour's name, by ev'ry sacred tie,
I beg thee ask no more, but haste from hence.

Pemb. What mystic meaning lurks beneath thy words?
What fear is this which thou would'st awe my soul with?
Is there a danger Pembroke dares not meet?

Guil Oh, spare my tongue a tale of guilt and horror,
Trust me this once: believe me when I tell thee,
Thy safety and thy life is all I seek.
Away, away!

Pemb. 'I wo'not stir a step.'
Begone this shuffling, dark, ambiguous phrase.
If thou would'st have me think thou mean'st me fairly,
Speak with that plainness honesty delights in,
And let thy double-tongue for once be true.

Guil. Thou dost distress me, Pembroke. But, I trust,
The occasion will acquit me in revealing
What else most sacred were,—a father's deed;
That which will blot with shame his hoary head.
But 'tis to save my soul's best friend from death.

---

* Commonly called the battle of Pinkey, fought Sept. 10, 1547. See Hume, Vol. IV. ch. XXXIV. and Burnet, Vol. II. p. 34. But, *as Ld. G. D. was under* 17 years of age when he married Lady J. G. in *May 1553, he could not have been then* 11 years old, and consequently *it is very unlikely* that he fought side by side with the Earl *Pembroke.*

Read there the fatal purpose of thy foe, [*Giving a paper.*
A thought which wounds my soul with shame and horror!
Somewhat that darkness should have hid for ever,
But that thy life,—say, hast thou seen that character?

Pemb. I know it well; the hand of proud Northum-
Directed to his minions, Gates and Palmer. [berland,
What's this? [*Reads.*

"*Remember, with your closest care, to observe those*
"*whom I named to you at parting; especially keep your*
"*eye upon the Earl of Pembroke; as his power and*
"*interest are most considerable, so his opposition will*
"*be most fatal to us. Remember the resolution was*
"*taken, if you should find him inclined to our enemies.*
"*The forms of justice are tedious, and delays are dan-*
"*gerous. If he falters, lose not the sight of him till*
"*your daggers have reached his heart.*"

My heart! Oh, murd'rous villain!

Guil. Since we parted,
Thy ways have all been watch'd, thy steps been mark'd;
Thy secret treaties with the malecontents
That harbour in the city, thy conferring
With Gard'ner here in the Tower; all is known:
And, in pursuance of that bloody mandate,
A set of chosen ruffians wait to end thee:
There was but one way left me to preserve thee;
I took it; and this morning sent my warrant
To seize upon thy person——But begone!

Pemb. 'Tis so—'tis truth—I see his honest heart—

Guil. I have a friend of well-tried faith and courage
Who, with a fit disguise, and arms conceal'd,
Attends without to guide thee hence in safety.

Pemb. What is Northumberland? and what art thou?

Guil. Waste not the time. Away!

Pemb. Here let me fix,
And gaze with an unwearied wonder on thee.
What is there good or excellent in man,
That is not found in thee? Thy virtues flash,
They break at once on my astonish'd soul;
'As if the curtains of the dark were drawn
'To let in day at midnight.

'*Guil.* Think me true;
'And tho' some cross events have hurt our friendship—
'*Pemb.* Bury th' events!——And think!—I know
thee honest.'
Guil. For ever I could hear thee—but thy life,
Oh, Pembroke! linger not——
Pemb. And can I leave thee,
Ere I have clasp'd thee in my eager arms,
And giv'n thee back my sad repenting heart?
Believe me, Guilford, like the Patriarch's dove,
[*Embracing.*
It wander'd forth, but found no resting-place,
Till it came home again to lodge with thee.
Guil. What is there that my soul can more desire,
Than these dear marks of thy returning friendship?
The danger comes—If you stay longer here,
You die, my Pembroke.
Pemb. Let me stay and die;
For, if I go, I go to work thy ruin.
Thou know'st not what a foe thou send'st me forth,
That I have sworn destruction to the Queen,
And pledg'd my faith to Mary and her cause:
My honour is at stake.
Guil. I know 'tis given.
But go—the stronger thy engagements there,
The more's thy danger here. 'There is a Power,
'Who sits above the stars; in him I trust:
'All that I have, his bounteous hand bestow'd:
'And he that gave it, can preserve it to me.
'If his o'er-ruling will ordains my death,
'What is there more but to fall down before him,
'And humbly yield obedience!"—Fly! begone!
Pemb. Yes, I will go—for see! Behold who comes!
Oh, Guilford! hide me, shield me from her sight;
Ev'ry mad passion kindles up again,
Love, rage, despair—and yet I will be master——
I will remember thee——Oh, my torn heart!
I have a *thousand thousand* things to say,
But cannot, dare not stay to look on her.
[*Exeunt Guilford and Pembro*

Enter Lady JANE GRAY, *reading.*

L. J. Gray. 'Tis false! The thinking soul is somewhat more
Than symmetry of atoms well-dispos'd,
The harmony of matter. Farewel else
The hope of all hereafter, that new life,
That separate intellect, which must survive,
When this fine frame is moulder'd into dust.

Enter GUILFORD.

Guil. What read'st thou there, my queen?
L. J. Gray. 'Tis Plato's Phædon;
Where dying Socrates takes leave of life,
With such an easy, careless, calm indifference,
As if the trifle were of no account,
Mean in itself, and only to be worn
In honour of the giver.
Guil. Shall thy soul
Still scorn the world, still fly the joys that court
'Thy blooming beauty, and thy tender youth?'
Still shall she soar on contemplation's wing,
And mix with nothing meaner than the stars;
'As Heaven and immortality alone
'Were objects worthy to employ her faculties?'
'*L. J. Gray.* 'Bate but thy truth, what is there here below
'Deserving my regard? Is it not time
'To bid our souls look out, explore hereafter,
'And seek some better sure abiding-place;
'When all around our gathering foes come on,
'To drive, to sweep us from this world at once?
'*Guil.* Does any danger new'——
L. J. Gray. The faithless counsellors
Are fled from hence to join the princess Mary.
The servile herd of courtiers, who so late
In low obedience bent the knee before me;
They, who with zealous tongues, and hands uplifted,
Besought me to defend their laws and faith;
Vent their loud execrations on my name,
Proclaim me traitr'ess now, and to the scaffold
Doom my devoted head.

Guil. The changeling villains!
That pray for slavery, fight for their bonds,
And shun the blessing, liberty, like ruin.
'What art thou, human nature, to do thus?
'Does fear or folly make thee, like the Indian,
'Fall down before this dreadful devil, Tyranny,
'And worship the destroyer?'
But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?
Give me my arms: I will preserve my country,
Ev'n in her own despite. Some friends I have,
Who will or die or conquer in thy cause,
Thine and Religion's, thine and England's cause.

L. J. Gray. Art thou not all my treasure, all my [guard?
And wo't thou take from me the only joy,
The last defence is left me here below?
Think not thy arm can stem the driving torrent,
Or save a people, who with blinded rage
Urge their own fate, and strive to be undone.
Northumberland, thy father, is in arms;
And, if it be in valour to defend us,
His sword, that long has known the way to conquest,
Shall be our surest safety.

Enter the Duke of SUFFOLK.

Suff. Oh, my children!

L. J. Gray. Alas! what means my father?

Suff. Oh, my son!
Thy father, great Northumberland, on whom
Our dearest hopes were built———

Guil. Ha! What of him?

Suff. Is lost! betray'd!
His army, onward as he march'd, shrunk from him,
Moulder'd away, and melted by his side:
'Like falling hail thick strewn upon the ground
'Which, ere we can essay to count, is vanish'd.'
With some few followers he arriv'd at Cambridge;
But there ev'n they forsook him, and himself
Was *forc'd, with heavy heart, and wat'ry eye,*
To cast his cap up, with dissembled cheer,
And cry, God save Queen Mary. But, alas!

Little avail'd the semblance of that loyalty:
For soon thereafter, by the Earl of Arundel,
With treason he was charg'd, and there arrested;
And now he brings him pris'ner up to London.*

L. J. Gray. Then there's an end of greatness: the vain dream
Of empire and the crown, that danc'd before me,
'With all those unsubstantial empty forms,
'Waiting in idle mockery around us;
'The gaudy masque, tedious, and nothing meaning,'
Is vanish'd all at once—Why, fare it well.

Guil. And canst thou bear this sudden turn of fate,
With such unshaken temper?

L. J. Gray. For myself,
If I could form a wish for Heav'n to grant,
It should have been to rid me of this crown.
And thou, o'er-ruling, great, all-knowing Power!
Thou, who discern'st our thoughts, who see'st them rising
And forming in the soul, Oh judge me, Thou!
If e'er ambition's guilty fires have warm'd me,
If e'er my heart inclin'd to pride, to power,
Or join'd in being a queen. I took the sceptre
To save this land, thy people, and thy altars:
And now, behold, I bend my grateful knee, [*Kneeling.*
In humble adoration of that mercy,
Which quits me of the vast unequal task.

Enter the Duchess of SUFFOLK.

Duch. Suff. Nay, keep that posture still; and let us join,
Fix all our knees by thine, lift up our hands,
And seek for help and pity from above,
For earth and faithless man will give us none.

L. J. Gray. What is the worst that now we're threaten'd with?

Duch. Suff. My counsels have been fatal, 'twas my tongue
That pleaded for thy ruin, and persuaded
Thy guiltless feet to tread the paths of greatness!
My child!——I have undone thee!

* See Burnet, p. 239.

L. J. Gray. Oh, my mother!
Should I not bear a portion in your sorrows?
Duch. Suff. Alas, thou hast thy own, a double portion.
Mary is come, and the revolting Londoners,
Who beat the heav'ns with thy applauded name,
Now crowd to meet, and hail her as their queen.
Sussex is enter'd here, commands the Tower,
Has plac'd his guards around; and this sad place,
So late thy palace, is become our prison.
I saw him bend his knee to cruel Gardiner,
Who, freed from his confinement, ran to meet him,
Embrac'd and bless'd him with a hand of blood.
Each hast'ning moment I expect them here,
To seize, and pass the doom of death upon us.
Guil. Ha! seiz'd! shalt thou be seiz'd? and shall I stand,
And tamely see thee borne away to death?
Then branded be my coward name for ever.
No, I will set myself to guard this spot,
To which our narrow empire now is shrunk.
Here will I grow the bulwark of my queen;
Nor shall the hand of violence profane thee,
Until my breast has born a thousand wounds,
Till this torn mangled body sink at once
A heap of purple ruin at thy feet.
L. J. Gray. And could thy rash distracted rage do thus?
Draw thy vain sword against an armed multitude,
'Only to have my poor heart split with horror,
'To see thee stabb'd and butcher'd here before me?'
Oh, call thy better nobler courage to thee,
And let us meet this adverse fate with patience!
'Greet our insulting foes with equal tempers,
'With even brows, and souls secure of death;
'Here stand unmov'd; as once the Roman senate
'Receiv'd fierce Brennus,* and the conquering Gauls,

* Brennus was general of the Galli Senones, who went into Italy with a powerful army about 391 before Christ, defeated the Romans at the river Attia, and entered their city without opposition. *The Romans fled into* the capitol, where they stood out, till Camillus, *who was in* banishment, marched to the relief of his country *and so totally defeated* the Gauls, that not one remained to carry *back the news of* their destruction.

'Till ev'n the rude Barbarians stood amaz'd
'At such superior virtue.' Be thyself,
For see the trial comes!

Enter the Earl of SUSSEX, GARDINER, OFFICERS, *and* SOLDIERS.

Suss. Guards, execute your orders; seize the traitors:
Here my commission ends. To you, my lord,
[*To Gardiner.*
So our great mistress, royal Mary, bids,
I leave the full disposal of these pris'ners;
To your wise care the pious Queen commends
Her sacred self, her crown, and what's yet more,
The holy Roman church; for whose dear safety,
She wills your utmost diligence be shewn,
To bring rebellion to the bar of justice.
Yet farther, to proclaim how much she trusts
In Winchester's deep thought, and well-tried faith,
The seal attends to grace those rev'rend hands;
And when I next salute you, I must call you
Chief minister and chancellor of England.

Gard. Unnumber'd blessings fall upon her head,
My ever-gracious lady! to remember
With such full bounty her old humble beadsman!
For these, her foes, leave me to deal with them.

Suss. The Queen is on her ent'rance, and expects me:
My Lord, farewel.

Gard. Farewel, right-noble Sussex:
Commend me to the Queen's grace; say her bidding
Shall be observ'd by her most lowly creature.
[*Exit Sussex.*
Lieutenant of the Tower, take hence your pris'ners:
Be it your care to see them kept apart,
That they may hold no commerce with each other.

L. J. Gray. That stroke was unexpected.

Guil. Wilt thou part us?

Gard. I hold no speech with heretics and traitors.
Lieutenant, see my orders are obeyed. [*Exit Gar.*

Guil. Inhuman, monstrous, unexampl'd cruelty!
Oh, tyrant! but the task becomes thee well;

Thy savage temper joys to do death's office;
To tear the sacred bands of love asunder,
And part those hands which Heav'n itself hath join'd.
Duch. Suff. To let us waste the little rest of life
Together, had been merciful.
Suff. Then it had not
Been done like Winchester.
Guil. Thou stand'st unmov'd;
Calm temper sits upon thy beauteous brow;
Thy eyes, that flow'd so fast for Edward's loss,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the ruin round thee;
As if thou hadst resolv'd to brave thy fate,
And triumph in the midst of desolation.
'Ha! see, it swells; the liquid crystal rises,
'It starts in spite of thee,——but I will catch it;
'Nor let the earth be wet with dew so rich.'
L. J. Gray. And dost thou think, my Guilford, I can [see
My father, mother, and ev'n thee, my husband,
Torn from my side without a pang of sorrow?
How art thou thus unknowing in my heart!
Words cannot tell thee what I feel. There is
An agonizing softness busy here,
That tugs the strings, that struggles to get loose,
And pour my soul in wailings out before thee.
Guil. Give way, and let the gushing torrent come;
Behold the tears we bring to swell the deluge,
Till the flood rise upon the guilty world,
And make the ruin common.*
L. J. Gray. Guilford! no:
The time for tender thoughts and soft endearments
Is fled away and gone: joy has forsaken us;
Our hearts have now another part to play;
They must be steel'd with some uncommon fortitude,
That, fearless, we may tread the paths of horror;
And in despite of all our foes' dread pow'r,
Ev'n in the hour of death, be more than conqu'rors.†

---

* See p. 161, and Note †.

† "In all these things we are more than conquerors through him "that loved us." Rom. VIII. 37.

Guil. Oh, teach me! sure, an energy divine
Inspires thy softer sex, and tender years,
With such unshaken courage?

L. J. Gray. Yes, I trust: and truth and innocence;
A conscious knowledge rooted in my heart,
That to have sav'd my country was my duty.
Yes, England, yes, my country, I would save thee;
But Heav'n forbids, Heav'n disallows my weakness,
And to some dear selected hero's hand
Reserves the glory of thy great deliverance.

Lieut. My lords, my orders———

Guil. See, we must—must part.

L. J. Gray. Yet surely we shall meet again.

'*Guil.* Oh! Where?

'*L. J. Gray.* If not on earth, above yon golden stars,
' Where other suns arise on other earths,
' And happier beings rest on happier seats:
' Where, with a reach enlarg'd, our souls shall sing
' The great Creator's never-ceasing love,
' Pour forth new songs in the Redeemer's praise,
' And see the blessed Godhead face to face.'

Guil. Fain would I cheer my heart with hopes like these,
But my sad thoughts turn ever to the grave;
To that dark dwelling, whither now we haste;*
Where the black shade shall interpose betwixt us,
And veil thee from these loving, longing eyes.

L. J. Gray. 'Tis true, by those dark paths our journey leads,
And through the vale of death we pass to life.†
But what is there in death to blast our hopes?
Behold the universal works of nature,
Where life still springs from death. ' To us the sun
' Dies ev'ry night, and ev'ry morn revives:
' The flow'rs, which Winter's icy hand destroy'd,
' Lift their fair heads, and live again in Spring.'
Mark with what hopes, upon the furrow'd plain,
The careful ploughman casts the pregnant grain;

---

* See p. 282, Note *.

† "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Psalm xxiii. 4.

There hid, as in a grave, a-while it lies,
Till the revolving season bids it rise;
'Till nature's genial pow'rs command a birth;
'And potent, call it from the teeming earth:'
Then large increase the buried treasures yield,
And with full harvest crown the plenteous field.*
[*Exeunt severally with the Guards.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Scene continues.*

Enter GARDINER, *as Lord Chancellor,*† *and the* LIEUTENANT *of the* TOWER, SERVANTS *with lights before them.*

Lieut. Good morning to your Lordship; you rise early.

Gard. Nay, in good truth, there are too many sleepers:
Some must stir early, or the state shall suffer.
Did you, as yesterday our mandate bade,
Inform your pris'ners, Lady Jane and Guilford,
They were to die this day?

Lieut. My Lord, I did.

Gard. 'Tis well. But say, How did your message like them?‡

Lieut. My Lord, they met the summons with a temper,
That shew'd a solemn, serious sense of death,
Mix'd with a noble scorn of all its terrors.
In short, they heard me with the self-same patience
With which they still have borne them in their prison.
In one request they both concurr'd: each begg'd
To die before the other.

Gard. That dispose
As you think fitting.

---

* "Thou visitest the earth and blessest it: thou makest it very "plenteous."—"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness: and "thy clouds drop fatness." Psalm LXV. 9, 12.

† *See the Editor's* Preface, p. 348, and p. 380, Note.

‡ See p. 187, Note *.

Lieut. The Lord Guilford only
Implor'd another boon, and urg'd it warmly:
That ere he suffer'd, he might see his wife,
And take a last farewel.
Gard. That's not much,
That grace may be allow'd him: See you to it.
How goes the morning?
Lieut. Not yet four,* my Lord.
Gard. By ten* they meet their fate. Yet one thing more.
You know 'twas order'd that the Lady Jane
Should suffer here within the Tower. Take care
No crowds may be let in, no maudlin gazers
To wet their handkerchiefs, and make report
How like a saint she ended. Some fit number,
And those too of our friends, were most convenient:
But, above all, see that good guard be kept:
You know the queen is lodg'd at present here.
Take care that no disturbance reach her highness.
And so good morning, good master Lieutenant.†
[*Exit Lieutenant.*
How now! What light comes here!
Ser. So please your lordship,
If I mistake not, 'tis the Earl of Pembroke.
Gard. Pembroke!——'Tis he! what calls him forth thus early:
Somewhat he seems to bring of high import;
'Some flame uncommon kindles up his soul,
'And flashes forth impetuous at his eyes.'

Enter PEMBROKE, *a* PAGE *with a light before him.*

Good morrow, noble Pembroke! What importunate
And strong necessity breaks on your slumbers,
And rears your youthful‡ head from off your pillow
At this unwholsome hour; 'while yet the night
'Lasts in her latter course, and with her raw
'And rheumy damps infests the dusky air?'

* From the mention of these different hours it appears that this act is supposed to occupy the space of more than six hours.
† See a remark on this line, p. 101.
‡ The Earl of Pembroke was now about the age of 52, see p. 346.

Pemb. Oh, rev'rend Winchester! my beating heart
Exults and labours with the joy it bears:
The news I bring shall bless the breaking morn.
'This coming day the sun shall rise most glorious,
'As when his maiden-beams first gilded o'er
'The rich immortal greens, the flow'ry plains,
'And fragant bow'rs of paradise new-born.'
Gard. What happiness is this?
Pemb. 'Tis mercy! mercy,
'The mark of Heav'n impress'd on human kind;
'Mercy, that glads the world, deals joy around;
'Mercy, that smooths the dreadful brow of power,
'And makes dominion light; mercy, that saves,
'Binds up the broken heart,* and heals despair.'
Mary, our royal, ever-gracious mistress,
Has to my services and humblest prayers
Granted the lives of Guilford and his wife;
Full and free pardon!
Gard. Ha! what said you? Pardon!
But, sure, you cannot mean it; could not urge
The Queen to such a rash and ill-tim'd grace?
What! save the lives of those who wore her crown!
My lord, 'tis most unweigh'd pernicious counsel,
And must not be complied with.
Pemb. Not complied with!
And who shall dare to bar her sacred pleasure,
And stop the stream of mercy?
Gard. That will I:
Who wo'not see her gracious disposition
Drawn to destroy herself.
Pemb. Thy narrow soul
Knows not the god-like glory of forgiving:
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive,
How large the power, how fix'd that empire is,
Which benefits confer on generous minds:
'Goodness prevails upon the stubborn'st foes,
'And conquers more than ever Cæsar's sword did.'

* "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim "liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that "are bound." Isaiah LXI. 1. See also Luke IV. 18.

Gard. These are romantic, light, vain-glorious dreams.
Have you consider'd well upon the danger?
How dear to the fond many, and how popular
These are whom you would spare? Have you forgot,
When at the bar, before the seat of judgment,
This Lady Jane, this beauteous trait'ress, stood,
With what command she charm'd the whole assembly?
With silent grief the mournful audience sat,
Fix'd on her face, and list'ning to her pleading.
Her very judges wrung their hands for pity;
Their old hearts melted in them as she spoke,
And tears ran down upon their silver beards.
Ev'n I myself was mov'd, and for a moment
Felt wrath suspended in my doubtful breast,
And question'd if the voice I heard was mortal.
But, when her tale was done, what loud applause,
Like bursts of thunder, shook the spacious hall!
At last, when sore constrain'd, th' unwilling lords
Pronounc'd the fatal sentence on her life,
A peal of groans ran thro' the crowded court,
As ev'ry heart were broken, and the doom,
Like that which waits the world, were universal.

Pemb. And can that winning form, that voice of sweet-
Which mov'd the hearts of a rude ruthless crowd, [ness,
Nay, mov'd ev'n thine, now sue in vain for pity?

Gard. Alas! you look on her with lover's eyes:
I hear and see through reasonable organs,
Where passion has no part. Come, come, my lord,
You have too little of the statesman in you.

Pemb. And you, my lord, too little of the churchman.
Is not the sacred purpose of our faith
Peace and good-will to man?* The hallow'd hand,
Ordain'd to bless, should know no stain of blood.
'Tis true, I am not practis'd in your politics;
'Twas your pernicious counsel led the Queen
To break her promise with the men of Suffolk,†
To violate, what in a prince should be
Sacred above the rest, her royal word.

* See Luke ii. 14. † See Burnet, Vol. II. p. 248.

Gard. Yes, and I dare avow it: I advis'd her
To break thro' all engagements made with heretics,
And keep no faith with such a miscreant crew.
Pemb. Where shall we seek for truth, when ev'n re-
The priestly robe and mitred head disclaim it? [ligion,
'But thus bad men dishonour the best cause.'
I tell thee, Winchester, doctrines like thine
Have stain'd our holy church with greater infamy
Than all your eloquence can wipe away.
Hence 'tis, that those who differ from our faith,
Brand us with breach of oaths, with persecution,
With tyranny o'er conscience, and proclaim
Our scarlet prelates men that thirst for blood,
And christian Rome more cruel than the Pagan.
Gard. Nay, if you rail, farewel. The Queen must be
Better advis'd, than thus to cherish vipers,
Whose mortal stings are arm'd against her life.
But, while I hold the seal, no pardon passes
For heretics and traitors. [*Exit Gardiner.*
Pemb. 'Twas unlucky
To meet and cross upon this froward bigot:
But let me lose the thought on't; let me haste,
Pour my glad tidings forth in Guilford's bosom,
And pay him back the life his friendship sav'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Lady Jane's Apartment in the Tower.*

The LADY JANE *is discover'd kneeling, as at her devotion; a light and a book plac'd on a table before her.*

Enter The LIEUTENANT *of the* TOWER, *Lord* GUILFORD,* *and* LADY JANE'S WOMEN.

Lieut. Let me not press upon your lordship farther,
But wait your leisure in the antichamber.
Guil. I will not hold you long. [*Exit Lieut.*

* The Reader will see from the Editor's Preface, p. 342. that this interview between Lord Guilford Dudley and Lady Jane Gray, is contrary to historical fact.

First Wom. Softly, my Lord!
For yet, behold, she kneels. 'Before the night
'Had reach'd her middle space, she left her bed,
'And with a pleasing, sober cheerfulness,
'As for her funeral, array'd herself,
'In those sad solemn weeds. Since then, her knee
'Has known that posture only, and her eye,
'Or fix'd upon the sacred page before her,
'Or lifted with her rising hopes to heav'n."*

Guil. See with what zeal those holy hands are rear'd!
'Mark her vermilion lip, with fervour trembling,
'Her spotless bosom swells with sacred ardor,
'And burns with ecstacy and strong devotion;
'Her supplication sweet, her faithful vows,
'Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high Heav'n,
'Like incense from the golden censer, rise;
'Sure blessed angels minister unseen,
'Catch the soft sounds, and with alternate office,
'Spread their ambrosial wings, then mount with joy,
'And waft them upwards to the throne of grace.'
But she has ended, and comes forward.

[*Lady Jane rises, and comes towards the front of the stage.*

L. J. Gray. Ha!
Art thou my Guilford? Wherefore dost thou come
To break the settled quiet of my soul?
I meant to part without another pang,
And lay my weary head down full of peace.

---

* I cannot forbear, in this place, to recall to the Reader's mind the very fine picture of Lady Jane Gray the evening before her execution, by Mr. Northcote, and so ably copied in needle-work by Miss Linwood, and set off to so much advantage in her Gallery in Leicester Square. The figure of Lady Jane does justice to the accounts delivered to us of the beauties of her mind displayed in her person. The following are the words from the Catalogue illustrating the Picture:

"Possessing the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the "solidity of maturity, and the gravity of age: the evening before "her execution, she was assailed by bishops and priests, with argu- "ments and persuasions to die in obedience to the Church of Rome. "She endured their importunities with exemplary patience and "temper, and returned their anathemas with prayers."

Guil. Forgive the fondness of my longing soul,
That melts with tenderness, and leans toward thee:
But, if to see thy Guilford give thee pain,
Would I had died, and never more beheld thee.

L. J. Gray. My heart had ended ev'ry earthly care,
Had offer'd up its pray'rs for thee and England,
'And fix'd its hopes upon a rock unfailing;'
While all the little bus'ness that remain'd,
Was but to pass the forms of death with constancy,
And leave a life become indifferent to me:
But thou hast waken'd other thoughts within me;
Thy sight, my dearest husband and my lord,
Strikes on the tender strings of love and nature:
My vanquish'd passions rise again, and tell me,
'Tis more, far more than death to part from thee.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. Oh, let me fly, bear me, thou swift impatience,
And lodge me in my faithful Guilford's arms,
[*Embracing.*
That I may snatch thee from the greedy grave,
That I may warm his gentle heart with joy,
And talk to him of life, of life and pardon.

Guil. What means my dearest Pembroke?

Pemb. Oh, my speech
Is choak'd with words that crowd to tell my tidings!
But I have sav'd thee—and—Oh, joy unutterable!
The Queen, my gracious, my forgiving mistress,
Has giv'n not only thee to my request,
But she, she too, in whom alone thou liv'st,
The partner of thy heart, thy love is safe.

Guil. Millions of blessings wait her!—Has she——
Oh! has she spar'd my wife? [tell me,

Pemb. Both, both are pardon'd:
But haste, and do thou lead me to thy saint,
That I may cast myself beneath her feet,
And beg her to accept this poor amends
For all I've done against her—Thou fair excellence,
[*Kneeling.*
Canst thou forgive the hostile hand that arm'd
Against thy cause, and robb'd thee of a crown?

L. J. Gray. Oh, rise, my lord, and let me take your
Life and the world are hardly worth my care; [posture,
But you have reconcil'd me to them both.
Then let me pay my gratitude, and for
This free, this noble, unexpected mercy,
Thus low I bow to Heav'n, the Queen, and you.
Pemb. To me! forbid it goodness! if I live,
Somewhat I will do shall deserve your thanks.
All discord and remembrance of offence
Shall be clean blotted out; and for your freedom,
'Myself have underta'en to be your caution.'
Hear me, great God, and aid my pious purpose;
These that deserve so much, this wond'rous pair,
Let these be happy; ev'ry joy attend them;
A fruitful bed, a chain of love unbroken,
'A good old age, to see their children's children,'*
A holy death, and everlasting memory;†
'While I resign to them my share of happiness,
'Contented still to want what they enjoy,
'And singly to be wretched.'

Enter LIEUTENANT *of the* TOWER.

Lieut. The Lord Chancellor
Is come with orders from the Queen.

Enter GARDINER‡ *and attendants.*

Pemb. Ha! Winchester!
Gard. The Queen, whose days be many,
By me confirms her first-accorded grace;
But, as the pious Princess means her mercy
Should reach e'en to the soul as well as body,
By me she signifies her royal pleasure,
That thou, Lord Guilford, and the Lady Jane,
Do instantly renounce, abjure your heresy,
And yield obedience to the see of Rome.

---

* 'Yea, that thou shalt see thy children's children, and peace upon "Israel." Psalm CXXVIII. 7.

† "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." *Psalm* CXII. 6.

‡ It appears from History that Feckenham was the person who attempted to convert Lady Jane to the Church of Rome, and who attended her to the scaffold, see Preface, P. 940 and 949.

L. J. Gray. What! turn apostate?
Guil. Ha! forego my faith?
Gard. This one condition only seals your pardon:
But if, thro' pride of heart, and stubborn obstinacy,
With wilful hands you push the blessing from you,
'And shut your eyes against such manifest light,'
Know ye, your former sentence stands confirm'd,
And you must die to-day.
Pemb. 'Tis false, 'tis false.
The mercy of the Queen was free and full.
Think'st thou that princes merchandize their grace,
As Roman priests their pardon? 'Do they barter,
'Screw up, like you, the buyer to a price,
'And doubly sell what was design'd a gift?'
Gard. My lord, this language ill beseems your nobleness;
Nor come I here to bandy words with madmen.
Behold the royal signet of the Queen,
Which amply speaks her meaning. You, the pris'ners,
Have heard, at large, its purport, and must instantly
Resolve upon the choice of life or death.
Pemb. Must they?—But wherefore do I loiter here?
I'll to the Queen this moment, and there know
What 'tis this mischief-making bigot aims at. [*Exit.*
Gard. Your wisdom points you out a proper course.
A word with you, Lieutenant.
[*Talks with the Lieutenant aside.*
Guil. Must we part, then?
What are those hopes that flatter'd us but now;
Those joys, that, like the spring, with all its flow'rs,
Pour'd out their pleasures every where around us?
In one poor minute gone: 'at once they wither'd,
'And left their place all-desolate behind them.'
L. J. Gray. Such is this foolish world, and such the certainty
Of all the boasted blessings it bestows:
Then, Guilford, let us have no more to do with it;
Think only how to leave it as we ought;
'But trust no more, and be deceiv'd no more.'
Guil. Yes, I will copy thy most bright example,
'And tread the paths thus pointed out by thee:
By thee instructed, to the fatal block

I bend my head with joy, and think it happiness
To give my life a ransom for my faith.
'From thee, thou treasure of my heart, I learn
'That greatest, hardest task, to part with thee.'
L. J. Gray. Oh! gloriously resolv'd! 'Heav'n is my witness,
'My heart rejoices in thee more ev'n now,
'Thus constant as thou art, in death thus faithful,
'Than when the holy priest first join'd our hands,
'And knit the sacred knot of bridal love.'
Gard. The day wears fast; Lord Guilford, have you thought?
Will you lay hold on life?
Guil. What are the terms?
Gard. Death, or the mass, attend you.
Guil. 'Tis determin'd:
Lead to the scaffold.
Gard. Bear him to his fate.
Guil. Oh! let me fold thee once more in my arms,
Thou dearest treasure of my heart, 'and print
'A dying husband's kiss upon thy lip!'
Shall we not live again, ev'n in those forms?
Shall I not gaze upon thee with these eyes?
L. J. Gray. Oh, wherefore dost thou soothe me with thy softness?
Why dost thou wind thyself about my heart,
And make this separation painful to us?
'Here break we off at once; and let us now,
'Forgetting ceremony, like two friends
'That have a little business to be done,
'Take a short leave, and haste to meet again.
'*Guil.* Rest on that hope, my soul—my wife——
'*L. J. Gray.* No more.'
Guil. My sight hangs on thee——Oh, support me,
In this last pang—and let us meet in bliss! Heav'n,
[*Guilford is led off by the Guard.*
L. J. Gray. 'Can nature bear this stroke?'
First Wom. Alas, she faints! [*supporting*
L. J. Gray. Wo't thou fail now?—The killing stroke is past,
And all the bitterness of death is o'er.*

* When Lord Russel (who was beheaded in the time of Charles

Gard. Here let the dreadful hand of vengeance stay;
Have pity on your youth, and blooming beauty;
'Cast not away the good which Heav'n bestows;'
Time may have many years in store for you,
All crown'd with fair prosperity. Your husband
Has perish'd in perverseness.

L. J. Gray. Cease, thou raven,
Nor violate with thy profaner malice,
My bleeding Guilford's ghost—'Tis gone, 'tis flown;
But lingers on the wing, and waits for me.

[*Folding-doors at the back of the stage are opened and discover a scaffold hung with black, Executioner and Guards,*

And see my journey's end.

First Wom. My dearest lady. [*Weeping.*

'*Second Wom.* Oh, misery!'

L. J. Gray. Forbear, my gentle maids,
Nor wound my peace with fruitless lamentations;
The good and gracious hand of Providence
Can raise you better friends than I have been.

First Wom. Oh, never! never!——

L. J. Gray. Help to disarray,
And fit me for the block: do this last service,
And do it cheerfully. Now you will see
Your poor unhappy mistress sleep in peace,
And cease from all her sorrows. These few trifles,
The pledges of a dying mistress' love,
Receive and share among you. Thou, Maria,* [*To First Wom.*
Hast been my old, my very faithful servant:
In dear remembrance of thy love, I leave thee

---

the Second) took leave of Lady Russel on the morning of his execution, as he turned away from her he said, "The bitterness of death "is now past." See Hume, Vol. VIII. ch. LXIX. p. 194. See also 1. Samuel xv. 32. and p. 236 of this Vol. line 21.

* It appears from the History that the names of the two women attending on Lady Jane, were Mrs. Elizabeth Tilney, and Mrs. Helen, to whom she gave her gloves and her handkerchief; that the person to whom she gave her prayer-book was Sir John Bridges; and that she sent her Greek Testament to her sister the night before her execution. See p. 344, 341 and 336.

This book, the law of everlasting truth:
Make it thy treasure still; 'twas my support,
When all help else forsook me.
Gard. Will you yet
Repent, be wise, and save your precious life!
L. J. Gray. Oh, Winchester! has learning taught
To barter Truth for life? [thee that:
Gard. Mistaken folly!
You toil and travel for your own perdition,
And die for hateful errors.
L. J. Gray. Who judge rightly,
And who persist in error, will be known,
Then, when we meet again. Once more, farewel,
[*To her women.*
Goodness be ever with you. 'When I'm dead,
'Intreat they do no rude dishonest wrong
'To my cold, headless corpse; but see it shrouded,
'And decent laid in earth.'
Gard. Wo't thou then die?
Thy blood be on thy head.
L. J. Gray. My blood be where it falls; let the earth
And may it never rise, or call for vengeance:* [hide it;
Oh, that it were the last shall fall a victim
To zeal's inhuman wrath! Thou, gracious Heav'n,
Hear and defend at length thy suffering people;
Raise up a monarch of the royal blood,
Brave, pious, equitable, wise and good:
'In thy due season let the hero come,
'To save thy altars from the rage of Rome:
'Long let him reign, to bless the rescu'd land,'
And deal out justice with a righteous hand.
And when he fails, oh! may he leave a son,
With equal virtues to adorn his throne;
To latest times the blessing to convey,
And guard that faith for which I die to-day.
[*Lady Jane goes up to the scaffold. The doors are closed.*

* "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the "*ground.*" Genesis IV. 10.

Enter PEMBROKE.*

Pemb. Horror on horror! Proud outrageous vengeance,
That struck my Guilford! Oh! his bleeding trunk
Shall live in these distracted eyes for ever!
Perish thy fatal arts, thy cruel counsels! [*To Gard.*
The Queen is deaf and pitiless as thou art.

Gard. The just reward of heresy and treason
Is fallen upon them both for their vain obstinacy;
Untimely death, with infamy on earth,
And everlasting punishment hereafter.

Pemb. And can'st thou tell? Who gave thee to explore
The secret purposes of Heaven, or taught thee
To set a bound to mercy unconfin'd?
But know, thou proud, perversely-judging Winchester,
Howe'er your hard, imperious censures doom,
And portion out our lot in worlds to come,
Those, who, with honest hearts, pursue the right,
And follow faithfully Truth's sacred light,
Tho' suff'ring here, shall from their sorrows cease,
Rest with the saints, and dwell in endless peace.

THE END.

---

* In my Preface to Jane Shore, page 99, I have quoted part of a passage from Johnson's Life of Rowe, where he censures his want of attention to the unities. He then proceeds to say, "Rowe by "this licence, easily extricates himself from difficulties; as in *Jane* "*Gray*, when we have been terrified with all the dreadful pomp of "public execution, and are wondering how the heroine or the poet "will proceed, no sooner has *Jane* pronounced some prophetic "rhymes than—pass and begone—the scene closes, and *Pembroke* "and *Gardiner* are turned out upon the stage."

Upon the subject of the Unities I have offered a few remarks in the former place. I have here endeavoured to get over a part of the difficulty by making *doors* to be opened and closed in the back scene, instead of the *scene itself* being drawn and closed again, which is, while the characters are on the stage, as if the *wall* between the two apartments should be removed and brought on again. In this way I have no objection to the scene as it now stands.

EPILOGUE.

The palms of virtue heroes oft have worn;
Those wreaths to-night a female brow adorn.
The beauteous saint, unfortunately brave,
Sunk with those altars which she strove to save.
Greatly she dar'd to prop the juster side,
As greatly with her adverse fate comply'd,
Did all that could be ask'd, resign'd, and died;
Died for the land for which she wish'd to live,
And gain'd that liberty she could not give.
Oh, happy people! of this fav'rite isle,
On whom so many virtuous females smile!
For you, kind Heaven new blessings still supplies,
Bids other saints, and other guardians rise:
For you, the fairest of her sex is come,*
Adopts our Britain, and forgets her home:
For truth and you the heroine declines,
Austria's proud eagles, and the Indian mines.
What sense of such a bounty can be shown!
But beg of Heaven to make the fair its own.
Your gratitude with ease may be express'd;
Strive but to be, what she would make you, bless'd.
Let no vile faction vex the vulgar ear
With fond surmise, and false-affected fear:
Confirm but to yourselves the given good;
'Tis all she asks for all she has bestow'd.
Such was our great example shown to-day,
And with such thanks our author's pains repay.
If, from these scenes, to guard your faith you learn,
If, for your laws you show a just concern,
If you are taught to dread a Popish reign,
Our beauteous patriot has not died in vain.

---

* See The Author's Dedication, p. 351, and Note.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

HODSON, PRINTER, CAMBRIDGE.

506/358

JUN 8 1954